THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr… …kly
Founded A.D. … …lin

Volume 200, Number 32

FEBRUARY 4, 1928

5c. the Copy

Jesse Rainsford Sprague — Kenneth L. Roberts — Chester T. Crowell — Austin Parker
Rear Admiral T. P. Magruder — Clarence Budington Kelland — E. Phillips Oppenheim

What!...*you haven't tried Muffets?*

Listen! Whole wheat, cooked, drawn out into filmy-thin ribbons of fine-spun wheaten threads. Three whole yards of this ribbon wound round and round, layer upon layer, to muffin size and shape. Baked. Toasted butternut brown.

Light as a crumpet. Crisp as potato chips. Crunchy! Crumbles in the mouth. That's what a Muffet is!

You eat one for breakfast—with sugar and cream, or with fruit added—fresh-sliced, stewed or preserved.

You get vitamins, calories, roughage (bran), easy digestibility—all the health properties you'd naturally expect in whole wheat—*and* something mighty good to eat!

Is there any wonder people are saying that we've given them the first really new breakfast dish in a generation?

And just think! *You* can still be the discoverer of them for your home! My, my! We envy you! The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago.

The Hidden Spot

that gives smart socks 3 to 4 times longer wear than ordinary kinds

© H. H. Co.

Men who know the rules of dress were first to welcome Ex Toe. In it they found the silken smartness they expected combined with 3 to 4 times ordinary wear.

This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

SMART socks in heavy silks are nothing new. But smart socks that give three to four times more wear than ordinary kinds, is something the world stops and talks about.

Here in these new-style socks is something new—a feature hidden to the eye that increases wear 3 to 4 times.

Old-time methods bulky

The old-time way to longer wear lay in adding greater thickness to the toe—a mistaken notion that's long been exploded. The new way to longer wear is by means of a special wear-resisting thread. In a different way it is woven at the tip and over the top of the toe without one extra thread of thickness.

Done so skilfully the eye can scarcely see it. The toe cannot feel it at all.

Socks known for smartness

Thus the vital spot becomes the longest wearing part of all. And to an old family of distinguished hose is added a new and an extraordinary feature.

In London, haughty Bond Street knows these socks. In New York, Fifth Avenue. And today, with the new toe, they are being seen by thousands on Broadway and Main Street too.

At last, silk socks are practical for every day. They actually cost less when you compare the wear they give you.

Make your choice from widely varied colors—lively or conservative, whichever you like best. Glove-tight fit around the ankle gives smart trimness. Rich silks of sparkling lustre make these socks as fine as money can buy. Yet you pay only 75c to $1.50, according to materials. Several specially priced lisle numbers at three pairs for $1—especially smart for fall and winter.

Get a few pairs today. Just ask for Ex Toe. If your store hasn't any, write to us for styles and colors.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

Good clothes talk for you better than you can—in college or anywhere else. Hart Schaffner & Marx university models say "you're right" to the last style detail

Copyright 1928 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents

Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1928, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson.
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 200 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 4, 1928 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 32

AN AMERICAN BANKER

No One Objected to My Price of a Dollar a Bushel, But Hardly Any Householder Wished to Buy a Full Bushel

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THOUGH it is now more than two years since I became executive officer of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company of New York, there is still a certain sense of unreality when I look at my official signature, "Boyd Wellford, President." I am in the heart of financial America. In my organization 700 people are directly employed, and the forty-story Transcontinental Building is an outstanding landmark even in the canyon of Lower Broadway. The bank is responsible to depositors for more than $200,000,000. Through its correspondent banks in seventy-five cities it affects, and is affected by, the daily activities of 100,000,000 people.

I do not mind admitting that I get a fresh thrill every morning when I come to my office. If the day ever arrives when I do not have such a feeling I will know it is time for me to quit.

Often people ask me how it is that I, who learned the trade of banking in a country village, should be in my present position. I always answer that I probably wouldn't be in my present position if I had not started in a country bank. Lest I give a wrong impression, I make haste to add that I do not subscribe to the old theory that country boys get on in the city because of superior industry, habits of early rising and all that. Simply, you have a better chance to learn the trade of banking in a small bank than a big one.

A good proportion of the executives I know in the New York financial district have followed about the same route that I have. In the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company we have nine vice presidents, and all but one served their apprenticeships in small-town banks. It isn't in reason that we have bigger or better brains than those of our fellows who happened to have their upbringing in the metropolis. As I see it, the reason is this: The man who goes to work in a great city institution seldom has a chance to learn more than one specialty. He may know that specialty down to his finger tips, but the rest is more or less strange territory to him. We who learned our trade in little

"But if I Do This, I Want You to Promise Me That You Will Come In Yourself With the Money"

towns—who ran up and down Main Street to collect notes and drafts, kept books, stood in a teller's cage, perhaps negotiated loans on mules and yearling calves—we had to be considerably under average if we didn't get a fairly clear idea of what banking is all about.

Personally I had gone through all these experiences and more; but when I first came up from the South seven years ago to be one of the vice presidents of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company I had a genuine case of stage fright. The mere size of the show made me nervous. I suppose I was like an actor who suddenly gets into a Broadway production after playing for years on small-time circuits. I had the feeling that more was expected of me than I could possibly produce. They had fixed me up with a desk on the main floor of the banking room, and for several weeks I had little to do except to watch the other officers and try to get a general knowledge of the business. One day our president, Hugh P. Cunningham, who had been responsible for bringing me to New York, stopped at my desk. Mr. Cunningham himself was a small-town man, originally from California, where he got his first banking experience in some little interior place; from there he went to San Francisco, and was eventually drafted by the Transcontinental. At the time he was in his late sixties, a tall, bony man with bushy white hair that made him look a little like Mark Twain; and I think he had some of Mark Twain's ability to sense human emotions, for after a few words he looked me quizzically in the face and said casually: "Feel a little scared, do you?"

Before I could answer he reached for a piece of paper, scribbled on it some figures in pencil and handed it across the desk. The figures were as follows:

$1000. $10,000. $1,000,000.

"A lot of people get the idea," he said, "that big business and little business are worked on two sets of principles. But they aren't. You just use more ciphers in big business; that's all."

I knew then what his figures meant. I had my first banking experience in a village where putting out a thousand dollars was something of an event. I had spent fifteen years in a state metropolis where I had negotiated many loans of ten thousand dollars. I was now in a city where the finances of a continent were handled.

Hardly a day passes, since I have taken Hugh P. Cunningham's place as president of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company, that I am not reminded of the practical acumen contained in his scribbled rows of ciphers. Only yesterday a Fifth Avenue department store sent word that it wanted a loan of $2,000,000 for ninety days. We told them to make out a note and the money would be credited to their account. There was no red tape and no delay. Within an hour they were at liberty to draw checks against it.

Certainly this was big business, for $2,000,000 is a great sum of money. But in principle it was no different from the everyday transactions that I handled when I was still cashier of the Merchants State Bank of Southton. When one of the Main Street retailers came in and said he wanted to borrow a couple of thousand dollars to buy goods with, I let him have the money as a matter of course if his statement showed his business to be in a healthy condition, if he had taken care of previous obligations promptly, and if I believed him an efficient merchant who would probably make money on the loan he asked for. The loan we made to the Fifth Avenue department store represented a precisely similar case, only the amount was multiplied by one thousand.

It is one of the unfortunate penalties of my present position that I have to go about the country considerably to make speeches, and on such occasions I am frequently asked: "Is a banker a business man?"

There seems to be a general impression that a banker is not a business man. Even the newspapers nearly always print: "Business men and bankers."

In my opinion a banker who is not a business man is not much of a banker either. I would go further and say that a really constructive banker is a business man, and something besides. He is a business arbiter. He is a judge who every day holds court. On the one side are the people who have deposited money in his bank. The money they have deposited is their stored-up labor. On the other side are the people who want to borrow this stored-up labor. It is for the banker to render verdicts that are fair and safe to both sides.

I suppose I should call myself a Southerner, for I am Virginia born, lived my childhood there and spent more than fifteen years at banking in the South. But I served my banking apprenticeship in the North. The Wellford family came to Virginia in 1612, settling for a generation near Williamsburg and then moved to the western part of the state, where for more than 200 years my ancestors followed the trade of farming. My immediate family was bankrupted during the Civil War. My father was a lawyer; and at the time I was born, in 1876, we lived on a twenty-acre place on the outskirts of a village called Byers, where he practiced his profession. I say he practiced his profession, but there was little for him to do in a community of less than 500 people, and he was, besides, a semi-invalid. As a boy of twenty he had gone into the Southern Army, and came out in a delicate state, from which he never fully recovered. I think he was never able to earn more than $300 or $400 in a single year.

There were three of us children—two older sisters and myself—and the main responsibility of the family came on my mother, who was, I believe, a true aristocrat. So much has been written about what is loosely termed "Southern aristocracy" that I think it will not be out of place to go into some details here. Through length of residence in the South and through having considerable property before the Civil War, I suppose our family could lay claim to membership in that class. Yet so far as I can remember, the subject of social position was never mentioned at our house. If people were genuine and honest we went to their homes and they came to ours. I never heard either father or mother speak regretfully of before-the-war affluence. Events over which we had no control had made us poor, but that was a mere accident of life and beneath one's dignity to admit it could make any real difference.

Yet there were certain peculiar distinctions that came, I suppose, from the fact that we, and other families in our position, had for generations been close to the soil. Farming was considered the most desirable career, and nothing connected with farming was beneath the dignity of a gentleman. On our twenty-acre place we had a number of old Baldwin apple trees, and one summer when I was eight or nine years old there was a particularly good crop. The village offered a very limited market, and I conceived the idea of selling them in paper bags to passengers at the railroad station.

It happened that each evening from five to half-past there was a wait for travelers who were changing to the branch line going west, and during this time the people generally strolled about the platform. Mother was quite in accord with my scheme, helping me each day to get my bags ready and load them onto a little four-wheeled push-cart that I borrowed from one of the storekeepers. I made nearly thirty dollars the first month, and became so filled with the spirit of commerce that I planned greater things. A woman relative of the storekeeper's, seeing how successful I was as a salesman, one day offered to furnish me a side line of ham sandwiches that I could sell on commission; and when I went home that night I told mother enthusiastically about my proposed new venture. Her reply, I think, rather summed up the spirit of the Old South.

"Oh, no, Boyd, I couldn't let you do that," she said. "When you sell the apples you are dealing in what we raised on our own land. But if you were to sell sandwiches you would be only a huckster."

My first adventure into big business occurred when I was thirteen years old. That summer we made quite a crop of Irish potatoes, which I heard could be sold for a dollar a bushel in the city, twenty-two miles away, and mother made no objection when I proposed to market a load there by house-to-house methods. In company with a colored man named Sam Braxton, who worked around our place, I set out one afternoon driving our work mule hitched to a lumber wagon. It was a six-hour drive, for with a load of

thirty bushels the mule had to walk the whole distance. At night we camped beside the road, just outside the city, and by six next morning we were on the streets. Sam was no Demosthenes and I had to do the shouting. I was a little backward at first, but by the time we had gone a few blocks I developed a shrill call that brought people to their front doorsteps, and in some cases to their front gates to examine my merchandise.

Results were at first disappointing. No one objected to my price of a dollar a bushel, but hardly any householder wished to buy a full bushel. The tendency was to purchase in small quantities, but at the bushel price. When I tried to charge one stout woman thirty cents for a peck measure full she told me I was a young swindler and walked back into her house. Before we had gone many blocks I changed my cry to "Fresh country potatoes, big bargain, thirty cents a peck!" At this price we got rid of two-thirds of the load by noontime, and then business fell into a slump. Sam, utterly discouraged, was for going home. As a last resort I drove around to the leading hotel, the Virginia House, and closed out my stock on hand at fifty cents a bushel.

I do not recall that in all this I had any feeling I was lowering my social tone in the least, and I am sure mother had no such idea. I was merely a young farmer, disposing of the product of the family land in the manner that promised best results. Yet with all her sound ideas, mother had her foibles, one of which was to hold suspect any person not born in the United States. A couple of miles on the other side of the village there had recently been opened up a big stone quarry that employed quite a number of men, mainly Italians, and the younger ones had taken heartily to the game of baseball, which they played Sunday afternoons. At fourteen I was something of a baseball enthusiast, besides fancying myself as a second baseman; and one Sunday, under guise of an innocent walk, I went over to Quarrytown to see what might be going on. Probably I didn't intend to play, but somehow there was a vacant place on one side and the first thing I knew I was in the game. Along about nightfall I arrived home, and in some incomprehensible manner the news of my sinning had preceded me. Mother met me on the front porch.

"My son, you have been playing ball on the Sabbath day," she said accusingly. "And what is still worse, you played with foreigners!"

As the village of Byers was in the hill country, quite a good many people from the lower portions of the state came there in the summer, and mother used to take boarders, mainly people we knew from Norfolk and Richmond who had come through the war with better luck than ours. Mother did her own work, with the help of my two sisters and a single colored girl; but to see her of an evening among her guests no one would ever imagine but that she was merely entertaining friends on her country estate in the old prewar fashion. Even when we were alone there was never any slackness. We lived pretty plainly but held to a certain formality. No matter how hot the weather might be, father never sat without a coat, and both he and mother always fixed up a little for dinner.

Leaving out all the romancing about the Old South, I would sum up the life somewhat in this way: The first-class people were precisely like first-class people everywhere else. They were close to the soil, simple, honest, straightforward. When luck was against them they were too self-respecting to let it make any difference in their attitude toward life. When I went to live in the North I found the same sort of people.

When I was seventeen a surprising thing happened. Among our kinfolk was an uncle of mother's named Maury Allen, who had gone North as a young man, years before the war, married and settled in a town in New York State called Judsonville, where he was cashier of a bank. On a visit to Virginia to look after some coal-land investments in which his bank was interested he stopped a couple of days at our house, and before going away said if I wanted to learn the banking business he would give me a place under him and I could live in his home until such time as my wages were enough to make me independent. Uncle Maury and his wife had no children.

Of course I was all for going, and there was really no reason why I should not. Family finances were a little easier than they had been. My older sister was married and lived with her husband on a farm about a dozen miles out from the village, and my other sister had a position as teacher in a girls' school in Richmond. I had finished schooling in our village, and there was a plan on foot by which I was to go to Washington and Lee that fall, partly working my way and partly being supported by such contributions as the family could make. Mother held out for this latter a while, but finally gave in. I suspect she considered banking just a little too commercial.

Looking back, I have no regrets that I gave up a college course. In the first place, it would have been putting too much of a strain on my family. One thing would have decided me even if I had wanted to do otherwise, and that was the run-down condition of our house. The front gallery and steps sagged down nearly a foot on account of rotted timbers underneath, and there had never been a time when the money could be spared for repairs. I knew that picture would be in my mind through my college years.

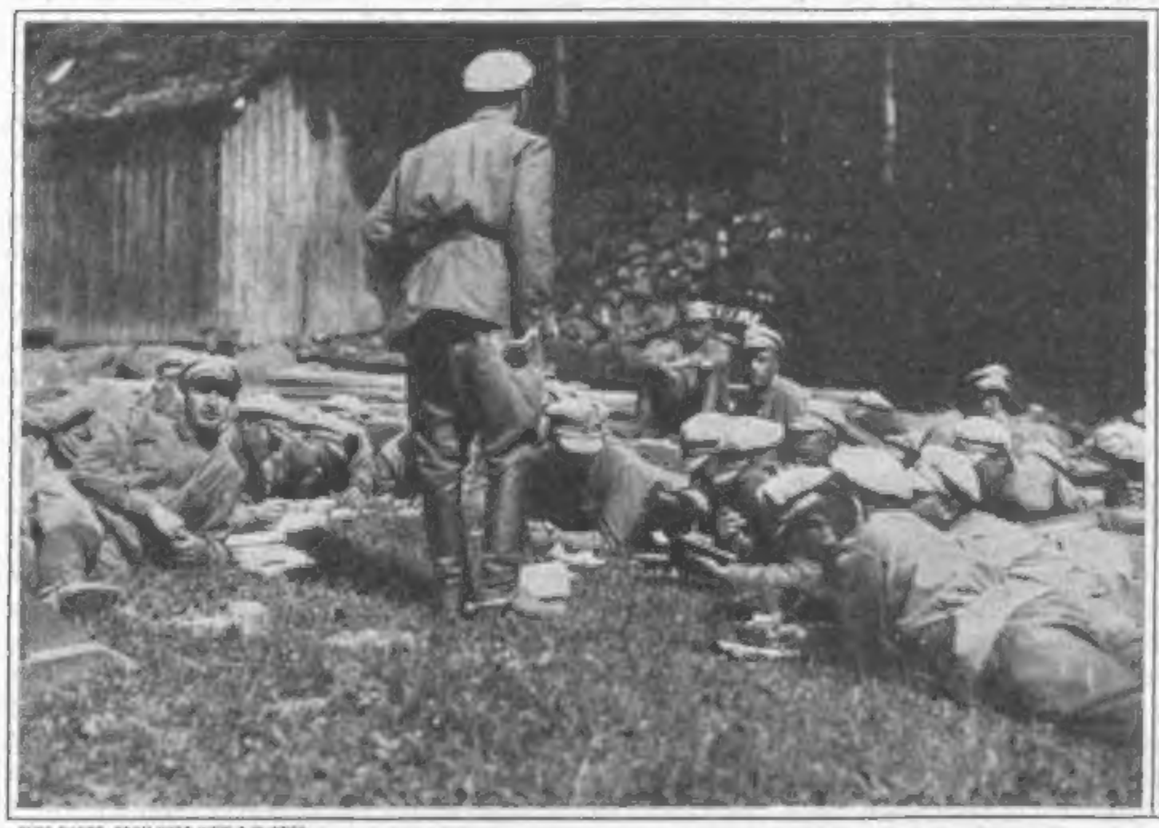
There is another thought, on which I know I enter debatable ground: The way I look at it, a college education is not of surpassing importance unless a man is to follow some line of work requiring knowledge that only a college course can give him. Perhaps it helps in general culture, but even there it is subject to exceptions. I think I have known as many really cultured men among those who have not gone to college as among those who have. In fact, I have seen cases where I believed the possession of a sheepskin had been an actual bar to real education; where men were prone to think their education was finished the day they graduated and seldom looked into a book thereafter. If a man has genuine desire for scholarship he will be a scholar, college or no college.

I went North in September, stopping a day each in Washington and New York, which seemed rather wonderful places to one who had never been in a larger city than

(Continued on Page 108)

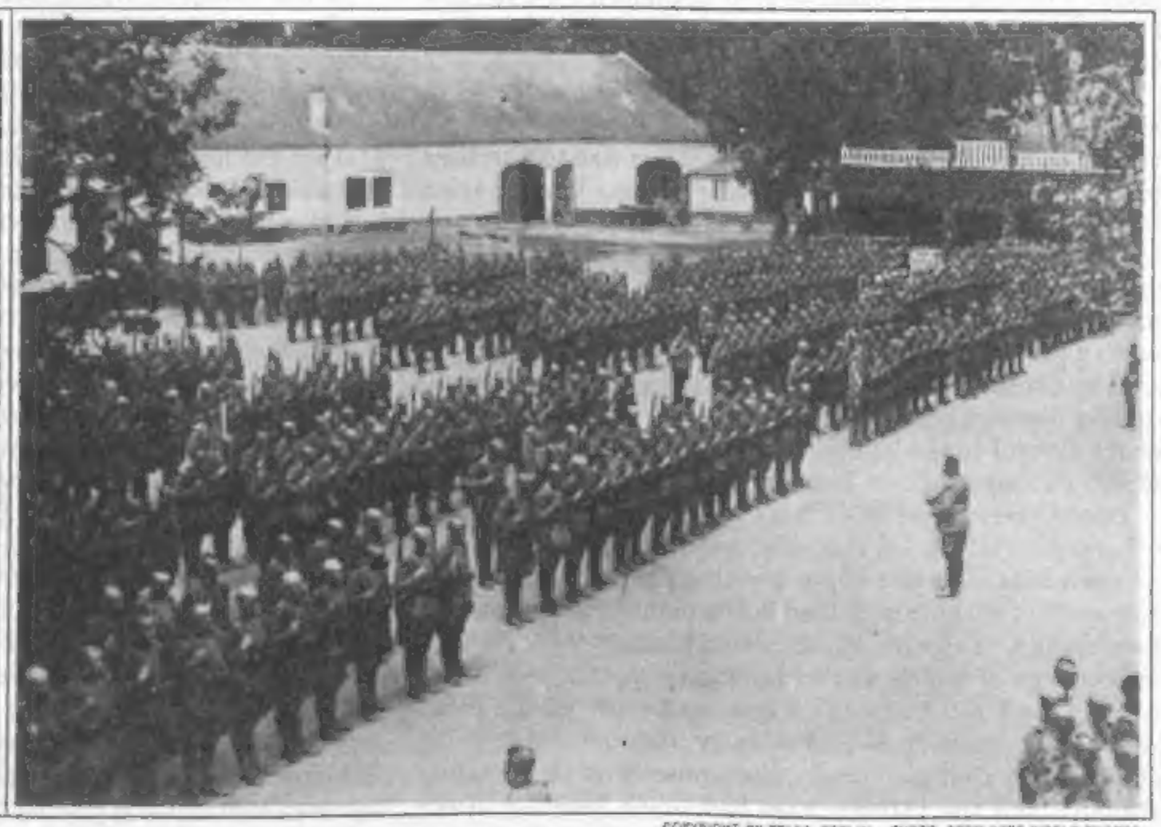
Once or Twice as He Bustled Past Me I Waved the Slip of Paper at Him, But to No Purpose

WHAT IS THIS WAR TALK?



RUSS PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Cavalry Brigade Near Moscow, Listening to a Politico-Educational Lecture



COPYRIGHT BY TELNA, BERLIN. PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Jugo-Slavian Troops Taking Part in a Military Ceremony

By Richard Washburn Child

TWO kinds of war talk afflict this world. One comes from small incidents giving rise to flurries and fears. The other comes from the longer views of tendencies leading toward realignments of nations and their interests, political and economic, and from those sometimes inevitable slow drifts which promise diversity of interest building up in omitting reasons and excuses for conflict. The flare of a match is less important than the proportions and the quality of the inflammable material.

No doubt exists that the past two years have brought a new undercurrent of uncertainty and fear, and to a certain extent a new incautious provocative spirit into the countries of Europe.

The observer in the capitals of these countries two years ago found much that was reassuring. He found an era when the economic tendency emphasized the possibility of something like a United States of Europe, for which the League of Nations, with sufficient wisdom in restraining and limiting its political pretenses, might offer realities of useful service as a desk, some chairs and a telephone, where common rather than diverse interests might find office conveniences. He found some promise of a decided growth of international cartels and trade agreements which might weave together the restraining business influences of nations and help to quell old political hatreds. He found good disposition on the part of populations in France and in Germany to bring about, as was done, some expression like that of Locarno. He found some of the smaller states carved out by the folly of the Versailles map makers doing a good deal to find their legs, political and financial. He found some hope of zone grouping for economical reasons of states which merely politically regarded one another as stranger bulldogs or traditional enemies.

He found a general feeling that war costs everyone too much to consider war possible, and that the vestiges of war fatigue were still an active guaranty that no one who had been once would ever march to a front again. He found a recognition that it takes money to fight and that money is usually borrowed to continue the fighting, and that the possibility of borrowing, in a world in which the combatants no longer intend to pay back and the neutral leaders no longer approve of war or of waste, is a slim possibility indeed.

From Peace Pacts to War Pledges

WITHOUT mincing words, the conditions have now changed. The colors of the present picture are different. The tendencies of two and three years ago are still here, but among the best observers and the most thoughtful of statesmen a review of the trend brings forth doubts and fears which have already permeated the populations themselves.

COPYRIGHT BY SPORT AND GENERAL PRESS AGENCY, LTD., LONDON

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales Inspecting the Boys From the Nautical Training Ship "Mercury" at Southampton

What is this whispered war talk? What causes it? Where is Europe going? Does this murmuring of war tend to prevent war or to whet the taste of chauvinists? Is it directed at the possibility that someone may light a match tomorrow or that age-old forces and political and racial and national currents are building a new inflammable mass?

Were I again in the diplomatic service, this would be the moment in which I would send to my Government a new survey of the stability of peace in Europe. I would answer from my observations and from the meat of two months of confidential conversations, as I do now, the question: What is this war talk?

And if the answer had to be in one sentence, it would be that the war talk arises principally from the attempts of the nations of Europe to increase their security by a series of new agreements which begin under the fair banner of peace projects, of mutual contracts to outlaw war, and then proceed to pledge support or assistance to a non-aggressive brother nation, and then by subtle and almost inevitable steps end up with mutual-defense pacts, with treaties pledging military aid.

Thus are brought back the prewar alignments of balance of power in Europe which were supported by the sometimes furtive and secret or brazen pacts to gain power. Thus does a newly nervous Europe find itself, whatever the appearance of the surface, wondering whether it is face to face with a new era of secret diplomacy to create the same old alliances.

One will find in England plenty of evidence of an opinion that this is the way Europe is drifting. Great Britain, whose navy is still a real bulwark in spite of airplanes, has developed in these two years since her activity at Locarno a great deal of cynicism as to the politics of the Continent. It is not too much to say that there is an increasing sentiment in favor of a policy of friendly isolation and of withdrawal from a field in which noses of benevolence and pacifism poke themselves into the business of others only to receive a whang.

Ready to Fight to Outlaw War

ONE whose analysis of international affairs often has a distinct influence on Great Britain's policy disagreed with me not more than a year ago when I put forth high hopes for an era of economic coöperation and a real trend toward an informal United States of Europe. He writes me today:

"Did I not tell you that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks? I told you that neither Great Britain nor the United States need worry seriously as to competition offered by Continental economic internationalism. It gets just so far and then the old racial and political fears and rivalries begin to raise their heads once more. The passage of time and the year's tendency in Europe indicate that I was right. How little encouragement would be needed now to push the nations of Europe into a series of alliances created by the same old need for a balance of power and cut out of the same kind of cloth from which the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente were made."

"But," said I, arguing with a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, "these new moves are called little Locarnos. They pledge peace."

"Do they?" replied that old hand. "They pledge nonaggression, but they also pledge aid to an ally against whom aggression is used. Well, what is aggression? Aggression is never the thing one does; it is invariably and always what one's enemy does. It is, in practice, impossible to fix the first overt acts of aggression. When the whole house is in flames, who can find the match which lit it or identify the incendiary?"

In other words, the line between an agreement to outlaw war, with a clause calling for mutual defense on the one hand and a military alliance on the other hand, is a line with all the fineness of a frog's hair.

To make clear the difficulty of determining who is an aggressor, let me present with slight variations a state of facts out of real life, picked up at random from my clipping file:

A Turkish parliamentary delegation started by train for Adrianople yesterday in order to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the restoration of the city to Turkey by the Lausanne Conference in 1922. The delegates traveled in beflagged coaches, but on arriving at the Greek frontier station on the Maritza they were stopped by the Greek authorities, who refused to allow the train to proceed through Greek territory unless the Turkish flags were removed. The Turks declined to comply with this condition and returned to the Turkish frontier station of Uzun Kupru, on the other side of the Maritza, whence they proceeded to Adrianople by road through Turkish territory all the way. The Turkish press is indignant, accusing the Greeks of lack of courtesy and of having infringed the Treaty of Lausanne.

Now let us suppose that when this train was stopped someone in the crowd had fired a revolver; that, misconstruing the source and purpose of the shot, a Turkish guard or two had shot Greek authorities, and that a massacre of the Turkish mission had followed. Let us suppose that the Treaty of Lausanne failed to settle the question of whether Turks may proceed to Adrianople across Greek soil carrying flags or arms. But now troops are mobilized and on the march. And finally let us suppose, as is not the case, that France and Turkey have a mutual pact to give military aid in case one of them is the victim of aggression and that Great Britain and Greece are in a similar agreement. Turkey claims that the aggression was wholly Greek, and, indeed, the result of a long-standing plan to provoke war, while Greece claims the reverse is true. Then if France and Great Britain live up to their bargains, whether the treaties are open or secret, two great powers are at each other's throats because of alliances which first paraded in the cloaks of little Locarnos.

Little Nations on Broad Shoulders

THAT is a consideration which at this moment profoundly interests European thinkers and causes a suppressed shudder to run down the backbones of those who fear a return to the old balance-of-power diplomacy in Europe. The Balkans are again coming into a position of furnishing the matches for the inflammable material which is being built up in a struggle among larger powers to stabilize their places on the map and in the advantages of the European arena.

For this reason Europe, when it speaks frankly, has little good to say of the recent treaties which France made with Jugo-Slavia, followed by a treaty, more openly of the character of a military defense alliance, by which Italy and Albania are said to have answered the French and the Serbs. Indication of outside opinion is found everywhere in the press of Europe; the possibility that Italy and France may be led to a new understanding by these moves is recognized, but, except where the press is controlled for propaganda, the plea that these new treaties are solely treaties of peace and of loving solicitude between friends is regarded with amusement.

The Vima of Athens says:

The treaties change conditions in the Balkans, if for no other reason than because treaties must be judged by the atmosphere they create. The pact between France and Jugo-Slavia provoked exaggerated enthusiasm in Jugo-Slavia as to the new alliance, while the Italian-Albanian treaty has made it possible to attribute to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Albania: "Now we may speak strongly, because we are no longer alone."

A prominent Czecho-Slovak journal says that these two treaties are not to be considered alone, but as precedents for a carnival of dangerous-alliance diplomacy between the smaller states, offering strategic positions to larger powers and seeking opportunity to engage in ambitious policies which they could not undertake alone. A daily in Madrid says:

Mussolini has had the courage to call a spade a spade. The word "military alliance" is now abroad again. Other powers prefer to call similar treaties by the pretty name of concords of friendship and peace. But it is quite probable that France is depending upon the same kind of alliance with Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium and Jugo-Slavia.

These are reflections of the thought in Europe which sees approaching a new era. The old political forces, after failures of economic coöperation to break down boundaries and of the League to get far in federalizing Europe, apparently are coming back into the saddle, and little by little the peoples of Europe, whether in London, Paris, Berlin or Rome, are saying more and more: "What is the new balance of power going to be?" and, "Shall we be able to stabilize by that process without striking fire somewhere?" and, "What alliance will be disclosed tomorrow?"

It is well recognized on the Continent that England's fundamental interest in seeing a balance of power maintained on the Continent has not changed except as it has been modified by a marked increasing desire for isolation. Whatever certain of her propagandists may say in favor of the United States entering European politics through the League or otherwise, however these interested and plausible spokesmen may hope that some day we may be at hand to help with British policy as against French or some other policy, the real truth is that the English envy us our position of minding our business and are eager to see to what extent they can adopt the same course. The subtle change which within two years has altered the sound of the word "war" from a term inspiring contemptuous expressions of impossibility to a phrase that today leads to solemn low-voiced discussion, has not increased the British appetite for wading back into the welter.

In England there is little immediate alarm about any impending war except when the Liberal and Labor Party spokesmen, Lloyd George and MacDonald, exhibit chambers of horrors of armament and imperialism and accuse Baldwin and Chamberlain of inattention to the way things are going. Lloyd George, with experience behind him but with need also to stir up attention, has repeatedly pointed to the growth of armaments in Europe and quoted figures of growing armies and expenditures which contain the essence of truth combined with some inaccuracies that rob his warnings of some of their force.

Stability From a Balance of Power

HOWEVER reluctant one may be to believe, it is a fact depressing to Europe that ten years of the League has not indicated any substantial ability to bring about either disarmament or to avert the new trend of European politics toward falling back into the wicked ways, the old racial and nationalistic divisions and competitions for power by alliances of force which are masked under the labels of security pacts or compacts of peace.

The interest of Great Britain in the Continent, though naturally more intimate, is not far different in kind from the American interest. It is an interest which is historically well rooted. It wishes to see Europe settle into some stability—even the stability of a new grouping for balance of power. That interest is so great in the case of England that she, reluctant to become entangled and with a good deal of taste for isolation, is forced now and then to enter the Continental game to play one force against another so that no one of them shall become dangerously dominant as was Napoleon or the Kaiser.

Her outstanding contribution to that policy, made since the war, was the bringing of France and Germany together in the Treaty of Locarno. It was no less a generous contribution toward peace because it fitted into the traditional Continental-balance policy of the British. If there is found in England today a cynicism as to the much-heralded Locarno spirit, it is because the English, as all Europeans, recognize that these treaties of security against aggression are only a hairbreadth away

(Continued on Page 129)

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Ceremonies on the Place de Saxe in Warsaw, Celebrating the Ninth Anniversary of Poland's Freedom From Prussia, Austria and Russia

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

French Troops Marching Past the Official Stand at Metz, Where President Doumergue Reviewed Them

Above—The Cavalry of Budenny Drawn Up on Parade, May 1, 1926

A PRETTY LITTLE PROPERTY

"It's All or None, Jimmy," Said Vygoe; "You Just Sound 'Em—What? Ask 'Em Have They Any Use for a Few Hundred Pound"

By C. E. MONTAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

YOU will find that almost every ferry across the Thames is somebody's Old World estate and as sacred as Belvoir or Chatsworth. If someone else sculled you across for your penny, the institution of property would totter—at any rate, in principle. Presently we might see our own savings wolfed and the scepter laid in the dust.

Still, a new ruby mine may be found even now, and a new Thames ferry may be born. A violent rash of new villas may break out on one bank of the stream while the nearest railway station remains on the other. There may be no bridge—or only a railway bridge—anywhere handy. And possibly that reach of the river may not be within the preserves of the next ferry up or down stream. And then a piercing mind, lodged in some licensed waterman who possesses a boat, may see that there is money in taking people across. That's how a new ferry is born. It is called a free ferry. Not that you don't pay your penny. You do. But any waterman is free to earn it.

The reality of this freedom was tried pretty high within a week after the day when it struck Jimmy Sands, of Gistleham Wharf, that a bit might be made by linking the new villa stronghold of St. Chad's, on the Middlesex side, with the Surrey-side shops and station of Shean. Other work had failed Jimmy of late. He was seventy-two. People fancied he must be getting infirm. But he wasn't. His stocky, rectangular body was a bit stiff and his square mahogany face was—if such a thing could be—more completely devoid of expression than ever, now that his lips were sucked in so tightly over his empty gums. But he could still scull his own hulking boat, with sculls like the sweeps of a small barge, for any length of time required by his interests, which were very dear to him. Between journeys Jimmy would stand in the rain like a tree, rooted to one place, as if rain were no worse than anything else.

It was eight on a Monday morning when Jimmy struck gold, a little below the St. Chad's railway bridge. That day he took seven and ninepence. On Tuesday, when more people knew he was there, he cleared a cool twelve shillings. You would never have guessed it from his face. No jubilation for Jimmy, no psalmody of thanks or praise.

Mr. Vygoe, the company floater, on his way home to St. Chad's from the City, said archly to Jimmy, "Nice little property this you've got—what?"

But Jimmy only grunted darkly, like a farmer who is accused of having experienced good weather. Jimmy was a man of the world and Mr. Vygoe respected him for it.

But no auriferous secret lasts long. At eight on Wednesday morning Micky Devine, of Old Shean, and Ponto Willis, of Gistleham, were on the spot, each with a boat.

A short debate followed. I don't say Jimmy commanded the all-round technic of Cicero or Demosthenes. From what we hear, the faces of these masters must have had some expression. But Jimmy did pretty well. His verve and his unreserve were in the great style that was theirs. Without emitting one ray of expression from his timber face, he let Micky and Ponto have it in a cold, level stream that had an immense momentum of its own. The turpitude of sneaking another bloke's pitch and the blithering idiocy of supposing that there was money in it for three bleeders were treated with a kind of statuesque vivacity difficult to describe.

Micky and Ponto squirmed with genuine agonies of shame. But only internally—in their souls. For employment was bad and a man must live. And hadn't they their rights, same as the old un? So—externally, with their bodies and their tongues—they stayed where they were and desired the old un to go home and boil himself.

Jimmy declined. So, from that time forth, every customer had to be contended for. He was the prize in a tournament of eloquence. Stick to the Old Firm was the slogan of Jimmy, or Support the Old-Established Ferry. And, mind you, that told.

"Give a young un a chance," Ponto pleaded, and that told too. Micky used less rhetoric proper. But he was good-looking and he had a way with him. He soon built up a very fair practice among the younger women.

The tide of traffic set toward Shean all the morning. Therefore they all kept their boats on the St. Chad's side. When a stray hail did come from the other side Micky and Ponto flung themselves aboard their craft and raced across for the penny. Jimmy didn't. Knowing himself, like the philosopher that he was, he knew he had no turn of speed. That goes with youth. Nor was Jimmy's barge a flyer. Still, he netted an undisputed fare from St. Chad's now and then while the young bloods were away sprinting.

The observant Vygoe was one of these gifts of the gods.

"Bit o' competition—what?" he said while Jimmy was sculling him over.

Jimmy worked his toothless jaws for a while, as if he had heard nothing. Then he spat over the gunwale.

At last he said, "Bit o' scum."

"Well, what are you doing about it?" Vygoe inquired. "Rate-cutting—what? A farthing fare? Freeze 'em out—what, what?"

These big-business idioms stumped Jimmy. But never in a long life had Jimmy let on that he was stumped. He spat impassively two or three times, as the Sphinx would spit if she could.

He then said, "I don't take no notice o' them."

"Why not pool?" said Vygoe. "Make a handy little trust of it—what? Where's the sense o' sweating out your guts like this for nothing—what, what?"

Jimmy fancied he got the hang of these observations. He said no more at the moment, however. He only thought deeply.

That was an arduous day, as Vygoe had said more coarsely. About noon the drift of traffic toward Shean fell away. Only an odd fare appeared now and then, now on one bank and then on the other. So Micky and Ponto had a good bellyful of boat racing, while Jimmy stuck to the

Middlesex bank and trusted his lone star. But about five o'clock there set in a violent current of City men and their clerks, homing to St. Chad's.

For a time the three rivals simply stood by the bows of their boats, on the Shean shore, hallooing for custom like bookies on a course. Then Micky perceived that on this male public the lure of his beauty was exercised in vain. So he began to make raids up the lane that led to the Shean station in order to intercept custom nearer its source. From these forays he returned conducting little groups of captives, sometimes bearing aloft a small boy or girl, a tender hostage for the fidelity of its parent to Micky's boat.

In business there often arise new and perhaps odious forms of competition which no business man, whatever his private feelings, can afford to leave wholly to his competitors. In half an hour the three were all touting for custom a good third of a mile away from their base. But Jimmy was not liking it. Jimmy was essentially a maritime or riverain power. He felt in his bones that in these land operations he was predestined to be ineffective. He hated stirring his stumps. He hated playing the courtier. He could never have got into Parliament. He was too massive and rugged a character part. The longer he went on accosting startled adults, far inland, and shouldering reluctant brats, the more deeply did he think of what Vygoe had said.

II

AT NINE that night an armistice was declared and the theater of war was simultaneously evacuated by all the triumvirs. Excess of speech and emotion had wearied them. And public houses did not keep open all night, even before the war came.

In fares—apart from those uncovenanted and incalculable mercies, tips—the three had earned on the day a grand total of sixteen and threepence. Jimmy, the old, the sage, led the field with six bob. No one had divined so intuitively as he the set of the minor currents of trade. The fair Micky had cleared five and fourpence. Ponto, for all his speed in the cross-river racing, had fallen just short of the five-shilling mark. But even four and eleven is four and eleven. For four and eleven many drapers offer you anything in their windows.

Success will out, sure as murder, especially at Gistleham, in the private bar of the London Apprentice. At eight next morning two more boats accrued to the fleet at the ferry, and Jimmy, Ponto and Micky underwent the change that affects the sitting tenants of a full compartment of a train when other passengers get in. Hitherto the occupants may have disliked one another. But now they see, in a flash, who the real thugs are. The warfare of yesterday instantly took the new form of a struggle between two powerful leagues. Prodigies of damaging innuendo were achieved by the triple alliance of Jimmy, Ponto and Micky. If Dubber and Broad, the two new fortune seekers, had both been lepers and their boats coffin ships, the public could scarcely have been more alarmingly warned. Dubber and Broad, in return, took their own part with some spirit.

"Come where you'll get all your change!"

"Give British labor a turn!"

"'Ave a boat that isn't 'opping with fleas!"

In war, the best form of defensive is the offensive, and such were the defensive tactics of Dubber and Broad.

Friday, in turn, brought its new draft of kill-joys. So did Saturday. So did Sunday itself. On Monday, a week from the day Jimmy had founded the ferry, there were twenty-one men on the job. There the pestilence was stayed. No other brother of the craft appeared on the Tuesday.

III

IT WAS time. There was just about a guinea a day in that ferry, now that it was known. It yielded each of the twenty-one a shilling a day, like being a soldier. All of them were on duty for thirteen hours a day, without any fixed mealtimes, on seven days in the week. Each was a capitalist, for each had a boat, and the whole of his capital was involved, quite uninsured, and was depreciating steadily. It wasn't business, and Jimmy saw it.

"Well, wot about it?" he began, quite suddenly, one warm afternoon when traffic was slack.

The others were standing about, watching one another, all of them well within hearing. All stared at Jimmy, amazed. That their doyen should break into speech, without almost physical necessity, was a portent in itself.

"Wot about wot?" Dubber asked, with awed voice.

"This 'ere," said Jimmy. A slight lurch of his head was rightly understood by them all to indicate the local situation as a whole. Jimmy went on: "Wot's to stop us whacking this job out in lays?—one man a day, 'im to do the work and take the money. All the rest—keep out of it. Nex' day, nex' man come on. Same for 'im. Then the nex'. Fair to all round. One day o' work in three weeks, an' make the same money as wot we do now."

It is the fate of many reforms to begin by appalling many minds. Jimmy's program of revolution drew cries of horror.

"Wot?" shouted Ponto. "'Ave some swab lettin' the property down, an' we not 'ere to protec' it?" Ponto gave a basilisk glance at the dregs of the company—that is, the ones who had joined it last.

Dubber amplified Ponto's suggestion. "Aye! Boozed on duty! Givin' good customers lip!"

"And what in the world," added Micky, "would anny man do with himself, doing nothing for twenty long days in every three weeks?"

"Ah—and attemp'in'," said Broad, "to keep a hold on the small end of his guinea! You been talkin' to Mr. Vygoe agen, pa, thet's what's the matter wi' you."

"I don't take no notice of 'im," the perjured Jimmy said dismissively. But he saw he was beaten. They all rather liked him. One does like these good meaty character parts. So they tried to say no nicely.

They said, "'Ave a bit o' sense, Jimmy," in a quite friendly way; or "Not goin' barmy, old un, are you?" Still, no it was.

Jimmy digested it for a couple of days before he evinced the English genius for compromise. Then he simply proposed that they should all stay on at the ferry, but take turns at the spoil—toss up for order of going in and then each take a fare in his turn. All but the man next for duty could then gamble in peace. Just after your own turn had come you could even step up to the Merry Mouth for a glass without loss.

The old statesman carried this measure by the sagacious device of bringing it up, as it were, by the way—they might take it or leave it, he didn't care. So each of them felt as if he had proposed it himself, and that made them like it and not suspect it. And soon there was no doubt that it had given a lift to riverside civilization. Born Conservatives, such as Ponto and Dubber, admitted that there were points about taking your ease in your boat,

(Continued on Page 65)

"Give a Young Un a Chance," Ponto Pleaded, and That Told Too. Micky Used Less Rhetoric Proper, But He Was Good-Looking and He Had a Way With Him

WET AND OTHER MEXICANS

PHOTO BY ALEXANDER, EL PASO

United States Border Patrol Inspectors From the El Paso and Big Bend Subdistricts

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THERE are three unrelated observations with which the subject of the rapidly increasing migration of Mexican peons into the United States can logically be introduced. Set down without regard for the rules of precedence and social importance, they are as follows:

1. When, in 1921, the United States Senate was considering the question of restricting the great numbers of immigrants that were pouring into America from Southeastern Europe, a series of ear-piercing protests was lodged with the Senate by various manufacturing and industrial interests.

"America," they declared in effect, "has emerged from the war with a painful and embarrassing shortage of labor. We must be allowed to import between four and five million workingmen from Europe with all possible speed; and if we are not permitted to have them we cannot run our factories and our businesses. We will, in short, be ruined!"

2. There was a time, before Whitney invented the cotton gin, when any man who dared to say that seeds could be removed from cotton by machinery would have been enthusiastically regarded as a fit occupant for a strait-jacket and a padded cell; and even more recently there would have been hilarious outbursts of derision at the suggestion that the many men and horses required to harvest a field of wheat would eventually be replaced by a machine, operated by two men, that would cut the wheat, thresh it, clean it, reclean it and deliver it into wagons, all in one operation and all while moving across the wheat field.

3. A distinguished Englishman recently evolved a Mugwump's Manual, containing certain doctrines supposedly professed by the somewhat addle-headed folk known to all good Britons as mugwumps.

In Rebuttal

"THERE is no such thing as race," says the first mugwumpian doctrine. "If you took a family of Andamanese and settled them in Glasgow, then, even in the absence of interbreeding, the descendants of that family would become Scots."

Having planted these observations in a position where they can be easily found when wanted, one may begin a more direct examination into the matter of Mexican immigration.

It should be explained at the outset that there is a wider difference of opinion concerning the habits, customs, nature, disposition and ability of the natives of Mexico and their descendants than there is concerning any other people, individual or thing in existence, not even excepting the curing of colds or the merits of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mexican Peons. Insert—A Street in the Mexican Section of San Antonio

For each person who says that the Mexican peon is a slow, unreliable and worthless worker, there is another person to say that he is a dependable and highly desirable worker. Some say that he is naturally dirty and gets a bath twice during his lifetime—once when he is born and once when he dies. Others say that he is naturally clean and would, if the facilities were available, bathe three times a day. Some believe that he responds quickly to schooling; others are equally sure that his dumbness in educational matters can scarcely be exceeded by that of the water buffalo. Some say that his devotion to his family is without parallel; others declare that he is the most persistent and accomplished wife deserter in existence.

To Learn About Mexicans

IN SHORT, the person who makes any direct statement about the Mexican peon is fairly sure to be called a malicious liar by the members of the opposing school of thought.

The reason for this strange state of affairs lies in the fact that Mexico is a large country, populated by a number of different breeds of people. It is no more possible to describe a resident of Mexico by the use of the word "Mexican" than it is to describe all varieties of eggs by the use of the single word "egg." There are humming birds' eggs and ostrich eggs, white eggs and blue eggs, good eggs and bad eggs. And in the same way there are large Mexicans and small Mexicans, dark-brown Mexicans and light-brown Mexicans and cream-colored Mexicans, good Mexicans and bad Mexicans and terrible Mexicans.

People who have lived in the state of Jalisco for many years, for example, are given to saying:

"You can't know anything about the Mexicans unless you have lived in Mexico. Now I lived in Mexico for fifteen years and the Mexicans are thus and so."

At the same time, however, people who have lived in the same state of Jalisco will declare positively that they have lived in Mexico for fifteen years and know all about the Mexicans, and that those who declare that the Mexicans are thus and so are unqualified liars; that instead of being thus and so, the Mexicans are actually this and that, which is the exact opposite of thus and so.

This being the case, the seeker after truth can only sift the evidence presented to him to the best of his ability and let the shouts of "Liar!" fall where they will.

The population of Mexico is generally believed to be in the neighborhood of 15,000,000 souls. As a matter of fact, the Mexican census of 1910 showed a population of 15,160,369; and the World Almanac states that the population, according to the census of 1921, is 14,234,799. These figures can, for the following reasons, stand a considerable amount of brooding:

The normal population increase in Mexico is between one-half of one per cent and one per cent a year. There were no great epidemics in Mexico between 1910 and 1921; and the revolutions resulted in no great number of deaths, because the Mexican temperament almost precludes the possibility of a Mexican aiming at what he wishes to shoot. What, then, became of the more than 1,600,000 Mexicans who, in the eleven years between 1910 and 1921, vanished out of the Mexican population? The census showed a loss of more than 900,000. The natural birth rate should have added at least 700,000—and Mexicans have never shown any marked predilection for the advantages or disadvantages of birth control.

Is the whole business merely a statistical mistake, or has it a distinct bearing on the emigration of Mexicans to the United States?

This, like many things that have to do with Mexico, is anybody's guess. Although the manner in which the Mexican Indian lives has always prevented and probably always will prevent an accurate count being made, it is highly probable that a 1928 census—if properly taken—would show a population of more than 18,000,000. What the 1910 census would have shown—if properly taken—is again anybody's guess.

Technically, and for the purposes of the immigration figures of the United States Government, all Mexicans are classed as white. Actually, the great bulk of the inhabitants of Mexico are no more white than are the inhabitants of China or of Syria.

In 1925 Prof. Robert Foerster, of Princeton University, made a report to the Secretary of Labor in which he stated that estimates showed that the white population of Mexico was around 1,500,000, the pure Indian population around five or six million, and the mestizo, or mixed-blood, population around seven or eight million. More recently a distinguished Los Angeles doctor, an expert on agricultural and Mexican affairs, whose attitude toward Mexican immigration is sympathetic, divided the population in a different manner.

The Melting Pot

"THERE are three distinct types of Mexican population," he states. "There is the ruling class, in numbers hardly reaching 500,000 of the population. There is a large cholo, or greaser, class of about 1,500,000. These are the riffraff of the Mexican race, found along the railroads and in the Mexican cities. They are absolutely impossible, and should never be permitted to cross the border. They are the criminal Mexicans, worthless in labor and always a social problem. They are also chronic beggars and sizzling with disease. This class should never pass the immigration officers on the border, even though they happen to be physically healthy specimens. The third class consists of about 13,000,000, known to us as Mexican peons. This class is made up of hundreds of distinct Indian tribes as primitive as were our own Indians when our first colonists arrived in America."

Here are two widely divergent views as to the percentage of half-breeds or mestizos or cholos that goes to make up the population of Mexico. The matter is important from an immigration standpoint, because the mestizos of any country are generally regarded by biologists, social workers and employers of labor as being undesirable additions to the population of any other country.

In this connection, Edward B. Tylor, an Englishman with well-developed powers of observation, traveled in Mexico in 1856, and commented on the mixtures that he encountered—"partly Indian, but with a considerable admixture of negro blood; for many black slaves were brought into the country in old times by the Spanish planters. Now, of course, they and their descendants are free, and the hotter parts of Mexico are the paradise of runaway slaves from Louisiana and Texas; for, so far from their race being despised, the Indian women seek them as husbands, liking their liveliness and good humor better than the quieter ways of their own countrymen. Even Europeans settled in Mexico sometimes take wives of negro blood.

PHOTO BY ALEXANDER, EL PASO

A "Corral" in the Mexican Section of San Antonio

"I have never noticed in any country so large a number of mixed races, whose parentage is indicated by their features and complexion. In Europe the parent races are too nearly alike for the children of such mixed marriages to be strikingly different from either parent. In America and the West Indies we are familiar with the various mixtures of white and negro, mulatto, quadroon, and so on; but in Mexico we have three races, Spanish, pure Mexican and negro, which, with their combinations, make a list of twenty-five varieties of the human race, distinguishable from one another and with regular names such as mulatto, mestizo, sambo, chino, and so forth. Here all the brown Mexican Indians are taken as one race. If we come to dividing out the various tribes which have been or still are existing in the country, we can count over a hundred and fifty, with from fifty to a hundred distinct languages among them."

A Family of Mexicans Picked Up by the Border Patrol

In Oval—A Posed Photograph of Mexicans Being Held Up by the Border Patrol

At Left—Mexicans Being Sent Back Across the Border

A Difference in Indians

IT SHOULD be remarked in passing that the Indian tribes of Mexico vary widely in their characteristics. Some are fierce and aggressive, like the Yaquis. Others are as low in the human scale as the Digger Indians of California and seem only a little removed, mentally and physically, from dumb brutes.

It is an almost certain fact that the interbreeding of various racial strains in Mexico has progressed much more rapidly than has generally been supposed, and that the pure-blooded Indian population is now far outnumbered by the mestizos, or mixed breeds. There is, however, no possible way in which the matter can be accurately determined, and no way in which an immigration inspector can separate the mixed breeds from the remainder of the population of Mexico. The mixed breeds may, as the Los Angeles doctor states, be absolutely impossible and unfit to enter the United States; but they are Mexicans and no grounds exist for keeping them out so long as Mexicans are permitted free entry.

No particularly distressing restrictions were placed on the admission of Mexicans into the United States prior to 1924, in spite of the widespread opinion among biologists and immigration authorities that the bulk of the Mexican immigrants were inferior to immigrants from Central and Southeastern Europe, and that the Mexican Indian is incompetent to advance or even to sustain the civilization already established in the United States.

The question of applying a quota law to Mexico was unofficially considered by Congress when European quotas were being applied; but an anguished cry immediately

(Continued on Page 137)

POOR BUT PROUD

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"That's a Dear—at Least Talk to Him"

THERE had been enough spats in the Torrey family to keep marriage a lively adventure, but the big show-down didn't come until two months after Andy, Junior, was born. It had been brewing for a long time, accumulating a head of steam. The basis of it was money—too much money—oh, entirely too much money! About ten million dollars too much; and all of it belonged to Ann, not a penny of it to Andy.

The shindy, as George Morrison, president of the M.P.T. Aircraft Corporation, so unfeelingly called it, started actively one summer morning when Andy returned to the house from the polo field. He was in a bad mood. Looking through a glass darkly, he saw himself returning to Ann's house in Ann's car after riding Ann's ponies, preparing to go for a swim in Ann's pool, ordering Ann's servants to bring him some of Ann's sandwiches and coffee. He reflected savagely that he actually didn't possess in his own right two nickels, one to rub against the other. He doubted if he had so much as a pair of socks or a necktie that Ann's money hadn't bought for him.

Probably the mood went back to the fact that Andy's favorite pony in the string had taken a notion to show him that he, the pony, had more polo sense in one leg than Andy had in his head. Polo was a new game for Andy—he had played only four months. Undoubtedly the pony's mother had talked polo to him before he was weaned, which is the only way to learn the game properly. Andy's own game—about which very few men in the world could teach him anything—was flying, and for six months he hadn't had his hand upon the joy stick of a plane. Before Andy, Junior, was born it made Ann so wretchedly nervous and unhappy to have him fly that he promised not to go up, even as a passenger; then, while Ann was nursing the youngster, Andy had been solemnly warned by doctors who charged enough to know what they were talking about that the baby's well-being depended upon Ann's placidity and contentment. Nothing was said about flying, but he knew—and he knew that Ann knew he knew—that she was secretly delighted to have just one more excuse to keep him on the ground.

Nothing was said about flying when Andy, Junior, was put on a bottle diet, but it was another case of mutual knowings. Ann knew that his right hand itched to feel a joy stick, that his left hand wanted to reach for the throttle and give 'er the gun, and that his nose was sniffing for the tingling blast of air hammered back by a propeller. Ann had installed a big pipe organ in the house—she was always installing something and inveigling him into supervising the work—but she knew that to Andy's ears the music of the organ was a mere caterwauling compared with the symphonic ecstasy of three hundred horse power. For his part, Andy knew that Ann would do almost anything to keep him out of the air. She'd been that way—with the wind up—ever since she had been on the field when Mike Coby was killed. Both of them had been fond of Mike; but it was Ann's first flying casualty, while Andy couldn't begin to remember the names of all the good lads he'd seen bumped off.

When they were married Andy was a hard-working, hard-flying aviator, the chief pilot of the M.P.T. Aircraft Corporation. Now, he reflected sourly, he wasn't anything but a rich girl's husband and a would-be polo player. There had been a time when people nudged one another and said: "That's Andy Torrey, the Umpty pilot who won the Patterson Cup." And now they nudged one another and said: "He struck it soft. He married Ann Paton and he hasn't had more than one foot off the ground since."

"Just like a lap dog!" he growled to himself.

The door between their two rooms opened and Ann came in. She was slight and dark, and in her pale blue costume of knickers and blouse—she was just about to do her exercises—she looked ridiculously immature to be a mother. Her hair was tousled, her slightly tiptilted nose was powderless and shiny, and the ends of her mouth curved up, crescent-like, into a smile.

"Have a good game, Andy?"

"Fair. Clipper got ratty. He needs someone who knows more about handling him."

"There was a telegram for you."

"I found it. It was from George. He's coming for luncheon."

"Oh! Flying?"

He nodded. There was a slight—ever so slight—darkening of her countenance, as though a shadow had been cast upon it. But the smile didn't vanish.

"It'll be nice to see George again. By the way, Pethridge telephoned again about those bonds. I asked him to call this afternoon and talk with you."

She dropped it tentatively, as a fisherman might drop his fly into a unfamiliar pool, wondering what, if anything, it will draw to the surface.

Andy, under cover of the bath robe he was pulling on over his swimming suit, scowled angrily. This was a new plot of his dearly beloved, shining-eyed tyrantess; for weeks—ever since Ann had realized that she couldn't go on nursing the baby forever and keep Andy on the ground—she had been maneuvering to make him assume active management of her estate. She had begun by timidly, deferentially putting financial questions up to him for decision, with the air that she was just a poor helpless little girl and that he was a great big strong man who understood such worldly things. She had even progressed to the point of exclaiming regretfully how infinitely valuable he could be to her if he had a regular office in New York, with a secretary whom he would have to keep busy. Though what in heaven's name he was to do in an office Andy had no idea. Ann had such a sweetly disarming way of laying her traps

"Ann," he said impatiently, "you know perfectly well that I don't know any more about bonds than a hog knows about an airship. That's Pethridge's business. Let him use his own judgment. What's he there for?"

Ann pouted a little. "Well, I should think you'd be interested enough to want to learn something about them," she said reproachfully. "They're really just as much yours as they are mine, and they'll be Little Andy's some day."

"And a tough deal for him, too," muttered Andy. "A kid with that much money hasn't the chance of the proverbial wax cat. Of all sure ways to ruin a boy before he's even got a decent start ——"

"Do you think it ruined me?" she demanded, quick to the counter-attack.

"You're different. You're a girl. Even at that, you had enough ham-fat noblemen and birds who were too tired to work sticking around."

"But I married you, angel," she said with a most engaging smile, and insinuated a hand under his arm. "You'll have to admit that was a burst of genius."

Andy replied with a doubtful "Um-m"; added, "and I haven't done a lick of work since."

"That isn't a bit true and you know it, Andy! And then, when I ask you to do something that'd be a little bit of work, you refuse. I don't think it's at all nice! You might at least talk with Pethridge over the telephone."

"Oh, I'll talk with him and yes him all over the bank."

She went up on tiptoe, gave him a kiss on the cheek. "That's a dear—at least talk to him. It looks better if a man handles those things. Have a nice swim." He started for the door. "Oh, by the way, Andy," she exclaimed—"I forgot to tell you—I'm sending my power of attorney for you to the New York bank, so I won't always have to be signing papers. You don't mind, do you? And tell Henry that luncheon isn't to be served until George is here."

Sometimes it was amusing when Ann pulled the little-girl act, and sometimes it was maddening. It was a barrier against reason, discussion, common sense and fairness, a thing against which he couldn't combat without the inevitable feeling that he was a cold-hearted, surly mucker, and yet he always knew when she was twisting him around her finger, sticking pins into him to make him jump. She had, by some outrageous femaleness of mind, the power to give him his choice between feeling like a gullible fool and a mucker. She could so exasperatingly complicate any issue that he would surrender out of bewilderment.

Once, during a hearty spat as to whether he should make the first test flight of someone's idea of an aeroplane, he had shaken an admonitory, almost paternal, forefinger in her face and said: "You're nothing but a spoiled child! You should

"Oh, Madame—Madame! Have You See What Mr. Torrey Do? He Fly, Fly!"

Andy Laid Her Nose Down to Gain Speed, Whipped Into Another Zoom, Put Her on Her Ear and Came Earthward

have been spanked years ago!" In answer she had thrown a well-buttered muffin at him. But, at least, Ann never took cowardly refuge in exhibitionary tears when she couldn't have her own way; she was far more likely to break something—a cup or a glass—and then retire behind locked doors to get her angry weeping done in secret.

It was perfectly true that Ann was a spoiled child. She had spent the twenty-three years of her life in bullying governesses, making them jump through any hoop she pleased to hold for them. Her mother had died a few days after Ann was born, and her father, a mining engineer, had been shot by a drunken peon in Mexico nine months later. The infant, without a close relative in the world, was heralded in Sunday newspapers as the Four-Million-Dollar Baby. Artists pictured her being rocked to sleep in a diamond-studded cradle of gold, surrounded by doctors, nurses, flunkies and armed guards who kept at bay a horde of kidnapers. As a matter of fact, she was fostered by a hard-headed group of bankers who saw to it that she had a good home, sensible governesses and companions. Ann was spoiled by nature rather than by environment. She took after her father—she knew what she wanted and she was quick to use any means within her command to get it. Andy came along and she fell in love with him before he was well aware of her existence; she accepted him almost before he began to propose, married him almost before he realized he was accepted.

It was equally true that Andy was a spoiled child. At sixteen he ran away from the home of his uncle, learned to fly and trouped the country as the Daredevil Boy Pilot—first with Art Blinker, one of the old before-the-war aviators, until Art was killed in Denver, and then on his own. He earned enough money to enter Cornell and study engineering; but then came 1914, and Andy was among those who went over into that promised land where there were more aeroplanes than pilots to fly them—seven years in uniform, first with the British and then with the Americans. In 1922 he had become chief Umpty pilot.

Never, until Ann happened along and so surprisingly fell just as much in love with him as he was with her, had anyone been so presumptuous as to try governing his private life. In the Army orders were orders and he obeyed them; superior officers didn't come around and say, "Darling, if you love me you'll do so-and-so."

"Tyranny, that's what it is!" he said to himself as he went across the broad lawn toward the swimming pool—Ann's swimming pool. He glanced back and saw a servant following him, bearing a silver tray with sandwiches, a vacuum jug of coffee, a bottle, glasses and a bowl of ice. At the Umpty field the gang was now just about sitting down, coatless, ragging one another, to the table in the Shack, getting ready to wade into one of Ma McCready's meals. They would be talking the lingo: ". . . lousy crate's tail-heavy . . . spun her clean in . . . connecting rod busted and . . . druggist is a friend of mine . . . brought her in pretty . . . pick up a white schoolhouse just five miles the other side . . . fog so thick you couldn't spit. . . ."

"Will that be all, sir?" asked the servant, stooping to pick up the bath robe that Andy had thrown on the lawn.

"Yes."

He was homesick and he could feel the hot lava of revolt bubbling inside him. If Ann only weren't so hopelessly, preposterously rich! If, storybook fashion, she should lose her fortune. Love in a cottage—small chance of that. Ann's fortune was not the kind that got misplaced or lost in the shuffle. Not with that ice-eyed bunch of bankers nursing it.

Andy, the Chief Pilot of the M.P.T. Aircraft Corporation

For the first time in his life Andy knew what it was to be bored, disinterested, useless. He balanced upon the end of the springboard, uttered a disgusted "Oh, hell!" and slipped into the cool water.

II

GEORGE MORRISON'S Umpty-Five—the old model which first brought fame to Umpty—approached Hillcrest like a venerable patriarch. It was a good ship, as thousands of pilots who had received instruction in her could swear, and no other model turned out in the M.P.T. shops had ever replaced her in Morrison's affections. The Fifteen was a better all-around plane, the Umpty Cyclone III could do circles around the Five on half throttle, and mail pilots said special blessings over the Seventeen-A; but when George Morrison, who was the M in M.P.T., took to the air it was in his own Umpty-Five.

Andy sprawled back in the water and amusedly watched Morrison's approach—the stately glide and the wide, careful circle about the field before he dropped down and landed in the field beyond the woods. Not for George the swift dive earthward, wires singing; not for George the sharp, vertical turn above the ground, perhaps with wings knifing between hangars.

George had grown old—old at least for flyers—in aviation. He was a graybeard of fifty, and he had taught himself to fly back in the days when planes were built like kites, when the pilot sat perched in nothingness on a bamboo framework. He had seen too many pilots come and go to have any illusions left about what happens to people who get fresh with Old Man Gravity.

The roar of the motor stopped and Andy pulled himself out of the pool, sat upon the edge until he saw Morrison approaching through the trees, and then went forward to meet him.

"How's everything at the field?"

"All right, except that Fred got busted up yesterday."

Fred Chase had taken Andy's place as chief pilot.

"The devil you say! How?"

"That cursed motorcycle of his! He dodged a kid and bumped into a dog. Got spilled into a fire hydrant and caved his shoulder in. Shoulder's a mess!"

"What dirty luck! Fred's been flying for eight years and never scratched a finger, and then he runs down a pup on a motorcycle. Blooey! And they say flying is dangerous!"

They began to talk shop. The Umpty plant was working overtime, selling for delivery four months hence, George told him. The game was booming.

"We've got to find another pilot for the works," George continued. "Someone to take Fred's place until he's out. And the medico says it'll be a good three months, maybe four. Jacobson wants to leave the mail and come with us, except that I can't offer him anything permanent. Purely is

(Continued on Page 96)

BRAVE DOINGS

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"He's an Expert in His Line, Not Yours. And His Line, Updegraff, is Politics—Ward Politics—Cheap Politics—Politics for Cheap People, But He Understands Them"

SOMETHING'S up!" Jimmy Furlong exclaimed, and his lean, graceful fingers ceased their furious dancing upon the keyboard of his typewriter. "Yes, sir," he remarked to himself, "there are brave doings in our midst this afternoon. Something's up!" Then Jimmy lighted a cigarette and sang out an order: "Come here, young squirrel!" Tommy Blake, his assistant, familiarly known as his leg man, approached the desk. Jimmy was staff correspondent for the News, and the two young men were in a large room on the second floor of the city hall—a room reserved for the newspaper reporters.

"Did you see that fellow who just walked by our door?" Jimmy asked. Blake nodded. "Know him?"

"I think so. Name's Weaver, isn't it?"

"Correct, Tommy. Name's Weaver—Forrest Weaver—better known up at the state capital as Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls. Now listen, Tommy, and get this right, because it's important. He's going in to see our handsome young mayor. I think that one of life's crucial hours is impending for Mayor Dan. Danny hasn't been getting on any too well lately. The big boys think he may not make the team; in other words, Danny may have to go back to the scrubs. When Weaver gets through talking to him he'll know definitely. That's my guess. But, Tommy, you and I—we won't know, see? And the more questions we ask, the more apple sauce we'll accumulate. So we aren't going to ask those foolish questions. We'll leave that course to our clever coworkers of the Bulletin and the Herald, while you go down the corridor to the mayor's office and just sit there, Tommy, but with your watch in your hand, counting the minutes Weaver spends with our Danny. Everything hinges on the length of that visit. I know Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls. If Danny is going to get the hook, he'll get it in about ten minutes; but if he talks Weaver out of it, they'll be together at least half an hour, maybe the whole afternoon.

"When Weaver comes out, you phone me at the office. I'm going to dash over there and write both stories. One that Danny wins, one that he doesn't. Speculation stuff, see? When you phone, I'll release one of the stories. Now scamper!"

And Tommy scampered. He arrived in the anteroom of the mayor's office just in time to see a well-groomed man of middle age, medium height and placid countenance ushered into the presence of the chief executive. Forrest Weaver was not a man who would attract attention. His kindly brown eyes alone distinguished him. The mayor was jolly, witty, and so youthful in appearance that one could easily underestimate his age by ten years.

"Hello, Weaver," he said, and inclosed the offered hand in both his. "Come on in and prop your feet on the desk. We'll have a couple of bond issues and some fried budgets for tea." Then to his secretary: "If anyone calls, Jerry, tell 'em the lady of the house is not at home. You know—wash day or something like that. Tell 'em Uncle Weaver and I have gone to a funeral."

Jerry grinned and nodded. The big door closed; Tommy Blake marked the minute and settled down to read a magazine.

"What on earth ever made you say 'gone to a funeral,' Danny?" Weaver asked.

"We-e-ell, aren't we?"

"Not necessarily."

"Is that so? I thought we were."

"Don't you like this job, Danny?"

"Yes, Weaver, I do. I told you I'd like it when you asked me about running two years ago. It's more fun than any job I ever had before in my life. I like it, all right, but that isn't enough. To be frank, I'm not so very good at it. The serious part gets me all mixed up. There's no use of my lying to you, Weaver, and you know I wouldn't, anyway, so here's the situation: I'm having the time of my life except when some of the big moguls come prowling around wanting to know what I'm going to do about this, that and the other thing. Why, damn it all, Weaver, I don't know! I never did know much about those things."

"What things, Danny? What's wrong? Let's take an inventory of your troubles."

"Well, to begin with, there's that street-car business. It seems like the traction company is broke. We've had some experts here from Chicago and they fixed up new routes for the cars and we mussed around all over the place, but it doesn't seem to do any good. Now the company thinks they ought to ditch the six-cent fare and try a seven-cent fare, and if that's too much they'll give back the surplus to the city. I don't know what to tell them except that a lot of poor people haven't got much money to spare."

"All right, Danny, what's next?" Weaver was now holding up his left hand to count the items of this inventory on his fingers.

"Well, there's that awful bundle of grief about the electric light and power company's franchise renewal. They want it on the same terms and it looks all right to me, but a lot of people are sore at them. They want me to make them pay a bonus—anyway, pay something. I don't see why they should, but there you are. A candidate for mayor hasn't got any business going out to fight for the electric light and power company. It's rotten politics. You know that."

"Yes, Danny, it's rotten politics. . . . All right, that's two items. What's next?"

"Well, they say I'm extravagant; that this is one of the least economical administrations the grand old city of Commerce has ever had."

"Danny, that doesn't amount to anything," Weaver interrupted. "They always say that. Just forget it. That doesn't go into the inventory. Government of all kinds has been getting more expensive ever since I was born, and it will continue to do so. Here in the brave city of Commerce, just like in a hundred others, the masses of the people who don't own property can vote demands for the expenditure of public funds and they'll do it nine times out of ten. That's the answer, Danny. Of course these people who live in rented houses pay just as high taxes as John D. Rockefeller, but they don't know it. There's no answer to that problem from the standpoint of practical politics. Anyway, if a government allows nobody but taxpayers to vote for public improvements, they usually won't vote enough. That's history. A fellow in your position has to splatter the public funds around pretty liberally in order to live, and the only conservative thing you can do is try to get something worth while for the money. You've got a fair sort of an average record on that point, Danny; I doubt that the stealage is up more than 3 per cent since you came into office, so forget it. . . . What's next?"

"Well, there's a lot of talk and smoke blowing around about a strike in the building trades. One side comes to me and says they've got to have a show-down—they're fighting for their existence, and where do I stand? Then the other side comes to me and says the same thing. They've been doing that now for three months. Weaver, I don't understand where I come in on a thing like that. I don't even understand why they've got to have this fight that they're both so sure is inevitable. If the situation is as bad as they say it is, how the hell does building activity continue? And it does continue. All you've got to do is look through the windows of this office to see that. Just the same, they're dead set on this fight—only, they can't start until I say something. Hanged if I know what they want me to say. Why, blast their fool hides, they've had me in a cold sweat for fear I really might say the thing that touches off their powder! What the devil do I care about those birds? I like to ride in parades and make speeches over the radio. Ever make a speech over the radio, Weaver? There's a thrill! Funny little black thing, you know—microphone—and you say something, and ten billion people listening. It's a thrill, Weaver."

"Yes, I guess it is. But getting back to the row in the building trades, what have you been telling the two conflicting parties?"

"Oh, I tell 'em labor and capital should love each other; honesty is the best policy; our country first; we are all here to serve the Lord, and other things I read in the old copy book. I've about run out, though, so I'm going to try the New Testament next week. They tell me there's some darn good stuff in there about getting on with the neighbors."

"Yes, Danny, there is. That's a good idea. You know, I rather like the way you've been handling that situation."

"Aw, Weaver, for Pete's sake! Don't kid me! If I've got to get out, say so and let's have it over with. I know I'm a bust in some ways, but I've done the best I could. I'm no labor-and-capital expert, nor transportation fiend either. And as for electric-light-company franchises, I never met one before in my life. I've been trying to do just as little harm as I could and have just as much fun as I could, and, if possible, do a little good here and there. The big fellows think I'm a flop, so I guess they'll turn loose some coin to get rid of me. I don't know whether to run again or not. I could get out and lay low for maybe a year and then step in somewhere else. I wouldn't like to run and get beat. I don't even know whether the organization would stay with me if I wanted to run again. And if the boys did, I don't know where we'd get campaign funds. It looks like we'd have to fight money as well as brains next time. Still, I've made lots of friends. What do you think?"

"That's what I came to tell you, Danny. I heard you were kind of down. The situation isn't as bad as you seem to think. And it's about 10,000 per cent better than the big fellows think. I've been busy electing a governor or I would have dropped in to see you before this. What I wanted to say was that in my opinion you've not only done all right, Danny, but I'm hanged if I don't believe you're one of the best mayors Commerce ever had."

"Aw, rats, Weaver!"

"Why, that isn't very high praise! You must remember that we've sent two mayors to the penitentiary and a third got off by an eyelash. Taking it all in all during the twenty-five years that I can remember, there hasn't been a single genius in your job. I'm not praising you very highly. All I say is that you'll do. Take that threatened strike, for example. Now you didn't know anything about that situation, but you have an instinct for sound politics, Danny. Those fellows wanted to know which side you'd be on, and just as soon as you let the cat out of the bag the fight would have started. But you had sense enough to remain neutral and there hasn't been any fight. Time will cure the rancor and take the edge off the acuteness of that situation if we can keep the first shot from being fired. I like the way you've handled it. As for the other situations, you're just the sort of lad I want playing around in this office while I get out and straighten up these matters. Nearly everything I own is here in Commerce and it's about time for me to begin looking after my property."

"Then you really do think, Weaver, that I've made a passable mayor?"

"Of course I do. You're a born politician, Danny. Your snap judgment in a difficult situation is unfailingly right. I remember the first stunt you pulled off—that eight thousand dollar automobile for the mayor. Delicate matter to

(Continued on Page 116)

"I Am Here to Protect the Interests of the Plain People and That's What I'm Going to Do as Long as I Am Mayor"

DESTROYERS

By T. P. MAGRUDER
Rear Admiral U. S. N.

THAT the United States Navy is urgently in need of more light cruisers is obvious. Great Britain has built, building and appropriated for fifty-nine of these very useful warships, totaling 350,000 tons, while the United States has only eighteen, totaling 155,000 tons—a difference of 195,000 tons. Of the cruisers built, building and appropriated for, for the United States, only ten are completed; the remaining eight will probably not be completed for another three years. It would not be reasonable to propose that we build immediately thirty or more 10,000-ton cruisers to offset this disparity in tonnage. Building programs necessarily have to be distributed over a period of years for economic as well as political reasons. Great Britain finds a need for many small cruisers of a type not suited to our strategic requirements. Since these small cruisers have limited cruising radius and are not sufficiently useful to us in defensive operations, we are compelled to build larger cruisers of great cruising radius and maximum power for defense. The interrelation of these two policies makes it obvious that the United States would not need as many of the larger type of cruiser as Great Britain does of the large and small types combined. Each country will naturally build cruisers of the type suited to meet its particular strategic requirements, and will desire to build in numbers to provide reasonable security.

The United States Navy has today 276 first-class destroyers, ranging from 1000 to 1500 tons each, and totaling 330,000 tons. Great Britain has 158 destroyers of 1000 to 1500 tons and eighteen flotilla leaders—larger destroyers—of from 1610 to 1800 tons. This superiority of the United States Navy in destroyers was not premeditated. It came as a sequence of the World War. In that conflict the great menace to the Allies was the German submarine. As the destroyer was the best reply to the menace, the United States, by prodigious effort, built in a few years no less than 260 modern and effective vessels of that type and thus gained the outstanding superiority that now exists.

The Destroyer Converse

Although the cruiser and the destroyer differ in size and in power, they have certain characteristics in common. The destroyer has gradually increased in size due to the demands for longer radius of action and greater offensive power until in the destroyer leader it approaches the light cruiser. But their characteristics have this essential difference—that the primary weapon of the destroyer is the torpedo, whereas that of the light cruiser is the gun. Destroyers may, however, in wartime perform many of the duties usually assigned to light cruisers. They may act to a limited extent as scouts, or effective antisubmarine screens around capital ships. In tactical maneuvers they may be used, as are light cruisers, in torpedo attacks against enemy ships or in countering a similar offensive by the foe. Under favorable conditions they may lay a smoke screen to hide from the enemy all knowledge of the fleet maneuvers. Their effectiveness in such tactics was demonstrated in the Battle of Jutland, when the German destroyers' torpedo attacks and smoke screens enabled Vice Admiral Scheer to avoid decisive battle against a superior British fleet after inflicting damage to the British fleet far greater than that received by the German fleet.

Adequate Protection Without Competition

YET it must never be forgotten that the light cruiser has certain strategical and tactical advantages which the destroyer lacks. The cruiser can, with its great speed and heavier guns, overhaul and easily sink a destroyer. Of these 10,000-ton cruisers, Great Britain has eighteen built and appropriated for and the United States eight, the other forty-one British and ten American vessels being of lesser tonnage.

To equal Great Britain numerically in light cruisers of latest, or 10,000-ton, type, it would be necessary therefore for the United States to build at once ten more cruisers of the 10,000-ton class, armed with eight-inch guns. Then, counting the ten smaller cruisers already built, we would have in numbers only twenty-eight light cruisers against fifty-four of Great Britain. That is, I believe, not sufficiently close in light-cruiser parity and does not meet adequately the requirements of a well-rounded fleet as regards that element of naval strength. Particularly will this be so provided the United States does not build very-much-needed destroyer leaders. In other elements a difference will remain. There never were and there never will be two nations having absolutely equal power on the sea.

Should the United States attempt to build as many light cruisers as Great Britain now has and determine that replacements of capital ships should be made as provided for by the Washington treaties, it would mean the expenditure in the next decade of billions of dollars. Of course this expenditure could be spread over a number of years and, in view of the enormous wealth of the country, probably there would be no financial strain in so doing. Yet, after careful consideration of all the elements of sea power, I am of the opinion that the interests of the United States may be conserved and expenditures lessened, provided each element of sea power is considered individually and an attempt is made to evaluate the various elements to the end that the United States may have a sea power adequate to its needs without attempting to build in competition with any other power. It is for that reason that I believe an adequate sea power for the United States may be attained by taking into consideration every element that goes to make sea power, with no effort for competitive building, and by a moderate program for building additional light cruisers, submarines and ten or fifteen destroyer leaders, and—this is of the greatest importance—by building up the merchant marine.

There is, for the taxpayers of the United States, a certain economical advantage in this situation. The cost of a 10,000-ton, thirty-four-knot light cruiser, including armament and equipage, is about $16,000,000. Assuming for the vessel a life of twenty years, the annual cost of operation, deterioration and interest on the investment, will total about $3,000,000. Since the merchant marine of the United States is much in need of fast modern up-to-date freight and passenger steamers, it is the part of national economy to provide such number of these as are needed and insure that they are fast enough and so constructed as in time of national emergency to be quickly and easily converted into light cruisers. The savings effected by such a policy will be very, very large.

It must be clearly understood that when I suggest building at once ten new 10,000-ton light cruisers for the Navy I consider that as the minimum requirement as a beginning to attain such cruiser strength as is needed by the Navy of the United States.

The History of the Destroyer

THERE is no more interesting class of warship than the destroyers with which America now finds herself so generously supplied. They developed in response to a comparatively recent need. Thus, briefly, runs their history:

About forty years ago the automobile torpedo was perfected. This torpedo, with a large charge of high explosive, was at first carried on very small fast boats, appropriately called torpedo boats. The size of the boats increased gradually as competition arose between the naval powers, until they were built to displace several hundred tons. Then, to combat them, larger vessels, also armed with torpedoes, were constructed. These were called torpedo-boat destroyers, or, as they are more familiarly known today, destroyers.

The modern destroyer is a vessel of from 1000 to 1500 tons, carrying torpedo tubes, four to five inch guns, depth charges and from two to four triple-torpedo tubes. Its speed is from thirty to thirty-five knots, which may mean a maximum of forty statute miles an hour. The torpedoes it carries are charged with several hundred pounds of high explosive and have a range of about 12,000 yards at a mean speed of about thirty knots. The accuracy of these torpedoes is remarkable. A barrage by an attack squadron, driven home, cannot be dodged. In war the armament includes the destructive depth bomb. Such bombs are carried in runways sloping to the stern. When a submarine is attacked the bombs are released one at a time, with fuses so set that the detonation shall take place as near to the estimated depth and position of the submarine as possible. During the war a short gun was developed to throw depth bombs to a distance of from 80 to 100 yards in encounters where it was not possible to maneuver the destroyer over the position of the U-boat. There is no armor on the destroyer for protection against superiority in gunfire. To escape destruction it must rely on speed and ability to maneuver quickly. In its design virtually everything is sacrificed to attain great speed.

The fuel-oil tanks of a destroyer hold about 100,000 gallons. With this they can steam at full power, approximately at a thirty-knot speed, for about 1000 miles. This is, of course, a very small radius of action, for destroyers employed in scouting must always have enough fuel to return to a base or to a source of supply. When destroyers are employed strategically it may at any time become necessary to concentrate them for tactical use in an engagement between capital ships, and to be useful in battle they must have fuel sufficient to steam at maximum speed for ten or twelve hours. A destroyer can be employed strategically using one-half of her fuel supply. Steaming at different speeds a destroyer may be used strategically for varying lengths of time. For example, if the speed is fifteen knots a destroyer may scout five days; at twenty knots three and a half days; at twenty-five knots one and three-quarters days. These figures are, of course, approximate; they vary for every destroyer. This, of course, is not endurance sufficient for any extended movements either overseas or for scouting. However, it is possible to refuel destroyers at sea from tankers. Fine seamanship is required to

place a destroyer almost alongside a tanker without a collision. When the hose from the tanker is on the destroyer, they can both steam, weather permitting, in any desired direction at a slow speed—about eight knots. The only obstacle to refueling destroyers at sea is rough weather. Tersely put, a destroyer with tanks full of oil can cruise twenty-four days at ten knots, but only about twenty-four hours at maximum speed.

A very large part of the destroyer's area is filled with vital and vulnerable machinery. The firerooms and engine rooms cover a space of more than one-half the vessel's length. Any shell exploding within this area will at once reduce the speed 50 per cent, if it does not put the ship out of action. During the Battle of Jutland a British destroyer was struck by a salvo of three eleven-inch shells, but the only result was to put one fireroom out of commission and reduce the speed from thirty knots to about twenty knots. The destroyer is not what sailors call a good "sea boat." In a rough sea it rolls deeply, and if the sea is forward of the beam it pitches with violence. The combination gives a corkscrew motion that is most uncomfortable for the personnel. On one destroyer, after a forty-eight-hour gale in the Bay of Biscay, which is notorious for its rough seas, a young officer came down to dinner for the first time in several days and tried to eat. The effort was unsuccessful. The officer started up the ladder, then turned to address his commander.

"Captain," he said with great earnestness, "I am beginning to feel that I don't much care whether the world is safe for democracy or not." Then he fled.

High Speed and a High Sea

BECAUSE of lightness of structure the destroyer cannot be driven into head seas at high speed without danger of buckling the plates or even bending the bow. It is, however, entirely seaworthy and when properly handled can weather any gale. It can steam into a moderate sea at a speed of about twenty knots, which is approximately battle speed; destroyers can therefore accompany a battle fleet in any weather.

A typical destroyer of the United States Navy is the Conyngham, a vessel 310 feet long, 30 feet beam, with a mean draft of about 10 feet. The ship has turbine engines with four water-tube boilers developing about 20,000 horse power. The machinery also includes two electric turbo-generator sets, with an output of twenty-five kilowatts each. The machinery accounts for almost one-third the total weight of the ship. In order to man the Conyngham 8 officers and 114 enlisted men are required. The officer in command is usually of the rank of commander. He has an executive officer, two engineers, a navigating and gunnery officer and three watch officers. For each division of six destroyers a medical officer and a supply officer are detailed.

Formerly in the United States service the senior captain led and commanded a division. Now, however, an officer is especially detailed as division commander. He has nothing to do with the handling or internal administration of any individual ship. Should the destroyers now out of commission be reconditioned again and recommissioned, there doubtless will be a reversion to the former system.

A Squadron of Destroyers Steaming in Formation at Full Speed

Destroyers Maneuvering Before Launching an Attack

Destroyers Launching an Attack, Assisted by Light Cruisers and Airplanes

A squadron of destroyers is composed of three divisions of six destroyers each, with a squadron leader and a tender for each squadron. The squadron commander, a staff of two or three officers, personnel for communications and administration must be provided quarters on the squadron leader. The squadron tender can be used for some of this work. Yet the squadron commander and his staff must be quartered on a destroyer. Because this crowds the average ship, naval powers other than the United States have built very large destroyers to act as destroyer leaders. These are vessels of from 1800 to 2000 tons; they have a speed of about thirty-four knots and carry a battery of four to six five-inch guns. There is great need for leaders for the United States destroyer squadrons. With 276 first-class destroyers, we require about twelve squadron leaders. These should be constructed as soon as is practicable. They are much needed if the United States is to have a well-balanced fleet. It should never be forgotten that when new ships are built personnel must be provided to man them.

Coördinated Naval Units

EXPERIENCE gained in the World War showed the great value of destroyers in naval campaigns. It was demonstrated, for example, that when at sea each division of battleships must have a division of destroyers for an antisubmarine screen. These two divisions form, in a way, a tactical unit. The commander of each battleship division should command and train the division and screen as a unit.

In a battle between fleets, divisions of destroyers are deployed ahead of the battle line of capital ships to attack the enemy when opportunity offers, or to frustrate enemy destroyer attacks. It is essential for light cruisers to coöperate with destroyers in supporting their attacks by defending them from enemy light cruisers or by preventing interference with the attack by enemy destroyers. The light cruisers and destroyers thus working together are called light forces. They should be under one commander, responsible for their training, efficiency and tactical employment.

Action in battle, however, is only one method of employing destroyers. During the war they served many purposes—scouting, patrolling against submarines and against one another, convoying transports, and the like. Probably the greatest value of the American destroyers to the Allies during the war lay in their convoy service. Many an American soldier gave a sigh of relief when he awakened one fine morning near the coast of France to find his ship escorted by friendly destroyers, while the cruisers which had crossed the wide ocean with it dashed back to a home port. A submarine would have difficulty sinking a troopship thus protected. Of course destroyers protect a convoy from only submarines and enemy destroyers. They are no protection against light cruisers. *(Continued on Page 133)*

AGAINST THE RULES

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"Come Away, Leslie," Said John, "Before He Has a Stroke and Tips Over the Ink Bottle"

"IF," SAID Giotto North, clerk of Bellows Tavern, "we owned John H. Rockwell's fifty-one per cent of the Hempstead Electric Company instead of our forty-nine per cent, we could whittle out a stroke of business."

"If," replied his partner, John Sand, "we had some ham we could have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs."

"Exactly," said Giotto. "You express the situation in limpid hexameter."

"We can't buy it," said John.

"Because," supplemented Giotto, "we haven't any money."

"And if we had," said John, "Rockwell wouldn't sell to us."

"Consequently," said Giotto, "we must surround him."

"Two men," said John logically, "can't surround anybody."

"Why not? You envelop him to north and south, I'll station myself east and west. We'll have him in a hollow square."

"It sounds," said John, "very simple as you put it."

"My idea," said Giotto, "is to form a holding company."

"Great!" said John. "What'll we hold—the bag?"

"We'll hold," said Giotto, "the common stock of the Dover Waterworks Company, the Dover Electric Light Company, the Hamburg Electric Light Company and this little glowworm in Hempstead."

"His eyes are open," said John musingly, "and he doesn't snore, but for all that, he's asleep and dreaming."

"Great plans from little dreamlets grow," said Giotto placidly. "Our holding company takes over those four concerns; we centralize and halve the overhead. We elevate efficiency, costs descend as on an elevator and profits rise as in a balloon."

"How do we accomplish these sleights of hand?"

"With preferred stock," said Giotto.

"I knew there was a trick in it," John Sand said, and waggled his head. "Every trade," he continued ponderously, "has its tricks. My dad used to drive screws with a hammer."

"If," said Giotto, "we could toss the Hempstead Electric Company into the pot, it could be done. Swap the boys 6 per cent preferred stock share for share and give a bonus of one share of common with each two of preferred."

"Yes, yes! And then?"

"Why, then," said Giotto, "there would be left half the common stock in the holding company, which would be ours, plus the common we take for the Hempstead company—which will give us control."

"You intimate," said John, "that we could turn in one company and take our hand out of the grab bag with something like 62.5 per cent of four companies."

"It is none other than thus," said Giotto.

"I wish," said John, "I had learned to be an artist and studied the old masters in Florence and its environs. By the way, Giotto, I've never seen one of your paintings."

"My friend," said Giotto, "you have been spared much. I could always put paint on canvas as thick as any artist in Italy. But there was just one slight defect."

"And that?"

"I couldn't put it in the right place," said Giotto.

"And so," said John, "you ate an oyster and got typhoid."

"I assure you," said Giotto, "that there exist worse artists than myself who could not be convinced of it by an outbreak of cholera."

"To return to our muttons," said John.

"I shall become a forlorn hope. Today I shall infold John H. Rockwell in my smile and try if business can be done on a friendly basis."

"He ought," said John Sand, with a twinkling eye upon the petite person of Leslie Rockwell, who at the moment descended the stairs—"he ought to show some slight favor to his future son-in-law."

"I am not and never have been a future son-in-law. I haven't the constitution for it. My talents lie along the line of bachelor uncle."

John turned. "Leslie," he said to the young lady, "I've bad news for you. Giotto's a misogynist."

"What," asked Leslie, "is one of those?"

"A misogynist," said John, "is a male person born without an appetite for mothers-in-law."

"But," said Leslie gravely, "I have only a father."

"A husband," said Giotto, "is in worse case than a prisoner at the bar."

"He's not," said Leslie firmly.

"He is," Giotto affirmed grimly. "I've studied the species in their native habitats. A husband always is conceived to be guilty until he proves his innocence."

"I'm not," said Leslie, "suspicious by nature, and I've got terribly liberal views."

"Come on," said John to Leslie, "I'll take you for a ride. If you got him you'd be disappointed—like stealing a melon and having it turn out a citron. Now I'm comparatively easy to marry. You may have me for the asking."

Leslie turned up her nose. "You," she said, "have no background, and I know all about you, and you haven't dark romantic eyes."

Giotto made a hoarse, rasping sound in his throat, whereat Leslie eyed him with grave curiosity.

"Come away, Leslie," said John, "before he has a stroke and tips over the ink bottle."

Giotto sighed with relief as they went through the door, for this young woman of nineteen years had a disconcerting way with her. Either she had no inhibitions whatever about making public her preference for himself or she was making him the butt of her elfin humor. He could not make up his mind, but he feared the worst. There was no denying she was attractive—for a child—and Giotto loved beauty. Her little head was busy with bright, swirling, gay thoughts, and her conversation, when she desired to make it so, was of a most alarming piquancy. Also, no matter how disturbing it might be to a man who could see no place in his life for women, there was something highly flattering and warming about the anomalous situation. There were times when Giotto felt like a fatuous ass; there were times when he felt like a rabbit with a hound dog at his heels; there were times when he did not know how he felt, and these last were the most alarming of all.

He busied himself about the routine of his job until the noon hour. After dinner John H. Rockwell stepped to the desk to buy a cigar, which he did with gruffness, making apparent his lack of appetite for Giotto—to which the young man paid no attention whatever.

"Mr. Rockwell," he said, "we own 49 per cent of the electric light company."

"Keep it," said Rockwell, "and see how much good it does you."

"That," said Giotto, "is our virtuous purpose. What I should like to discuss with you is the purchase of your 51 per cent."

"With what?" sneered Mr. Rockwell.

"Commodities," said Giotto, "suitable for barter and trade. Will you put a price on your stock?"

"Not to you," said Rockwell.

"At a fair price?" asked Giotto gently.

Rockwell stood for a moment, his hard gray eyes boring into Giotto almost with a physical pressure. It was as if the big man would overwhelm the younger man with the sheer force of his personality.

"Young man," he said presently, "you've come into my town and meddled. I've made this town and I support it. I pay the wages that keep it running. Without me it would be flat on its back."

"I've been very comfortable flat on my back," said Giotto, still gently, "with the grass soft under me and the warm sun in my face and the breeze in my hair."

"Huh! And nobody," said Rockwell, "can come in here and upset what I've done or stick a finger in my pie."

"Not even," asked Giotto, "to pull out a very small plum for himself?"

"I take the plums," said Rockwell, "because I'm entitled to them. If somebody starts something, I smash 'em."

"Where I come from," said Giotto, "we smash one another."

Rockwell smiled saturninely. "Let somebody try it," he said. "Young Sand got fresh—and he's down and out. I got him."

"It gave him negligible pleasure," Giotto said softly.

"And you've tied up to him," Rockwell said contemptuously.

"For better or for worse, till death do us part," said Giotto.

"So," said Rockwell, "I'll smash the pair of you."

"But," asked Giotto, "don't you draw a lesson from this?"

"What lesson?"

"You smashed John Sand, didn't you?"

"I did."

"But," said Giotto, "he didn't stay smashed."

"When I'm through with you this time," said Rockwell, "you both will stay smashed."

"This," said Giotto, "partakes of the nature of an ultimatum."

"It is," said Rockwell with sudden passion. "Get out of town and stay out of it."

"But, you see, I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Bellows. I was hungry and they took me in. I can't leave until I've paid it off."

"They'll be firing you tonight," Rockwell said.

"Ah!" said Giotto. "At your request, perhaps?"

"Exactly. I have bought the mortgage on this place."

"I see," said Giotto. "And you will make my dismissal a condition precedent to its renewal?"

"Exactly."

Giotto's face was grave and not a little weary as he looked into Rockwell's eyes. His own were not angry; they were not worried—but they were sad, dark and deep and sad. Then he smiled faintly—so faintly that it almost was no smile at all.

"I wonder," he said musingly, "if the world is rotten." And then he called to Mr. Bellows, who drowsed on the piazza. "Hamilcar," he said, "will you be so good as to hunt down your excellent wife and bring her here? A matter of importance has arisen."

"And now what?" Rockwell asked with a curl of the lip.

"I'm going to weigh humanity on the scales. I'm about to submit mankind to the acid test. Make yourself comfortable by leaning your elbow on the cigar case. You never can tell; the experiment may be diverting."

As he finished speaking, Mrs. Bellows appeared, wiping her hands on her apron, and advanced to the desk.

"Now what?" she demanded sharply. "Callin' a body out of the kitchen fer every little thing that comes up, and me most distracted with that new waitress, and decent apples for pie hard to git, and Hamilcar needin' a patch onto the seat of his pants that I never noticed till this livin' minute." She paused for breath. "How be ye, Mr. Rockwell? What's gone crossways now?"

"Mr. Rockwell," said Giotto, "has bought the mortgage on the tavern." Mrs. Bellows turned and regarded the big man over her spectacles. Hamilcar edged closer and stared mildly and sleepily. "And," said Giotto, "he tells me he will decline to renew it if you do not send me away."

"Send you away?" Mrs. Bellows' eyes became big with amazement. For an instant she did not appear to comprehend. "Send you away?"

"Mr. Rockwell wishes me to leave Hempstead," said Giotto in his gentle voice.

"Oh," said Mrs. Bellows, "wants ye to leave Hempstead, eh?"

"Yes," said Giotto.

For a moment nothing was said. Mrs. Bellows found it necessary again to wipe her hands on her apron and to prod back her husband, who took another step forward.

"The's been Bellowses in this valley," she said presently, "and Tuckers—I was a Tucker—since men fust set foot in the wilderness." She spoke very slowly and as if a bit confused as to the point in discussion. "They fit the Injuns to git a place to live. The' was a Bellows and a Tucker with Ethan Allen. The' was three Tuckers and two Bellowses fit to free the slaves."

"What's that got to do with it, ma?" asked Hamilcar, when breathlessness brought her to a pause.

But she was speaking again, and still not to the point.

"Hamilcar and me," she said, "we hain't never had chick or child, and I'm told the's couples that babies hain't welcome to. Don't seem sca'cely possible, does it?" She did not wait for their reply. "And so," she went on, "one day he come along, lookin' like he was a-goin' to drop. I never see anybody look so peaked and keep onto his feet. And so"—her voice was curiously low, but strangely steady—"and so pa 'n' me we give him a job, more out of pity 'n fer any reason."

"He's well now," said Rockwell sharply.

"Seems as though," said Mrs. Bellows musingly. "But he turned out to be mighty useful, and suthin better'n useful to pa 'n' me. It got so's it seemed almost like he was sent by Providence, and pa 'n' me used to talk about it nights in bed. At least I talked and pa he never disagreed. And perty soon it got so's we couldn't hardly tell but what he was the son we never had. That's how it got to seem to pa 'n' me, didn't it, pa?"

"I cal'late it done so, ma," said Hamilcar.

"And," said Mrs. Bellows, "he allus acted like we was his folks too. Kind of jokin' with me and all, and accusin' me of gamblin' and carousin'—me, that's never missed a Sunday service in forty year. I dunno's the's ever been a time when pa 'n' me was so contented."

Giotto's face was stiff and expressionless, but his hands, in the concealment of the desk, were clenched so tightly that the knuckles showed white.

"And so," she said again, "you've up and bought the mortgage, and we got to let him go or else lose what we've worked and scraped fer all these years. . . . Pa, it seems like I dunno how to act nor what to say."

"Jest speak what ye got in mind," said Hamilcar.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bellows, "I cal'late to. . . . About them dead Bellowses and Tuckers—they allus fit for their rights and didn't cal'late to let nobody bulldoze 'em. I dunno's pa 'n' me is brave like they was to shoulder guns and all, but we got the same blood a-flowin' in our veins—hain't we, pa?"

"Yes, ma," said Hamilcar.

"And so," said Mrs. Bellows, "the' hain't nothin' to say to ye, Mr. Rockwell, but this: So long's pa 'n' me's got a roof over our heads, this here boy kin stay under it and be sheltered. And when we hain't got no roof, he kin still stay and share what we have got. Can't he, pa?"

"Yes, ma," said Hamilcar.

"And so, Mr. Rockwell, ye kin go ahead as fast as ye got a mind to, foreclosin' the mortgage. But ye can't force me 'n' pa even to wash a grease spot off'n the floor that we got a right to keep there. And ye can't deprive us of nothin' but what money'll buy, Mr. Rockwell. And so I cal'late we'll be richer moggin' out of here 'thout a cent in sich circ'mstances 'n what we would be stayin' and havin' you give us a million dollars."

John H. Rockwell shrugged his heavy shoulders, turned on his heel and marched out of the office. Hamilcar and his wife and Giotto remained silent, perhaps embarrassed. Mrs. Bellows sighed deeply.

"I dunno, pa," she said, "when I ever was happier 'n this minnit."

"Ma," said Hamilcar, "you kin speak to the point."

Giotto leaned over the desk and his long slender fingers touched her cheek.

"I wonder, Mrs. Bellows," he asked, "if you'd be mad if I were to call you ma?"

"I dunno," she said, "if I could endure it." And tears welled over her eyelid walls and strolled happily down the rotundities of her face.

"Then I Shan't Have Any Party. I Was Just Having It for You Anyway"

II

"PERSONALLY," said John Sand, "I am fresh out of compunctions."

"Yes," said Giotto, "but one hates to see even John H. Rockwell step into a fast one."

"Not me," said Sand, shaking his

Continued on Page 76

THE HUMAN CHASE

"If I Tell You Anything About Matthew, He'll Murder Me Sure," the Distracted Man Groaned.

The Little Yellow Birds

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

DETECTIVE BRETT and Lady Muriel, his sometime associate, were dining together *chez* Francis—a small, half-French, half-English restaurant in the purlieus of Soho, recently opened by the late manager of a popular West End grillroom. They were ensconced at one of the most desirable corner tables; they had not met for a week, and Lady Muriel was perfectly well aware that she was looking her best—her new hat, purchased that afternoon, with its Russian effect of gray fur and a dash of rose color, was entirely becoming. Nevertheless, her companion had been, even for him, unusually silent.

"I believe," she complained, about halfway through the meal, "that you have a new case on hand. You have scarcely spoken a word for ten minutes."

He smiled and produced a letter from the breast pocket of his coat.

"No new case for me, thank you, Lady Muriel," he declared. "I'm rather silent because you're so good to look at tonight. The old case is quite absorbing enough. Read this letter. It may amuse you."

So he had noticed her hat, after all! Lady Muriel smoothed open the sheet of notepaper and read:

Claridge's Hotel, Thursday

My dear Brett: I am tired of writing to your chief. He very seldom takes any intelligent notice of the hints I give him, and he never attempts to reply. Surely the Agony Column of the Times is open to all of us.

So, you see, I am sending you a line instead. Perhaps you will prove yourself a little more intelligent and amenable. I have quite lost my dislike for you since the Grosvenor Square episode. What an awful moment that must have been when you found that you had blundered about Mr. Vandoorn and that the Duc d'Angoulême had left the party! You must never trust these Anglo-Saxon ladies who have bought their way into the nobility when they talk about their titled friends. They mean well, but the truth is not in them.

Now you are wondering, aren't you, what my next exploit is to be? It will be a perfectly tame affair for me if I bring it off while you are sitting in your stuffy room at Scotland Yard wondering. The odds are so greatly against the detective of average ability who is up against an artist in crime, with my genius and organization, that I must really give you a hint, Brett—just something to think about. I don't suppose you will get on the right track until the whole thing is over, but still I shall like to feel that you have had your chance. I am going to steal what is to my mind one of the finest pictures in England, and my favorite master is Gainsborough. Come along, little man! Trot round and get busy!

Ever yours,

MATTHEW.

Lady Muriel laughed till she had to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Philip," she said—lately she had begun to call him Philip when they were alone—"if ever you take this man I think that I shall dislike you very much. Fancy a criminal with a sense of humor!"

"All at my expense," was his glum reminder.

"Well, you'll change all that some day," she assured him encouragingly. "What are you doing about the letter?"

"All the obvious things," he replied. "That's the worst of our profession—we always have to start by doing the obvious things. A man at the National Gallery is getting me out a list of all the Gainsboroughs on exhibition in England, and privately owned. The chief and I are going to go through the list tomorrow."

They continued their dinner pleasantly for a short time. Then she leaned forward once more

"Now that you have got the letter off your mind," she begged, "perhaps you will explain your second lapse this evening. Why are you so interested in those two men on our right?"

"Look at them and answer the question for yourself."

She waited for a convenient opportunity and turned a little sideways to get a better view of the two men who were seated together nearer the center of the room. Certainly they were a little unusual. One, the younger, might have been a Jew or an inhabitant of one of the Near-Eastern countries from which had come centuries ago a sprinkling of Spaniards from Holland. He had curly black hair, extraordinarily protuberant dark eyes, full lips and an unnaturally fresh complexion. He talked with great animation, although in a low tone, using many gesticulations, and he was so hot that he was continually mopping his forehead with an unsavory-looking handkerchief. His companion was a small, fat and dumpy man, ill dressed in clothes which looked as though they had been slept in for several nights. He wore brown shoes on which reposed the mud of days, thick socks which had descended with concertina effect almost to his ankles, and the variegated pattern of his linen indifferently concealed its griminess. Nevertheless, there stood upon the table a bottle of expensive champagne, empty, and the waiter was just opening a smaller bottle of similar vintage.

"A more unpleasant-looking couple I never saw," Lady Muriel pronounced when she had completed her scrutiny.

"The young man with the bulbous eyes makes me shiver and his companion might have been dragged out of the dustbin."

"Sheer externals," Brett murmured. "If you allow yourself to be prejudiced like that you will never become a detective."

She occupied herself for a moment in choosing a pear.

"I'm sure I don't want to," she declared. "My ambitions are limited to a little *pied-à-terre* in town—my two rooms in the mews would do quite well—a cottage near a trout stream at home, with a roof that doesn't leak, a horse that would carry me once a week with Desmond's hounds—well, I think that's all for the present."

Brett sighed. "It seems a pity," he remarked, "that this profession in which you have already had so many distinguished successes does not really appeal to you."

"Don't gibe, please," she admonished, beginning to peel her pear. "As a means to an end it is quite all right. I would rather do it, for instance, than wait in a shop or typewrite or manicure. It's keeping me going nicely, but that's all there is to it. I should like to make some money. Where my fur coat is coming from this season, I haven't the least idea."

"The administration is very fair," he reminded her. "If you could prove vital work in connection with the arrest of any criminal for whom there was a reward, you'd get a share."

"Do you think those two men you've scarcely taken your eyes off are criminals?" she asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he assured her. "I should think that they would be—either of them—if it were worth their while. Crime is like everything else nowadays, though. To make it pay, it requires a considerable amount of talent. The blunderer never gets anywhere."

"Quite right," she assented, watching her glass being filled. "As a matter of fact, crime as a profession always appealed to me much more than the detection of it; but so much more is required of one in the way of intelligence and resource, and there doesn't seem to be any regular training school. There should be an Academy of Crime, of course, and one shouldn't be allowed to practice until one has taken a degree."

"Failing that," he remarked dryly, "I think you do very well as you are."

With the service of coffee they became enveloped in a faint blue haze, for they were both enthusiastic smokers. Lady Muriel leaned across the table and Brett flinched. He was always afraid of these more intimate moments. Her lips, when she chose, could be very alluring, and she had the wicked gift of softening her eyes at will.

"I believe you have something on your mind," she whispered. "Is it about me?"

"I have you always too much on my mind," he answered with futile gallantry.

"You couldn't," she assured him. "I am really good for you. I am an antidote to all the excitements and difficulties of your day. Don't you find me soothing?"

"No."

She laughed at him delightfully. "Tell me," she begged.

"Those men are on my mind," he confessed, dropping his voice. "I have had my successes, of course, and my failures, but I shall never be a successful detective—for one reason."

"And that, dear modest friend?"

"My memory. The face of the younger of those two men who have just gone out ought not to be forgotten. Subconsciously, I remember it; actually, I can connect it with nothing."

She smiled with gentle derision. "Even I," she confided, "can tell you where you saw it."

"Then do," he begged.

"You saw his photograph in the Daily Sketch, and perhaps the Daily Mirror this morning. He was an exhibitor at a bird show in the Agricultural Hall. His name is Chittuck, he comes from Norwich, and he won the first prize for canaries. I believe that he is also in business as a shoemaker. To tell you the truth, I've only just remembered myself where I saw his face."

He looked at her for a moment and then laughed softly—laughed until little lines spread out by the side of those ingenuous gray eyes. Yet when he became serious again he was very serious indeed.

"You are quite right," he exclaimed. "I saw the picture in the Sketch, but, alas, I never read the letterpress."

Philip Brett made a model tourist. He came down to breakfast in the coffeeroom of the Maid's Head Hotel punctually at nine o'clock, swinging a camera and with a guidebook to Norwich in his hand. He ate bacon and eggs with appetite and forbore to grumble at the coffee. Furthermore, he allowed himself afterward to be shown Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, although he hastily negatived the suggestion that he might be allowed to sleep in it for the night. He accepted the services of a guide to show him over the cathedral and the Strangers' Hall and spent the whole of the morning inspecting these places. In the afternoon he poked about by himself among the antique shops and the picturesque byways of the ancient city, and it was only when dusk fell that he embarked upon the real purpose of his visit to the eastern counties. Then, after discreet inquiries, he took one of the narrow streets running eastward from the cathedral and walked on until he reached a gloomy archway, by the side of which, on the red brick wall, was a brass plate with the inscription:

CHITTUCK & BAYNES
CHILDREN'S BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS

Here he turned in and was proceeding along a cobbled way toward a good-sized and brilliantly illuminated square factory, separated from him by a ta..gled waste of what had probably once been cottage gardens, when he became aware of a smaller building on his right-hand side, upon the door of which was a sign engraved "Office."

(Continued on Page 53)

The Secret Chamber Was Easily Discovered, and Brett Unhurt, But Pale With Suppressed Anger, Staggered Into the Light

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

THE two weeks that I spent on the Atlantic going to and coming from America on the occasion of that memorable first visit were the longest and incomparably the most delightful holidays I had ever had in my life up till then. Unforgettable, too, on account of the companionship and comradeship of John, all of whose rosy prognostications of my success—"bones an' all"—had been so completely fulfilled. I came to love Doctor Atlantic, the greatest medical man in the world.

Honestly, I do not think I could ever have achieved my record of world work—four times round the globe and twenty visits to America, singing every day and often twice a day, Sundays and traveling days excepted—had it not been for the months I have spent on shipboard, with the winds of heaven blowing away all the cobwebs and filling the lungs and the blood with new energy and fire.

Sir Harry and Mr. John W. Davis at a Week-End Party at Sir Thomas Lipton's Home in London

The busy business men and industrial leaders of America know all about Doctor Atlantic. They appreciate him much more than our people do. A week under his ministrations—sometimes, let me admit, very drastic ministrations—and you step off his floating consulting room feeling fit to knock a house over. That was how I felt on the Carmania coming home that first trip. The only thing I didn't like was the sense of idleness and not earning anything, so I paced up and down the deck, trying to get a new song to the beat of my feet on the pitch pine.

For a Rainy Day

I GOT it right enough. "When I Get Back Again to Bonnie Scotland" was thought out and more or less welded together on the promenade deck of the old Carmania. I never wrote a better marching air than the lilt to which the words of this song are set. It was an instantaneous hit when I put it on in London a week or two later. I am told it was a favorite song with the Scottish troops in France. And I sang it hundreds of times many years after in camps, ruined châteaux and other places behind the lines on my visits to France under the auspices of the British Government during the war.

With the exception of my pantomime engagements, my trip to New York had earned me more money than I had ever before obtained, and I was a very proud man when I reckoned up that I was now worth perhaps a couple of thousand pounds in addition to my house at Tooting, which had been purchased—or at least finally paid for—out of my pantomime earnings.

My great idea about this time was to be independent. I remember telling myself over and over again that any man who had a house of his own and five thousand pounds in the bank should be able to hold up his head with the best and look the whole world fearlessly in the face. This hankering after independence is inborn in most Scots, especially in those who, like myself, have been reared in poverty and who have bitter memories of fathers and mothers striving and struggling and fretting themselves into their graves in order to make ends meet and give their dear bairns some reasonable chance in the battle of life. I decided that I would never rest until I had saved enough money to keep me and mine if the day should arrive when I lost my voice or my popularity. I had seen so many stars in an improvident and uncertain profession come to financial grief that my resolve was strong to save all that I could and so hasten the day of independence for myself and my loved ones. There were to be no charity benefits for Harry Lauder!

With a Friend at a Braemar Gathering in Scotland

But the small salaries I had to come back to in London—these old contracts again! did not allow me much scope for "makin' mickle mair," as Burns has it. I was now the undisputed top-liner of the British vaudeville stage. Often there were artists on the same bill with me getting twice, three times—yes, ten times my salary, but I was always the drawing card. The public loved me and I loved playing to them. The managers loved to have me—so much so that when I wanted a few days off to nurse a cold or merely to take a rest they insisted on having a doctor's certificate. They didn't believe me!

On the Edge

BUT latterly I found a way of circumventing the official doctors sent down to Tooting to find out if Lauder was malingering. I would jump into bed just before the medico arrived, and it was an easy thing for me to assume a drawn and doleful expression and to work up a cough which would have convinced the whole College of Surgeons that I was in a state of incipient consumption. It always worked. Indeed, one doctor went back to London and reported that poor Harry Lauder was not long for this world.

This stage cough which I developed so skillfully about this time came in very handy many years later when I sang my song "When I Was Twenty-one." Every time I sing the song and start the old man's cough in the patter I feel that I want to laugh, remembering how I fooled the managers' doctors many years ago. But please do not think that I made a practice of getting out of a cheap engagement. Certainly not. I played every contract I ever made, either on the date arranged or subsequently, and for the money agreed upon. But it was very galling to me in those early days to feel that certain people were determined, Shylock-like, to get their exact pound of flesh from me no matter whether I was feeling well or ill. And I only tell you the story to show how sure a money spinner I was in the eyes of the managers.

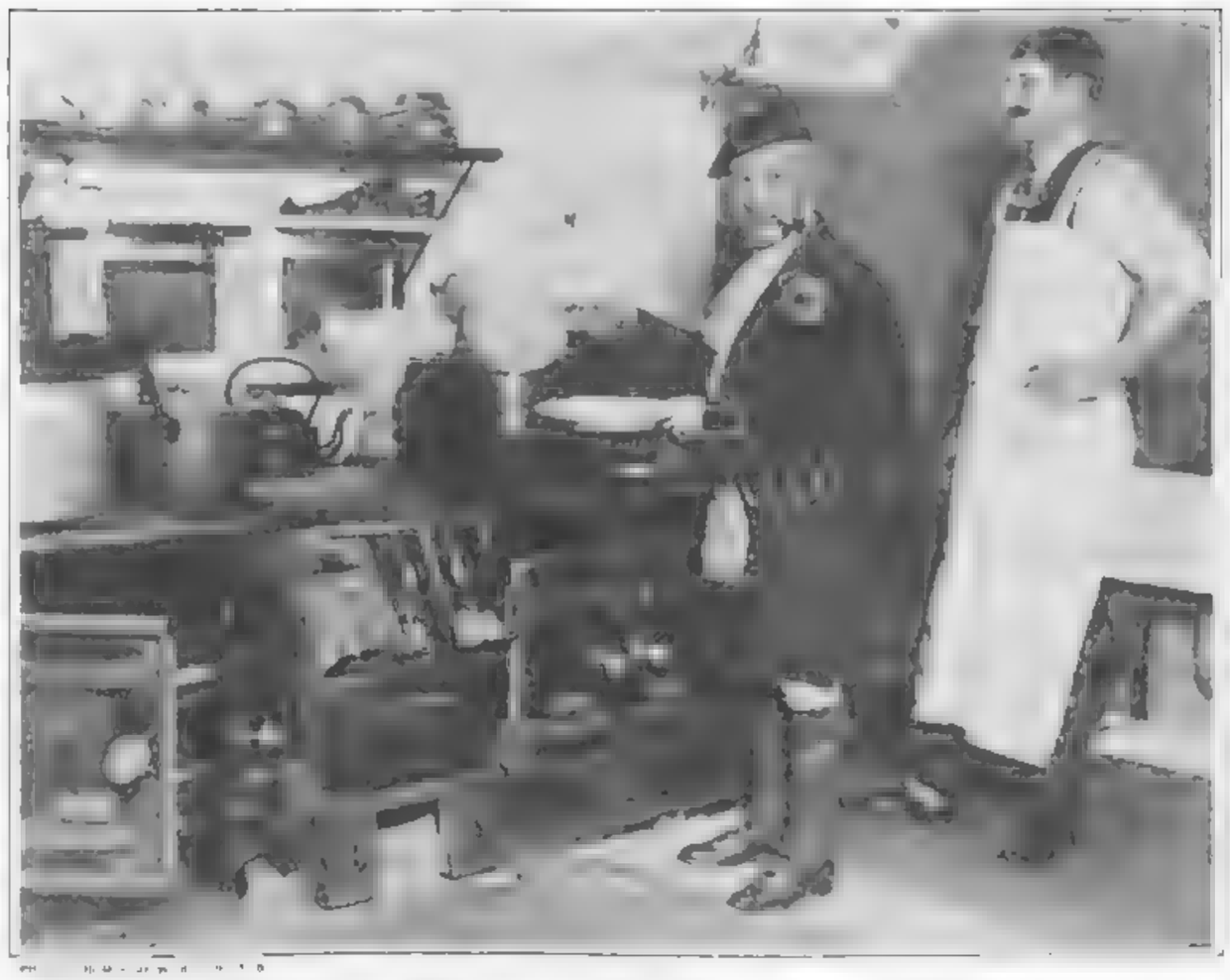
However, what I was losing on the swings, I was making on the roundabouts. In the early years of this century it was a very common thing for the rich and titled people of the West End of London to give great private entertainments at their town mansions. For these I was in much demand. I could have accepted private engagements almost every night of the week at very handsome fees. But I went out only for the big stuff and to the élite of the West End mansions.

At the Tivoli I was perhaps drawing eight or ten pounds a week, yet it was no uncommon thing for me to refuse ten times that amount for half an hour's singing in some great lady's salon after midnight. The favorite song at these functions was always "I Love a Lassie"; indeed, I had to make a definite bargain with more than one hostess that this song would be included in my list. There can be few of the really great London mansions that I have not sung in at one time or another. At these private entertainments the guests like to join in the choruses and I have had royal princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, lords and ladies all shouting my choruses at the pitch of their voices.

I think I must always have been a lucky man in the way of free advertisement. Already I have told you how I did nothing to stop, but rather to foster, the rumors and stories about certain supposed Scottish characteristics which had become, so to say, overdeveloped in my personality. But this was by no means the only publicity I got. Everything I did for months after my return from America seemed to find its way into the papers. If I got a present of a bulldog from an old Scottish admirer, its photograph appeared in twenty different papers. If I bought an American motor car for John, there was a story about it and John was photographed driving it, standing beside it, or underneath it. If he ran it into a neighbor's wall—as he did—the neighbor was interviewed and there were photographs of the gash. If I put on my kilt and went down to Brighton of a Sunday for a whiff of the sea, the news was in the London papers next morning. I couldn't move a leg in bed, or go to a barber's for a haircut, or buy a secondhand overcoat—as I certainly once did in a theatrical costumier's shop in London—but it duly appeared in print. If any of my audiences were more than usually demonstrative, there was a paragraph about it, headed Lauder's Triumphant Return or Harry's Amazing Reception.

Even the sober and responsible writers like Archer, James Douglas, Keble Howard, John D. Irvine and many others all took to writing analyses of my art and stage achievements. For me it was quite bewildering. Had I had a soft patch in my make-up all this praise and notoriety would sure have found me out to my undoing. "Of course you had a very clever press agent," some of you will say. The only press agent I ever had in my life was entirely unpaid. I refer to my life-long friend and pal, Willie Blackwood, now a well-known London journalist and one of the directors of the Amalgamated Press.

"Wullie" certainly pulled lots of stunts about his chum Harry Lauder in the old days and he was almost as well-known in the London and provincial theaters as Tom and I were. But in his case it was a pure labor of love. Only the other night we were sitting in his house at Harrow recalling the old days over a pipe and a "wee deoch" and we both agreed that no performer in the world had got more publicity and paid less for it than I.



Finishing the Haggis at a Supper Held to Raise Funds for a Statue of Robert Burns, Kirn, Scotland, 1926

Made to Order

WILLY-NILLY, something was always turning up to focus my name in the mind of the public. Take the case of the horse which appeared with me on the stage of the London Pavilion when I put on a song entitled "The Man They Left Behind"—a comic soldier study of a peculiarly ridiculous description. For the purpose of the song I required a horse—preferably a funny horse. But there are no serious or funny horses; there are just horses—that is, generally speaking. So I set out to get a horse which would at least give the song a background. Letting my desires be known to a Lambeth horse dealer, I was assured by return of post that he had "just the animal I would have selected out of ten thousand."

"'Arry, ole top," said the dealer when I went down to his yard, "this 'orse I got 'as been waitin' for twenty years for you. God knows 'ow old he is, but if you can get 'im on the stige he'll make the people ill larfin'. Just come an' be interjooced to 'im."

We walked into the stable, a ramshackle building falling to pieces and presenting signs, both to eyes and nose, of not having been cleaned since it was built. In the farthest-away stall stood the most ghastly looking equine—a nightmare of a horse. He was leaning up against the stone wall of the stable, his head hanging down so far between his front legs that two long tufts of hair on his upper lip were touching the cobbled floor. Almost every bone in his body could have been counted, and his forelegs were bent outward so far that it was a wonder to me he was able thus to support even his frail weight in front.

This caricature of a horse had only one good eye—good, that is, in so far as it was complete. An accident to the other had had the effect of leaving it permanently at half cock. Immediately I went up to him he fixed his good eye on me, slowly slewing round and raising his head the better to do so. I swear Old Scraggy—as I instantly dubbed him—laughed at me. I most certainly laughed at him—laughed so loudly and so long that Tom had to help me from the stable.

Sir Harry Drops In

"HOW long do you think he'll live?" I asked the dealer. "If you can guarantee him for a month I'll make him a national horse character!"

"Lorlumme, 'Arry," said the dealer, "'e's bin pullin' two tons o' coal every day for years and surely you ain't goin' to work 'im harder than that! He'll live as long as you'll sing your new song any'ow."

He was right—exactly right. Old Scraggy was sent up to the Pavilion on the Monday night. Tom and I had thought out some humorous equipment for him. He had cricket pads on his fore feet, a frowzy moo-poke—food bag—was fastened on to his straggly tail, and the saddle consisted of an old piece of Axminster carpet kept in position by girths of string and old rope. He wore blinkers that flapped from side to side as he walked and generally he was the most comical bit of live stage property imaginable. There were shrieks of laughter in the wings as Tom and I put the finishing touches on Old Scraggy's accouterments, but they were nothing to the tornado of merriment which greeted the two of us as we galloped onto the stage.

At the very first performance Scraggy showed some hesitancy about facing the footlights and one of the stage hands prodded him with the sharp end of a pencil. The result was that he made one jump forward clear of the wings, stopped dead and sent me shooting over his head as if I had been discharged from a catapult. Luckily I was not hurt and scrambled to my feet amid terrific yells of laughter from the audience, who thought that the whole episode had been carefully arranged. Scraggy stayed put in the position he assumed after his initial jump and never moved a muscle for the rest of the performance. Or rather I should say his body and legs were absolutely immovable, but his head sank lower and lower as the song went on. The audience never stopped laughing at him all the time. Indeed, "The Man They Left Behind" was a very funny song, but it didn't have anything in this respect on my steed, who was easily the most humorous silent performer on the London stage during his run.

The papers were full of Scraggy stories—where I got him, what I was paying for his services, what I fed him on. One journal even had a column interview with the horse

(Continued on Page 56)

Sir Harry in Philadelphia as a Guest of the Rotary Club, February, 1927

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe (including the British Isles), $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador and Uruguay, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $15.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 4, 1928

The Liabilities of Aviation

THIS country has made a good beginning in the field of aviation; but it is only a beginning, and even under the most favorable conditions years must elapse before we can come into our own in the third dimension. Our air needs are legion and no time should be lost in supplying them. Airports must be made almost as common and quite as well ordered as railway stations. New air routes by the score must be laid out and beaconed. Our air-mail service, which has already proved that it is a necessity and not a luxury, should be steadily extended and perfected. Young men must be specially trained for it under conditions that will make their calling a profession rather than a mere adventure.

Commercial aviation must be encouraged and fostered along the lines of safety, economy and efficiency. Every avoidable hazard of air travel must be eliminated. Germany, France and England have already proved the possibilities of air transport in respect of safety, cheapness and dependability. All that has been done in the Old World can be equaled in the New. Give us only time, a life-size picture of the possibilities that lie before us and farsighted policies in dealing with aviation matters, and presently we shall lead the world in the practical development of this native art.

Military aviation will not be neglected. It will naturally share in the progress of the art as it is improved for civil and commercial purposes; but army and naval needs are so exacting and are so highly specialized that their fulfillment will largely depend upon the activities of the experts of the two services. We could scarcely expect, for example, that the unique and wonderful airplane carrier U. S. S. Saratoga would spontaneously evolve from a merchant craft of any description.

Aviation's greatest liability today is the foolhardy airman and his notoriety-seeking companions. Every fatality, every serious misadventure which has its origin in recklessness, carelessness or inadequate training is a setback for the art. Box-office flying, stunt hops, press-agent daredeviltry and headline hunters are the bane of the business. Even if publicity flyers land alive, they have accomplished nothing except their own selfish ends. They have done nothing either for the honor or for the advancement of aviation. If they crash into the sea or are reported missing, Army and Navy, as a matter of humanity, come to the rescue and good men with whom flying is a serious business must risk their lives in an attempt to repair the imprudence of irresponsible self-advertisers.

We have already had too many unrebuked examples of just this sort of thing. The advertising they have obtained has given an undeserved black eye to aviation and has set it back more than such useful work as that of Lindbergh and many hundreds of safe and successful commercial or postal flights have advanced it. Every agency of Government should do all in its power to discountenance such undertakings and give sane aviation a fair chance to show what it can do without the interference of the publicity flyers.

Tempering Freight Rates

THE subject of railway rates is one of extraordinary complexity. The general public has been content to allow the making and control of rates to lie in the Interstate Commerce Commission. Recently, a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission has inaugurated a new rate policy which is of outstanding economic importance. This policy is expressed in the Hoch-Smith resolution of the Congress as interpreted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The implications of this departure are so important that the subject deserves careful consideration.

Freight and passenger rates must be high enough to yield revenues to support wages for efficient workmen, cover the maintenance of roadway, buildings and equipment, yield to shippers a reliable and expeditious service, and pay such dividends on bonds and stocks as will represent a fair rate of interest to investors. Just what constitutes a fair rate of interest to investors is under dispute, despite the provision for recapture of excess earnings. But there can be little doubt that revenues must be high enough to support the expansions and extensions necessary to keep the railways abreast of the growth of population and improvements in the standard of living.

With the decline of prices in 1920–21 the prices of many raw materials and agricultural products fell out of line with the wholesale-price index number. Railway rates have been substantially advanced over those of 1914, but expenses have tended to keep pace. The level of wages for the most part has been maintained close to, and for some classes above, the price level. In particular, the wages of railway workers have been well maintained, resulting in pronounced increase in cost of operations of railways. Outstanding efficiencies in management during recent years have resulted in substantial increase in the net revenues of Class I railways, despite which few railways have been able to show such earnings as would enable them to float new stock. High-grade railway shares are selling at figures that represent, in many instances, less than 5 per cent interest on the investment. One of the reasons advanced for consolidations between railway systems was to effect such economies in operation as would enable weaker roads to give the service and show the earnings of the stronger roads.

Viewing freight rates in the light of prices of commodities, the costs of transportation seem relatively higher for certain goods than for others. Freight rates are not in themselves to be held responsible for high prices of finished goods, nor for low prices of raw materials, nor for fluctuations of prices. But when the prices received for raw materials stand near the prewar figures, while freight rates are substantially above the prewar level, this has the appearance of inequity to producers of such materials. On the other hand, for some finished goods whose prices have been well sustained the freight rates appear relatively low. In short, judged by prices, producers of agricultural products and other raw materials find freight rates relatively high contrasted with those carried by finished goods.

This general view, with other considerations, found expression in the Congress in the passage of the Hoch-Smith resolution, whereby the Interstate Commerce Commission was directed to give attention to the rate structure, with the idea that it might be found practicable to lower freight rates on certain goods and increase freight rates on other goods. The resolution directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to correct existing rates which are "unjustly discriminatory or unduly preferential, thereby imposing undue burdens or giving undue advantage as between various localities or parts of the country," with due regard to freedom of movement of traffic and "to the maintenance of an adequate system of transportation." It was believed that rates on certain commodities were relatively too high and on others too low, that rates from certain regions were relatively too high and from others too low, that the lowest lawful rates should be levied on the products of agriculture suffering from depression, and that readjustments should occur both upwards and downwards, without impairment of revenues of railroads. Inherently construed, in the Hoch-Smith resolution were two interrelated considerations: The maintenance of adequate railway revenue and readjustment of rates between different classes and regions, to the end of securing a more equitable division of the burden.

In approving a request for lower freight rates on Pacific Coast fruits the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered a reduction—granting shippers the "lowest possible lawful rates compatible with the maintenance of adequate transportation service"—on the ground that the agriculture involved was in an unprosperous state and that the railways, with improved financial conditions, could afford to haul their products at a lower rate.

The facts involved in the rates are one thing; the interpretation of the intent of Congress in the Hoch-Smith resolution is another thing. In the dissenting opinion of Commissioner McManamy the view was expressed that "the finding of the majority is not supported by the record in this case. It does not find support in any previous decision of ours, nor can it be predicated upon the Hoch-Smith resolution if all the provisions of that resolution are given proper weight." The case has been carried to the courts for determination of the constitutional issues involved.

It seems that the general proposition, bluntly stated, is to lower freight rates to industries that have fallen upon unprosperous times and, as a complement to this action, to raise freight rates to industries that are prosperous. The prosperity may be the result of efficiency in management; the unprosperity may be the result of inefficiency. In each instance the consequence of prosperity or unprosperity would be to raise freight rates for prosperous industries and lower freight rates for unprosperous industries. This all on the further assumption that railway revenues are to be maintained and the carriers are to stand passive, so to speak, while the Interstate Commerce Commission decides what changes in rates may be necessary for unprosperous and prosperous industries.

Consider the possible implications. Let us say that copper mining has been unprosperous in Michigan and Montana and prosperous in Utah and Arizona. Shall the freight rates on copper to the Atlantic states be lowered from Michigan and Montana and increased from Utah and Arizona? Shall freight rates be lowered on textiles from the unprosperous mills of the Northeastern states and raised on textiles from the prosperous mills of the Southeastern states? On account of differences in costs, cotton-raising has been relatively more prosperous west than east of the Mississippi: Shall the Eastern cotton roll over the rails on a lower rate than the Western cotton? Labor unions now use index numbers of the cost of living in settlement of wage disputes; if carriers' rates depend on producers' prosperity, producers will take to using index numbers of production costs and profits. The next step may be that the carriers will use index numbers of cost of service and of investment return, which might help the weaker roads, but would hurt the stronger roads. Fruit growers from other regions protested against reduction in rates from the Pacific Coast alone, and it would seem certain that each such decision on behalf of a regional industry would necessarily involve a realignment by regions or a revision of the entire rate structure of the commodity and even of competing commodities. Is it to be understood as policy that whenever, in consequence of good management or good fortune, the financial condition of carriers has improved, this is to lead to lower rates for depressed industries in the regions served, irrespective of the causes of depression?

AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT'S CONFESSIONS

By William R. Basset and Samuel Crowther

A MAN invented a machine which is one of the most remarkable of our times. It does the work of sixteen men and does it better and more uniformly than the most skilled of men. It destroyed an ancient trade, but also it created a common commodity. Where a unit made by hand had cost, say, five cents, that same unit with the machine costs less than half a cent.

This man was backed by a company which put up more than $1,000,000 for his experiments. Once the machine was a success, the company, through its own plants and by leasing machines, made money rapidly. Then the inventor wanted to test his ingenuity by planning a plant where there would be no hand labor at all—he wanted to carry his machine to its conclusion. The company gave him his head, and in time he built a plant where everything was done by machinery; almost nothing was touched by human hand. Really it was a mechanical masterpiece.

"Yes, it is a fine layout," said the president of the company to me, "and I am glad we could afford to let him build it. He deserves all the fun he can get. But between ourselves it takes just twenty-four more men to operate this plant than another we have with the same output, but which has some shovels and wheelbarrows about and does not set up to be anything much. We can afford it, though."

The mechanical plant was interesting and ingenious, but it was not efficient. The inventor, having turned out one contrivance which marvelously saved time and labor, did not know where to stop. The idea of substituting machines for men ran away with him; he forgot that the only reason for making the substitution is to do the work cheaper or better than men can do it.

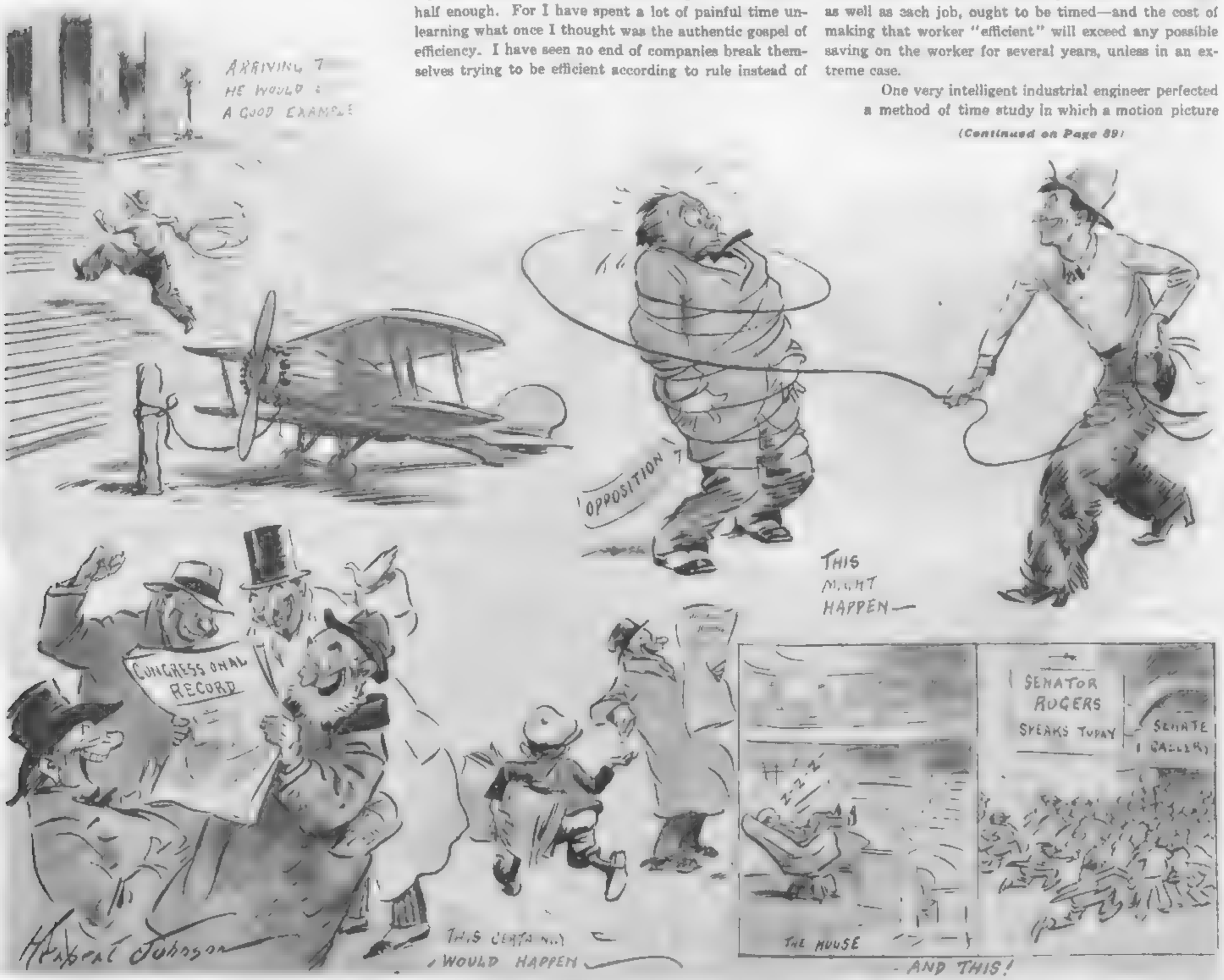
That is the way with a theory; when going at full speed it often loses the control of common sense. And that is why the word "efficiency" and all that goes with it are so detested, and so deservedly. Having put in twenty-odd years at industrial engineering, during the first five of which I was glad to be known as an efficiency expert, I can say with feeling that the word "efficiency" is not detested half enough. For I have spent a lot of painful time unlearning what once I thought was the authentic gospel of efficiency. I have seen no end of companies break themselves trying to be efficient according to rule instead of according to common sense. I have seen enthusiasts, who knew the one best way, smash everything rather than compromise with perfection. Nothing in business is quite so dangerous as a sincere, determined man with a scientific method. A radical agitator can be given toys to play with, but the scientific paranoiac is relentless and cannot be shunted off into a playground.

Take time studies of men at work. It is possible for an experienced man holding a stop watch to analyze each operation of a workman and then to build up a new set of motions which will involve less wasted effort. Given an intelligent timer and an intelligent worker, it is more than likely that the human time on the operation can be cut down a quarter or even a half. And so it is easy to demonstrate that if only a standard way of doing the work be put into practice, the production will be increased, the costs lowered and the wages raised. That is the ideal.

But workmen are both human beings and individuals, and the one best way in theory is not always the one best way for each individual. To be truly scientific, each worker, as well as each job, ought to be timed—and the cost of making that worker "efficient" will exceed any possible saving on the worker for several years, unless in an extreme case.

One very intelligent industrial engineer perfected a method of time study in which a motion picture

(Continued on Page 89)



WILL ROGERS, SENATOR—WHEN, AS AND IF

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Portrait of a Lady Wearing the Fur Coat Her Father Bought Her to Keep Her Warm

"Heaven Knows it Ain't My Fault Our Government is So Rotten—I Haven't Voted for Twelve Years"

"You can use the maid's room for a study," Mehitabel said to me. "Bridget will sleep in the clothes closet in the hall."

The salesman who sold her to us unfastened the little door in Bridget's back and showed us the works.

"What's the Matter With Gridley?" "His Coonskin Coat's Got Fleas"

Running the Gantlet

Bridget

WE decided to install one of those new electrical servants that we had been reading about.

"The initial outlay may be a bit large," said Mehitabel, "but once you have it you have it. No nights out. No Sundays off. No impertinence. All you have to do is to have her batteries charged once a month—"

"Golly, I Wish I Was Up There This Winter"

"Golly, I Wish I Was Down There This Winter"

So Bridget came to live with us—Bridget, the electrical housemaid, the perfect servant. I had wanted to economize by getting a four-tube general houseworker, but Mehitabel insisted that so long as we were doing it we might as well do it right. So we splurged on a six-tube combination cook, waitress and chambermaid.

"If you keep her well oiled," he said, "and see that her batteries are charged regularly, you won't have any trouble with her."

For the first two weeks Bridget was perfect. Each night, before retiring, Mehitabel would carefully adjust Bridget's dials, set the internal alarm clock, and we would go to bed, comfortable in the feeling that we would be awakened

(Continued on Page 121)

THAT FIRST glance at your food! Is it a sparkling invitation? Or does it leave you simply indifferent? The whims of appetite are subtle, but every hostess, every mother knows how carefully they must be managed.

There is a soup which can be depended upon to flash its bright-colored and cheerful signal to the little sprites of appetite. The eye is challenged by its ruddy hue, its glowing color making such a pretty contrast to the glistening china and snowy linen which form its setting. There is a savor redolent of the luscious tomato fresh from sun-bathed fields. And at the very first taste, your appetite is awake, eager and on its way to a whole-souled enjoyment of the meal.

This is no fanciful description of Campbell's Tomato Soup. It is fact. By actual numerical count more people respond in this way to Campbell's Tomato Soup than to any other soup in the world. By winning such hosts of admirers, it has also introduced into American homes, all those other delicious Campbell's Soups, twenty in number, led by the ever-popular Vegetable Soup.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is one of those unusual dishes which the housewife may serve with frequency and still have no fear of the family tiring of it. Its piquant flavor always invites and refreshes. Pure tomato juices. Rich tomato "meat." In a smooth puree, with golden butter and delicate seasoning blended in.

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer for a few minutes. Or add milk or cream, for Cream of Tomato Soup—see easy directions on the label. The label also shows the full list of the different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE GLORY OF KINGS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

XII

THE next two or three weeks were for Dave a period of adjustment to his powers and his responsibilities. He found, at first, unadulterated satisfaction in his situation. Bugbee's absence left no one in the office likely to dissent from his decisions, for if Miss Manter disapproved of anything he did, she kept her feeling to herself, so that Dave had for a while a flattering feeling of infallibility and wore a pleasantly oracular importance.

He enjoyed the deference which was paid him by the switchboard operator, by the office force, by the salesmen who came to ask from him confirmation or instructions. When he reached the office in the morning it was pleasant to receive their greetings, to feel their eyes upon him, to be conscious of the fact that they felt themselves dependent upon his good will. He found a definite gratification in sitting at his desk, like some Oriental potentate at the gates of the city, to hear the matters they presented to him and render in authoritative tones his swiftly formed decisions.

He derived a flattering sense of being in contact with large affairs from so small a matter as reading the financial bulletins, examining the quotations current on stocks and bonds; and when, in the course of the office routine, confidential information filtered in to him, he had a sense of omniscience which he found delightful. Since his father and mother were away he had chosen to live at the club. It was more convenient to the office, and more companionable. At home there were only the servants and a housekeeper who for years had relieved Mrs. Temple of cares too heavy for her health to support. So Dave stayed in town. Willie Linnekin lived at the club, and others of his intimates; and when there was afoot any project which promised entertainment, Dave was apt to be included. If nothing else offered, there was always a rubber of bridge or a game of poker to occupy his evenings.

He Hesitated, Then Said Frankly, "Look Here, I've Seen You in Action Often Enough to Realize That You are Pretty Intelligent About These Things. Where Do You Think I Ought to Begin?"

His position as the directing head of Temple & Company gave him, he was quick to perceive, a decided importance in the eyes of these acquaintances. They made jocular references to it, but behind their jesting tones he discovered, or thought that he discovered, a suggestion of respectful awe. This was, he reminded himself, no more than his due. He was keenly conscious of the extent of the power which now lay in his hands. He found that men who had hitherto paid him no particular attention were inclined to ask his opinions upon matters financial, upon the probable trend of individual securities, upon the general condition of the market; and Dave answered their questions in the positive tone which ignorance alone can justify.

He had at first no doubts of his own abilities, no fears of the soundness of his own judgment; and not only in the office but at the club everything combined to swathe him in a delightfully flattering deference. Everything, that is, except the expression which he now and then discovered in Miss Manter's eyes. But if she were critical, she was also sufficiently charitable to keep her opinions to herself; and Dave, content that at the end of the week of probation she stayed on and spoke no more of leaving, did not venture to provoke her to discussion.

But in the course of the first week or ten days after his assumption of control, Dave began to perceive that something more was required of him than mere opinions. Once or twice predictions which he made failed conspicuously. Once he became involved in a somewhat heated argument, and he expressed himself so positively and so dogmatically that there was no possible retreat for him when his opinions by the event were nullified. Willie Linnekin and one or two others who knew him most intimately reminded him of his errors with an irritating persistence, and Dave began to perceive that unless he avoided such mistakes his new dignity, which he found so delightful, would suffer.

He began to attend to matters financial, not because he enjoyed the drudgery involved, but because he felt more and more definitely the necessity for knowing something about such things. He confided to Willie Linnekin this developing interest of his, but Linnekin good-humoredly made light of it.

"You'll never make a digger, Dave," he said; "any more than I will. Anybody can go to work and study reports and statements and figure out what may be going to happen, but he'll be wrong as often as he's right. I don't bother with it. I play my hunches. They're good enough for me."

Dave outwardly agreed with this point of view, but actually he felt that there was something lacking in Willie's philosophy. If Bugbee had been in town, he would have been glad to appeal to that sober young man for guidance and direction. But Bugbee was still in New Mexico, and about this time Willie Linnekin also departed. He would not tell Dave where he was going.

"I'm going hunting," he said evasively. "Hunting big game. Maybe when I come back I'll have something to say to you, but just now I'm keeping it dark. I'll see you by and by."

With his departure Dave was left in something approaching solitude. There was no one in town in whom he cared to confide; yet so long as he stayed at the club his acquaintances there made demands upon his time, and enticed him into their amusements to such an extent that his evenings were filled. In the end he decided to change his arrangements and live at home. His father's business library there was extensive, and it occurred to Dave that by isolating himself and devoting some time to it he could achieve a degree of intelligence on matters which had just now their bewildering aspects.

After this change his life settled into routine, but he did not find it wearisome. He had so much to learn that his days were a series of discoveries. Also two or three incidents occurred which had for him a personal interest. Counce returned and appeared before him one day somewhat shamefacedly.

Dave had the small pleasure of triumphing over the detective. Counce, ill at ease in his presence, shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other, said:

"I thought you might have something for me to do."

"Have you put in your expense account?" Dave asked in faint derision. "That ought to occupy you for a day or so."

"Yes, it's in," Counce confessed.

"Well, I'll tell you," Dave remarked. "Of course we need a man of intelligence and courage and discretion now and then, but after watching you work at close range, Counce, I don't believe you'll do. You make too many mistakes. If you'll go to the cashier, he will give you what is due you, and we'll consider your connection with the house is done."

Counce said flatteringly, "Well, nobody ever put it over me but you."

"On the other hand," Dave reminded him, "if I could do it, anyone could. At least you gave me that impression. No, Counce, I think we'll let you go."

"When's Mr. Temple coming back?" Counce inquired.

"That will make no difference," Dave assured him. He added, "By the way, I have your pocketbook. It's at home. Leave your address and I'll have it mailed to you. Good day, Counce."

Counce said morosely, "I'll come in after your father gets back."

"I think it would be perfectly safe," Dave agreed. "He bears you no grudge. But till then, *au revoir*."

Later that day, when he had finished dictating to Miss Manter, he told her what he had done. She said thoughtfully:

"Your father kept him under a retainer. He only used him now and then, but Counce was valuable sometimes. You see, Mr. Temple was a great believer in finding out everything possible about any matter that came before him."

He chuckled. "Well," he promised, "if I ever want to know anything Counce can tell me, I'll get in touch with him." He added, "But so far, I seem to be getting along all right."

She made no comment, arose and departed to type the letters he had given her.

Some days later he had another talk with her, told her he had left the club, was living at home. "I've been around just long enough," he confessed, "to find out how much there is to find out! I figure if I have my evenings I can read up on some stuff."

Miss Manter nodded. "Your father's library is very complete," she commented.

"The trouble is," he told her, "to know where to begin. There are enough books to keep me busy twenty years."

(Continued on Page 30)

S W I F T

That touch of variety which can make winter vegetables so good is never a problem to the woman who has learned how to combine them with Premium Bacon. Rich and distinctive in its savor, with fat and lean in just the right proportion, Premium blends appetizingly with other foods and makes them unusually tempting.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Many women who want to have a generous supply of Premium Bacon always on hand, buy it in the whole piece in the original parchment wrapper. Others prefer it in the convenient half-pound and pound cartons, evenly sliced, free from all rind and ready for cooking.

Fresh Vegetables with Premium Bacon

4 cups cooked spinach
4 cups cooked winter squash
6 large potatoes, mashed
½ lb. Swift's Premium Bacon

Arrange vegetables on large glass baking platter. Cook bacon slightly. Place bacon on vegetables and put dish under broiler until bacon browns. Garnish with carrot and hard cooked egg. (Serves six)

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 28)

"His library has occupied Mr. Temple's attention for longer than that," she reminded him. "I've often heard him say there isn't a book on his shelves he hasn't read."

He made a wry face. "Hate to think I have to read them all," he declared, and she smiled faintly and said:

"I expect some of them are out of date. Probably that isn't wholly necessary."

He hesitated, then said frankly, "Look here. I've seen you in action often enough to realize that you are pretty intelligent about these things. Where do you think I ought to begin? Give me a start, will you? Of course I've sold securities, but usually my line of talk was just based on the circulars, or on what I got from father. I don't know much outside of that."

She was able to help him, to offer him a suggestion or two which he found profitable; and he took occasion to tell her so, hoping vaguely that she would be pleased with this praise, hoping that she would approve of his industry. But if he awoke in her these emotions she concealed them.

She did not wholly conceal her approval of one thing which he did some two weeks after his father's departure. One of their customers held some stock in a company whose securities were not listed, and this customer found it necessary to realize on a portion of his holdings. He asked that Temple & Company arrange the sale, and since there was no open market it was necessary to find buyers.

Dave, consulting the records, discovered that the most recent sale of the stock had occurred some six weeks previously and at a certain price. He directed Miss Manter to send a telegram to one of their correspondents in Boston, offering the securities in question for immediate sale at a price ten points above that last quoted. When she took the telegram she said doubtfully:

"That company's earnings have been increasing. The stock is worth more."

For all his appreciation of her grasp of such matters, he was not willing that she should dictate to him, and he said somewhat stiffly:

"The price I am quoting is ten points above the market. Our customer should be satisfied with that. Please send the wire."

She did so, but Dave, after she had left the room, felt some misgivings and called Mr. Temple's New York correspondent on the telephone to ask what opinion was held there as to the present value of the stock. The answer he received demonstrated to him that the price he quoted was too low, and Dave rang for Miss Manter and said honestly:

"You know, I've just been talking to New York, and you were right about that stock. It's worth more. You'd better send another telegram canceling our offer."

"But we may get an acceptance," she pointed out.

"Not if we're quick enough," he insisted.

The acceptance did, in fact, arrive within half an hour after the dispatch of the second telegram, and Miss Manter laid it on Dave's desk without comment. He read the wire and felt his cheeks crimson, but he managed to laugh and said easily:

"Well, he took time enough to answer. I don't believe his acceptance was immediate, do you? If it wasn't, it isn't binding on us."

She agreed. "The word 'immediate' does mean a very short time. Fifteen minutes. In some cases as much as half an hour. But we'll probably hear from them."

They did hear before noon that day. The correspondent wired:

YOUR WITHDRAWAL RECEIVED FIVE MINUTES AFTER OUR ACCEPTANCE DISPATCHED YOUR OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE REACHED THIS OFFICE 10.32. I WAS IN CONFERENCE AND DID NOT RECEIVE IT TILL 10.44. MY ACCEPTANCE DISPATCHED 10.53 REGRET DELAY BUT FEEL ACCEPTANCE WAS IMMEDIATE.

Miss Manter had brought this telegram, stood beside Dave while he read it. He felt her attention upon him, and after a moment he looked up at her.

"I suppose, by his own admission," he suggested, "we could demand a compromise; let him have perhaps half the amount offered at that price."

She made no comment, and he continued, thinking aloud, "But I ought to have made sure before I made the offer, made sure of what it was worth."

She still said nothing, and after a moment he nodded, as though in decision. "All right," he directed. "I guess it was up to me. Wire him that his acceptance stands."

She made a note or two, and as she turned to leave the room she looked at him, caught his eyes. He saw, or seemed to see, approval in hers, and he felt a warm gratification to think that he had acted worthily. Then it occurred to him that he had done so at no expense to Temple & Company, since the loss would after all fall upon their customer; but this thought left him vaguely uncomfortable.

"It wasn't his fault," he reminded himself. "It was up to me. I suppose I ought to make good the difference." Nodded in affirmation.

"I'll have to do that," he decided

He could not avoid the realization that this would be likely to win her further approval. "But that's not the reason I'm doing it," he told himself stubbornly. "I'm doing it because it's the thing to do."

It did not occur to him that this was a motive by which he had seldom in the past been actuated.

In the third week after his father's departure, Bugbee returned, and Dave was glad to see him. His resentment toward Irving had faded; he had come to feel something like respect for the strength of character which had given the other courage to play the informer when that rôle seemed to be required of him.

Bugbee, the day after his return, was first at the office, and upon Dave's arrival the other came to his desk.

Dave rose to greet him, and Irving said doubtfully, "Your father away?"

(Continued on Page 33)

Dave's Resentment Made Him Stubborn and He Brought His Discourse to an Abrupt End. "That's the Whole Story," He Said Sharply

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 23

Higher-Higher-Higher compressions!

are you still using "low-compression" lubricating oil?

YOU said: "Give us higher speed for our new smooth highways—more power for those country hills—quicker acceleration for today's congested traffic."

Now read the automobile manufacturers' answers—:

(1) "Is designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas."

(2) "Hyper-expansion of fuel—perfected high compression."

(3) "Has an exclusive, high-compression, anti-knock motor."

(4) "With the new high-compression, anti-knock motor that turns waste heat into power."

High compression! That brings (1) hotter cylinder temperatures—with more heat to the oil; (2) higher explosion pressures—with more chance for blow-by of power or fuel; (3) higher speeds—with more stress on the oil film.

All these changes demand richer and better lubricating oil!

Is it any wonder that many oils which performed well enough in the bigger, slower, cooler engines of five years ago fall dangerously short in face of these new conditions?

* * *

The Mobiloil Engineers are in constant touch with automobile manufacturers. When these new-type engines were still in the blue-print stage we saw the need for a new and wider margin of safety in lubricating oil.

The answer is found in the Gargoyle Mobiloil of today.

Lindbergh used Mobiloil for his flight from New York to Paris. The U. S. Army Fliers and Arthur Goebel used it in their successful flights to Hawaii. Byrd used it in his trip to the North Pole.

It is a fact that Gargoyle Mobiloil is recommended by more automotive manufacturers than any other three oils combined.

Fill your crankcase with the grade of Mobiloil specified for your car on the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations. 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks approve this Chart.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil E).

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A						
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell					A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	Arc

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

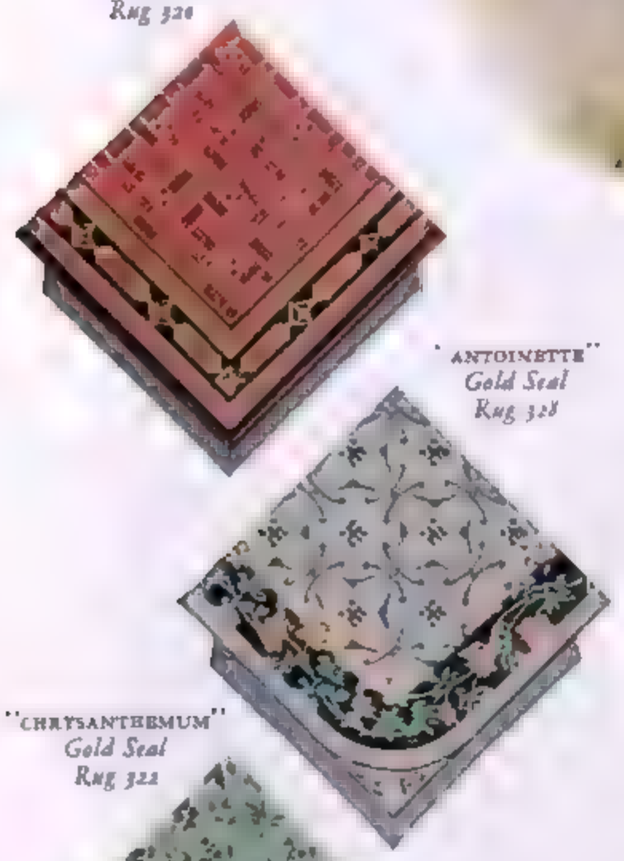
"GRAY-TILE" *a noteworthy innovation in America's most popular floor-covering*

The quaint pattern of old-time garden walks . . . . . unmatched yet harmonizing bricks apparently laid at random . . . . . is the motif for the "GRAY-TILE" design (Gold Seal Rug 318).

"RED-TILE" *Gold Seal Rug 320*

"ANTOINETTE" *Gold Seal Rug 318*

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" *Gold Seal Rug 322*



A NEW note in kitchen floor-covering—the very thing for women who want something else than the usual color scheme of blue and white or brown and white in their kitchen.

It is the Congoleum "GRAY-TILE" pattern—a refreshing combination of orange, blue, soft gray and black! Just picture the possibilities it suggests for cheery, new color-schemes.

"GRAY-TILE" is but one example of the style and individuality that are found in the latest Congoleum designs. Nine in all. Each possesses a charm and style equaled only in expensive rugs. Among them you are certain to find a pattern that will make some room in your home brighter . . . . cozier . . . . and more attractive.

Much as you'll delight in the beauty of these rugs, you will equally be pleased by their labor-saving qualities, durability and very low prices. Think of the work you can save by having rugs which a damp mop will clean in a twinkling . . . . just a few whisks and they are spotless as new.

And the unusual durability of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs will amaze you. It is due to the exclusive Congoleum *Multicote* finish—not a mere surfacing, but a process which builds wear-resistance right into the entire rug.

Remember to insist that the Gold Seal appear on the face of the rugs you buy. It identifies the one *genuine* Congoleum . . . . and when you buy *genuine* Congoleum you get the greatest floor-covering value and quality that money can buy.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Kansas City, New Orleans, Dallas, Atlanta, Rio de Janeiro. *In Canada* — Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

FREE "COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME," by Anne Pierce is full of practical "pointers" that [illegible] many illustrations and suggestions, as well as an ingenious chart of color harmony. Send this coupon for a free copy to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Name Street

City County State

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK REMOVE DIRT WITH WET CLOTH

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

(Continued from Page 30)

Dave nodded. "He took mother for a trip," he explained. "She was pretty tired. He's going to be gone about three months, Irv. You and I've got to swing things."

"I'm glad he's taking a vacation," Irving confessed soberly. "Your father's been working pretty hard, Dave. He's never felt that he could leave."

"I know it," Dave assented. "But the time came when he had to go." And he added, "How did you make out, Irv?"

Bugbee sat down at the desk and laid upon it a brief case full of documents, which he began to spread before the other's eyes, explaining their relation and significance. Dave listened, concentrating his attention fixedly, trying to follow the other's arguments and his conclusions. But the figures were bewildering, and he interrupted at last with a smile.

"You've gone further than I was supposed to," he suggested. "Father just told me to get the dope and bring it back to him. I judge you've made up your mind."

"Absolutely," Bugbee agreed.

Dave said, "I don't want to be bothered with the details, Irv. That's your job." He tried to affect the manner of a busy executive, content to trust his subordinates. "What are your conclusions?"

Bugbee recited them. He recommended that Temple & Company undertake to finance the enterprise in question. "There's more than the silver-lead proposition," he declared. "There's a deposit of zinc. A very unusual and rare formation, which can be handled economically. The market on zinc is down just now, but if it goes up the margin will be considerable. As it is, there's a fair profit in sight."

"How much?" Dave asked.

"After they get started," Bugbee predicted, "even at present market prices, there ought to be 10 per cent."

Dave said, with an affectation of wisdom and prudence, "Isn't that a bit low for an investment with so much risk in it?"

Bugbee shook his head stubbornly. "The element of risk is discounted," he declared.

"How can it be?" Dave insisted. "The market may drop or the workings may play out."

"The market's pretty close to the bottom now," Bugbee urged. "And the field has been measured."

"Did you do that?" Dave asked.

Bugbee shook his head. "I had it done." And he added, "In anything of this kind you've got to go largely by the men who are going to handle it. They're good men, Dave. You can bank on them."

Bugbee, Dave knew, was painstaking and reliable, and his advice was probably sound. But the young man had a stubborn feeling that he was being driven, that Bugbee, marshaling facts and arguments, expected to compel him to a decision; and a spirit of perversity prompted Dave to revolt at this compulsion. He said at last, in a tone of finality:

"It's not good enough, Irv. I don't believe we'll touch it."

"We ought to," Irving insisted. "It's a good thing, and safe. And it will bring us business."

Dave grinned ironically.

"When I said 'we,'" he remarked, "I was using the pronoun in the editorial sense. After all, Irv, I have to decide these things."

Bugbee looked at him and a faint color rose in his cheeks. "Your father was usually guided by my opinion in matters that were put in my hands," he said stiffly.

Dave nodded. "I expect he was," he agreed. "But father's getting old, Irv, and he's left me in charge. I have to decide these things for myself. We won't touch it."

Bugbee hesitated, but in the end there was nothing he could say, no protest open to him. He gathered up the papers and was about to bestow them once more in his brief case, but Dave directed mildly:

"Leave them here, Irv. I'll have Miss Manter file them. We may want them by and by."

"It will be too late a month from now," Bugbee told him. "There are others interested."

Dave made a whimsical gesture. "Well, we'll keep the dope anyway," he said. "If it works out all right, you'll have the laugh on me. Leave them here."

He felt, after Irving had left the room, a petty triumph as a result of their interview. "It had to come sooner or later," he told himself. "Irv's got in the habit of thinking he's a partner around here. He'll have to get over that. Might as well begin now."

One other matter during the first month of Dave's authority called upon him to make a decision, but in this case the decision was not difficult. He had a letter from Lush. She addressed him as "Dear Chick," and he wondered, in a shamed fashion, why she called him that. He could not remember having heard the nickname before. She wrote:

Dear Chick: I had a letter from Willie Linnekin the other day, and he says the old man has handed the works over to you. He says you're the main boss around Temple & Company now. Your father may be a good business man, but he hasn't got any feelings for a girl, stepping in and busting up our romance right off the bat the way he did. He shipped me over here, and I'm living in a little boarding house that ain't fit to live in. And he's got lawyers working to separate us.

But I don't believe you want it to be that way. I guess you know we'd get along all right together. What do you say, Chick, if I take the next boat back? Your father promised, if I was to stay over here and go through with it, he'd give me twenty thousand dollars, but I never was one to put money ahead of a friend. I guess you know that. You write and tell me what to do.

There was more, in persuasive tones. Dave read the letter with a bitter distaste, with flushing cheeks and a sense of personal guilt which the young man was not used to feel. He debated for some time what answer he should send, uncertain not of its purport but of its form; and in the end he rang for Miss Manter and dictated a brief reply:

Dear Madam: Any communications you wish to address to Temple & Company should be transmitted through our attorneys, with whom you are already in contact.

Yours very truly,
TEMPLE & COMPANY,
Per D. L. T., Vice Pres.

Miss Manter took this letter without comment, without meeting Dave's eye. Yet when she departed to type it, he thought she had at least failed to disapprove.

A day or two later he heard that Willie Linnekin was back in town.

XIII

DAVE had come back from Colorado with no formed intention; he came back because he could not stay away. He was like a child, grievously hurt, who runs to his father's knee for comforting; and in that which followed he was rather a passive than a directing participant. His father's very submission forced Dave into an assumption of arrogance, into making demands whose fulfillment seemed to him impossible.

He had required that his father surrender into his hands the direction of Temple & Company, not because he desired that responsibility but rather to force Burdon Temple to defend himself. To find his requirements all conceded left Dave bewildered as a man in a dream, yet intoxicated, too; and his bewilderment gave way to triumph and to a lively anticipation of what the future seemed to hold.

When he had taken his place at his father's desk, Dave found that there were certain gratifications to be had from his new status; but he discovered also that a degree of effort on his part was required to maintain the part he had set out to play. For the first two or three days he was bewildered by the details which pressed upon him for decisions; but as he acquired a grasp of them, superficial though it might be, he wearied of doing the same thing day after day, and he began to look about for some measure he might initiate to signalize his reign.

The project upon which Irving Bugbee had been working offered such an opportunity, and he might have seized upon it but for the fact that to do so would appear to accept Irving's guidance. Dave was ambitious to stand alone. He wished to do something on his own initiative and upon his own responsibility, and the opportunity which he desired was presented to him a few days after Willie Linnekin's return.

At the time Linnekin came back to town, Dave's father and mother had been a month away, and he was living at home, so he did not immediately encounter Willie. But a day or two after he heard that the other had returned he went to the club one day for lunch, and Linnekin joined him there, shook hands, sat down across the table, gave his order to the waiter, and turned his attention then to Dave.

"I heard you were back," Dave told him, and Linnekin nodded.

"Got here day before yesterday," he agreed.

"Successful trip?" Dave inquired, and Linnekin leaned back in his chair with a certain smug contentment in his countenance.

"Absolutely," he assured Dave. "Better than I expected."

Dave waited, hoping the other would volunteer some information about his movements, but Linnekin, instead of doing so, asked, "How's Temple & Company? Thriving under the new management?"

"We seem to be making a living," Dave assented.

"You sound as contented as a cat," Linnekin remarked. "As if making a living were all you ever hoped to do."

"I've been busy getting my bearings," Dave confessed.

Linnekin nodded. "I suppose," he suggested, "Bugbee's been tutoring you. Irv has all the attributes of a schoolmaster."

Dave shook his head. "No," he replied. "No, Irving hasn't tried to run things. Or at least if he has, he has concealed the iron hand within a velvet glove." He asked directly, "Where have you been, Willie? You made a secret of it when you went away, but I suppose it isn't any secret now."

"Business," Linnekin told him patronizingly.

"Naturally," Dave agreed; and then on a sudden inspiration leaned forward somewhat more intently. "See here," he said, "maybe we can get together. Isn't there something for us in what you've got in hand?"

The question was not unreasonable. Linnekin was a free lance, a man in whom the speculative instinct was strongly developed, and who by luck or sagacity made now and then considerable successes in the market. It would be hard to put a name upon his profession. He was at times straightforwardly a speculator. At other times he sold bonds, combining with the function of salesman that of promoter, acting as the organizer of capital for new enterprises. He had, of course, no substantial list of regular customers, and when he had securities to market he was apt to place them through one of the established houses. It occurred to Dave that some such arrangement might be possible now.

But Linnekin smiled and shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said in a sardonic tone. "If I had a bunch of Liberty Bonds, I'd turn to you. I don't know a house in town that can market Liberty Bonds as successfully as Temple & Company. Your father has always been strong for the good old 4¼ per cent. But unless times are dull, Dave, I don't monkey with that sort of thing."

"Well," Dave reminded him, his eagerness whetted by Linnekin's apparent reluctance. "Well, father isn't here now. I'm in charge. You've never had to complain that I wouldn't take a chance, have you, Willie?"

"Oh, as far as you're concerned," Linnekin agreed, "you'll bet on the drop of a hat any time. But Temple & Company's another matter."

"Just now," Dave insisted, "I am Temple & Company."

Linnekin shook his head. "Nothing doing, Dave," he demurred. "I know what I'm talking about. This thing that I've been working on is a big-profit proposition, with a big chance of loss. You don't want to touch it; and if you did, your customers wouldn't."

Dave smiled. "You're wrong there," he said confidently. "Our customers know that what we say is apt to be true. If Temple & Company sent out the right kind of circular, they could sell stock in a company to manufacture artificial ice on Hudson Bay." He added more insistently, "Come on, Willie. Let's have a look at it anyway."

Linnekin hesitated, busy with his luncheon. If there was a light of triumph in his eyes, he concealed it by keeping his head bowed above his plate.

"Take my word for it," he insisted. "This isn't your dish, Dave."

Dave said resentfully, "Oh, quit talking as though I were an old maid or something. I can say no if I don't like it, and I can keep my mouth shut if you want it kept quiet. What's the story, old man?"

Linnekin pushed back his plate. "Well," he said frankly, "I know what I'm talking about, but if you're so darned stubborn, come upstairs and I'll show you. You'll see for yourself that I'm right."

Dave laid his napkin on the table. "That's better," he agreed. "Upstairs?"

"Up to my room," Linnekin explained. "My office is under my hat, but my hat's upstairs. Come on."

They spoke no further word during the moments necessary to cross to the elevator and afterward while the car bore them skyward. Linnekin unlocked his door and stood aside for Dave to go in, and Dave found a cigarette in a tooled leather box upon the center table and lighted it and sat down by the table there. Linnekin had crossed to his desk; he opened it and took from one of the pigeonholes a packet of documents secured with an elastic band.

"I've talked with two or three outfits about this," he explained. "It's pretty well settled already, even if it were anything likely to interest you. But as I told you, Dave, there's nothing in it for your office at all. Not for your line of customers."

Dave said, in faint irritation, "There's no one competent to say what we want just now except myself. Spread it, Willie."

Linnekin nodded and sat down. "All right," he agreed. "Just one word will be enough to show you I know what I'm talking about. It's real estate. Gulf property. Now finish your cigarette and I'll go down and shoot you a game of billiards."

Dave grinned. "Gulf?" he commented derisively. "Florida?"

Linnekin made an impatient gesture. "That's the way you old houses always talk," he said in an irritated tone. "But you can't get around the fact that a good deal of money has been made in Florida, and more will be by

(Continued on Page 81)

Greek artists depicted Hercules and Zeus on the dies cut to strike the gold coins of Alexander's world empire (300 B. C.)

PACKARD die cutters apply an ancient art with modern precision in making the dies for Packard forgings and stampings. Their work must be perfect that Packard parts may be perfect.

Fine materials and facilities alone could not maintain the Packard's reputation as the world's best built car. The talent, skill and experience, which for over a generation Packard has gathered together and fostered in its men, are still more important.

Engineering genius, skilled craftsmen, long experience—these money cannot duplicate. They enable Packard to design and fabricate a car of watch-like precision, supreme beauty and lasting service.

Packard has never built a finer car, in design, materials or workmanship, than today's Packard Six. Yet the sedan, for example, because it is the world's largest selling truly fine car, now costs less than half its introductory price of seven years ago.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE RIVER PIRATE

IV

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

EACH week I got a new helper in the loft. I never did know just why they gave me one. There was hardly enough work for one man, let alone two. But I guess the judges outside were pretty anxious to reform everybody and they kept the place full all the time. There was never enough work to go around.

I learned a whole lot from the helpers I had. They were all from the big shops and the regular reform school, and I used to let them talk and tell me all about what they did out there. They were glad of a chance to talk, and the loft was so much easier than anything else in the place that they all tried to stay there. But none of them knew anything about the job.

The first one was a rat-eyed little Irishman who had got in for robbing freight cars. He lived near the freight yards in a big town about two hundred miles from the reform school and his father ran a little saloon there. When prohibition came along it cost the old man so much to do business that he went broke.

Then he started out running a fence for stuff that a gang stole from freight cars. After a few months he got this little kid to working with the gang and one night they all got caught.

"They knocked us off just by luck," the little mick told me. "It wouldn't happen once again in fifty years. We had a soft graft and we were taking plenty of sugar."

I let him talk and I learned that his old man got a stretch in state prison. Eight to twelve years, the kid said, for leading the gang. The kid himself, on account of his being young, I guess, and needing to be reformed, caught the same sentence I got here in the reform school.

The next one I got was a big lanky bird about twenty years old. His face was all pimples and his eyes looked as big as cups on a store shelf, and as empty. He had buck teeth that stuck out pretty well and his chin seemed always trying to hide behind them. He was in for some trouble about running away with a girl. I swallowed a lot of tobacco juice when he told me that.

"Did this here girl crush out of a blind asylum?" I asked him, after taking another look at his face just to be sure.

"No," he told me, all serious, "her an' me knew each other quite a spell."

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"Ington. That's a smallish place about ninety miles off."

"How smallish?"

"There's three stores an' a post office."

"You," I told him, thinking of having to spend a week with him, "musta been the village half-wit."

"I ain't so dumb like you might think," he muttered to the back of his teeth. "It was jest bad luck they caught us. Her an' me had ever'thing figgered great an' it was only bad luck they caught us."

The third one I got was the smartest of all. I liked him right at the start, because he was close-mouthed and he looked like he knew his onions. He was in for stealing automobiles.

"We had a slick graft," he told me. "We was taking about two hundred smackers a week for ourselves and, boy, we did some steppin'. Take it from me, we did some steppin'."

"What did you do—just swipe cars from gutters an' drive 'em off?" I asked him.

"Nothin' so crude," he grins, holding up his palms like he was shocked at the idea of just stealing something and running. "We was gentleman crooks, Sandy. We had the greatest racket you ever heard of."

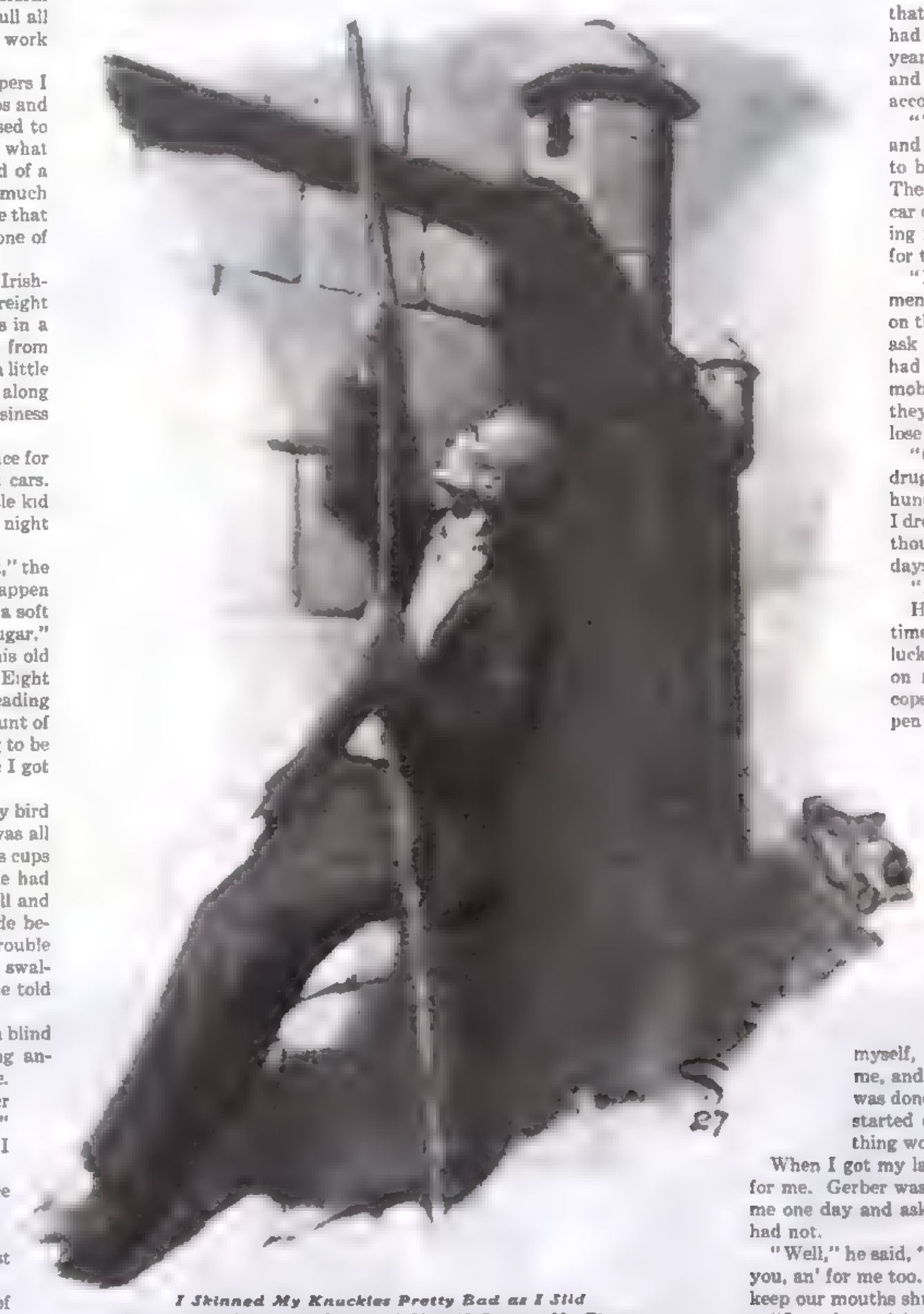
"How did you work it?"

"Well, it all started when I got a job with a finance company. This here company advertised for men in their credit department. I answered the ad an' got the job. It was a soft job so far as work was concerned, but a new kind of a job. You had to work fast and use your nut.

"This here company used to work with automobile dealers that sold cars on time payments. Just as soon as the dealer would sell a car he would have the buyer fill out one of their credit blanks. Then he would telephone us the information on the blank and we would check it up over the wire and call the dealer back and say yes or no about buying the note from him.

"For about three months I did that. Talked over the telephone till I was dizzy. I would ask references about the man who was buying the car. If he owned property, that made it easy. If he had worked a long time in one place, that was a good sign. If he paid his rent on time and met his corner-grocery bill and was respected by his neighbors, that was better than any bank statement on earth."

"But where did your racket come in?" I asked him. "Did you follow him home an' steal his new puddle jumper?"



I Skinned My Knuckles Pretty Bad as I Slid Over on the Line and Lowered Myself Away. My Fingers Gripped the Rope, Though, and I Went Down Pretty Fast

"Nothin' so crude! Nothin' so crude!" he grinned. "I'm tellin' you we had the smoothest racket ever worked. I figured it all out myself too. Here is how I worked it:

"I took the name of a well-known man that was not too rich. Just a druggist that had run his own store for about fifteen years. I checked up a list of his friends and where he did his banking or kept his account.

"Then I went to an automobile dealer and said I was this druggist and wanted to buy a car, but did not have the cash. The dealer went for that and I bought a car costing fifteen hundred dollars by paying five hundred down and signing notes for the thousand.

"It worked swell. The credit department of the finance company checked up on the druggist. I knew they never would ask the druggist himself, because I never had been allowed to do that. The automobile dealers always kick on that, because they are afraid to offend a customer and lose the deal.

"Of course the credit report on the druggist was a peach and I got the fifteen-hundred-dollar car for five hundred. Then I drove it to the next town and sold it for a thousand. Five hundred I made in two days. Pretty smart, huh? A soft racket!"

"A peach," I had to admit, "but ——"

He got boastful: "I worked that twenty times," he said, "and only for a little rotten luck—just rotten luck, not lack of brains on my part or too much brains for the cops—I got caught. It would never happen that way again in a hundred years."

That was the way they all talked. Just like everything that went against them was hard luck. I knew different just from hearing them talk. On account of those fellows I had as helpers I began to think a bit about what I would do when I got out.

All these guys, I could see, were only half smart. They were too smart to work, but not smart enough not to.

I made up my mind that the thing for me was something I could do by myself, in the dark, where nobody could see me, and something that anybody could know was done, but nobody could know by whom. I started even then planning what that something would be.

When I got my last helper, it proved to be a soft break for me. Gerber was the one who fixed that. He came to me one day and asked if I had any money. I told him I had not.

"Well," he said, "I know a way we can make a little for you, an' for me too. We got to be a bit smart about it an' keep our mouths shut, but ——"

"I can keep tight as a clam," I told him.

"Sure. Well, there's a little kid up here that never should have come in the first place. Just a fresh kid he was, and from a pretty decent family. His old man was a bit hard-boiled, an' when this youngster began steppin' around at night an' takin' a drink with kids from his neighborhood he got awful sore.

"Kind of a church guy, the old man is, I guess. Leads a lot of reform things in his home town an' started right out leadin' the reform of his kid by sendin' him up here an' tellin' people that he practiced what he preached.

"The kid's mother come to visit him the other day an' she almost croaked when she seen this spot. Right away she started pleadin' with the warden, but there was nothin' he could do. She's gotta work through the courts that sent the kid here.

"She slipped the kid a good chunk o' money an' said she would git him out as quick as she could. The kid is willin' to pay well for a chance to break away from the mob scene in the main ring. I thought you might use him here an' we could cut a little of the money."

"Sure thing, Gerber. I'm all for that. You been fine to me."

"Sure. Well, he's a nice little kid an' I guess if he does git out he will set a new record for the place. He looks like he's learned a lesson that's right. He'll be the first one to go out that I'd trust as fur as I could throw an elephant by the tail."

The next day the new helper came on the job, and right away he smiled at me and held out his hand and I remembered him. It was the little kid that came on the train with me and had been so scared.

"I remember you," he told me. "I hope I can stay here and work with you."

"Sure you can," I told him. "I'm glad to see you."

"My mother came to see me," he went along, "and it was great to see her. She says she will try hard to get me out of here right away. I hope she does, Sandy! If she does, I'll never do another thing that's wrong. I swear I won't!"

The poor kid's eyes were shining with hope.

"You got a good break," I told him, "to have a mother that can help you."

"Is your mother dead?" he asked me. In his voice there was something different than the rest of the mob. It stuck out all over him that he was a nice kid.

"No," I said, "not that I know of. I never hear from her. She's just poor an' don't seem to get by very well. My old man is a bum. He's soused all the time."

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "Men are queer things. My father had me sent here so that he could preach to reform societies."

"Even my old man never would have done that," I admitted.

"I suppose he thought he was doing right. But I am never going back to him. Mother has some money of her own and she says that she will get me out of here and we will start over and I can finish education. Maybe it is a good thing, after all, that I was brought here."

Knowing what the gang talked about, and the way they talked, I knew it never was a good thing for a kid like him. Get a lot of tough guys together and make them live close in cells for years, and what they say and think are not for me to tell you.

Gerber told me that he would work it so that what money the kid paid to me would be kept so that I could have it when I got outside. It seemed to me that I never would get outside, but so long as I was in, what else was there to do? Once or twice Gerber smuggled a little something to eat or drink to me; I had plenty of cigarettes and chewing again.

The kid tried mighty hard to make good and, of course, if he had done nothing at all, he could have stayed there. Once, after a month, his mother came to see him again. She had a special pass that she got from the court that committed the kid. She wanted to see where he worked every day, and they brought her out to the loft.

After seeing her it was a cinch that the kid never should have been put away. I thought then she was just beautiful and fine and clean and kind, but now that I have grown older and understand things better, it seems to me that she had just got wise to herself and was going to live life her own way, and that showed in her face.

"Take Your Old One, Frink," She Cackled in a High Voice

"It won't take so terribly long, darling," she said to the kid. "I am sure the judge sees what a terrible mistake was made when you came here. Your father never told me the sort of place this is. I thought it was a—well, a school."

"It is not so bad now," the kid told her. "Sandy is good to me, and Mr. Gerber is the same way."

The lady shook my hand and it tingled for an hour afterward.

"I will not forget your kindnesses to my boy," she promised. I told her it was all right.

When they had gone Gerber came to me and said that he had two things to tell me. The first was that the woman had left a hundred dollars with him to be used for me. Then he told me that he had seen Sailor Frink the night before. I was certainly surprised to hear that.

"I thought he was sailin' the high seas by this time," I told Gerber. "He was so sure he was goin' to ship right away. He ain't in another jam, is he?"

"No, he ain't in no jam," Gerber assured me. "I don't think the sailor will git in any more jams. I think he is too smart. He has a lot of brains, that guy. Whatever he works will be worked smooth."

"What did he come here for?" I asked. "Does he have to report here?"

"No. He reports, when he does, in his home town."

"That's where I come from too," I said. "I suppose when I get out I'll have to report at the same place—that is, if I ever get out. Seems like I never will."

"This ain't so tough fer you," Gerber told me again. "You get a swell break here, kid."

"Sure. But it ain't any good at its best, is it? How about seein' a show, or goin' out with a girl, or takin' a drink now an' then, or havin' a diff'rent suit to wear!"

A funny look came into his eyes and he sized me up pretty close. After a long time he said, "You ain't countin' them bars again, are you?"

"No," I answered, "but it don't do no good to see that kid's mother an' hear nice talk again."

"Anxious to git out, are you, Sandy? Thinkin' about it a lot?" Gerber asked me.

"Only sometimes. Gee, when I think of five years to start on and only about six months done, it seems like it's forever, Gerber."

"It ain't," he told me; "time passes. There's an end to everything. Fer your own sake, you oughta git thinkin' that way pretty soon."

"How was Sailor Frink lookin'?" I asked Gerber. It gave me a thrill to know the tough old egg was so close. He was my best friend, Sailor Frink.

"His natural beauty ain't marred a mite," Gerber grinned. "He just dropped in at the house last night an' almost scared the wife to death till she found out who he was. I'll be seein' him again tonight. I'll tell him you was askin' about him."

"Tell him I send him the best regards I got," I urged.

Gerber nodded and turned away and went back to his tower. He never could be out of the tower very long when he was on duty. They could see his tower from the warden's office and the longest he could be out of it was the time it took him to walk around the corner on the top of the wall, like he was making an inspection.

Our loft was way down, as I have said, in one corner near the high outer wall, and I guess it was a pretty important spot to guard.

Once let a man get over the wall there and he might reach a road or an automobile pretty quick and make a get-away. That always made the warden red-hot mad. He was bad enough when you got caught doing something inside the place, but once you made a get-away he played merry Hades with you if you ever came back.

That night in my cell I tried hard

(Continued on Page 68)

We Went Out of the Place and Walked Along the Docks

That elusive something called ...Style....

More than modishness . . . this quality called style. Even more than beauty or charm or individuality. It's something that sets the pace for others to follow. Something you find in the All-American Six.

* * *

Especially in the All-American with sport equipment . . . with wire wheels and "spares" cradled in fender wells. Style that surpasses your highest expectations. Style that will lead for many a month to come.

* * *

Oakland and Fisher created it for Americans who demand it . . . who know what's what in motor cars. Created it to reflect the car's performance . . . its fleetness . . . power . . . smoothness . . . silence and snap.

* * *

To suggest the brute of an engine harnessed beneath its hood. To express the handling ease resulting from its big, soft clutch . . . its smooth-shifting gears . . . its velvet-action four-wheel brakes . . . and featherweight steering mechanism.

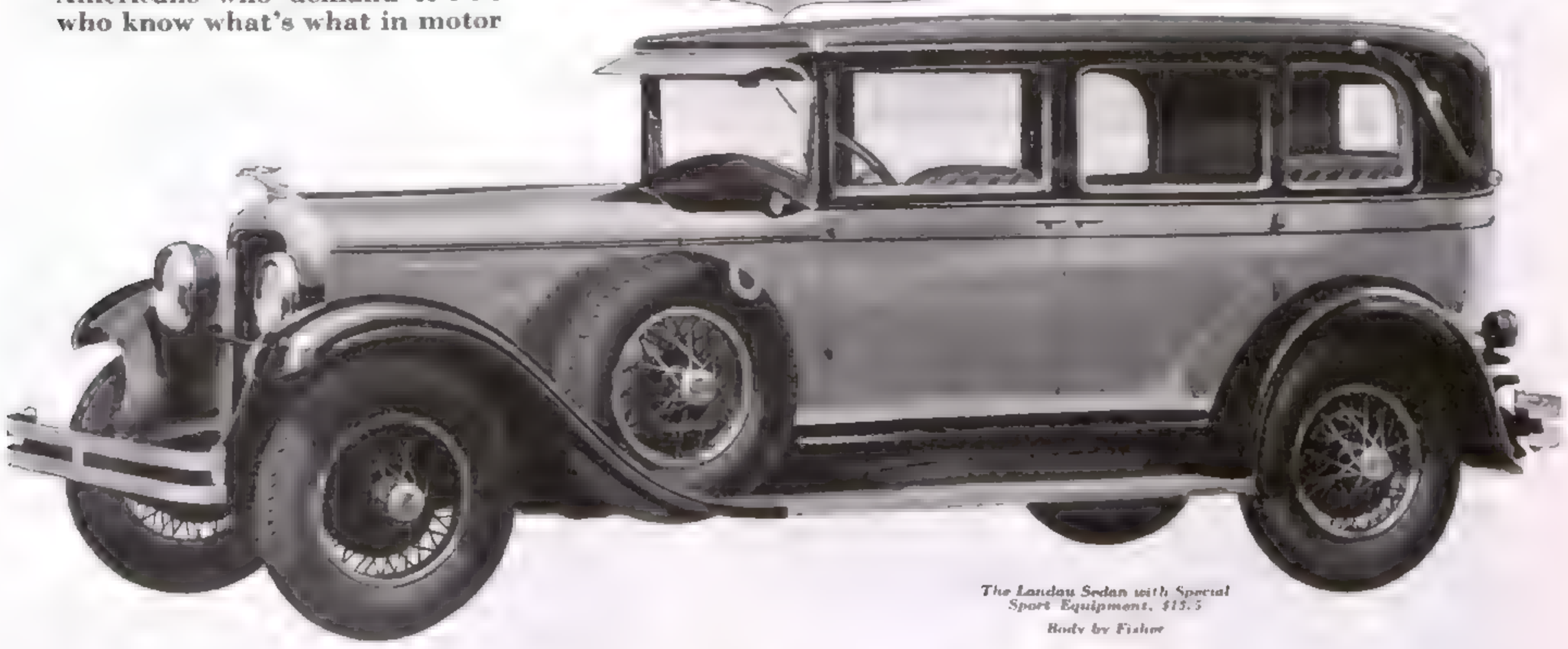
* * *

Here's style that is full of meaning . . . telling you what to expect of the car. Test this out by a simple method. Just drive the All-American Six!

PRICES

2-Door Sedan	$1045	4-Door Sedan	$1145
Landau Coupe	$1045	Cabriolet	$1155
Sport Roadster	$1075	Landau Sedan	$1265

New Series Pontiac Six, 2-Door Sedan, $745. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.



The Landau Sedan with Special Sport Equipment, $1155

Body by Fisher

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

I HAD A HUNCH

I Had Been Receiving a Large Annual Income From This Mine—a Fact Which Was Known to the Revolutionary Chief

By Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

NOW, before describing the hunch which entered the front door of my life the same moment my enemies kicked me out of the back door of the Kansas City Southern, the flourishing railroad I myself had created, I want to rearrange the scenery a bit in order that you may understand what was going on in the mind of a man who, I believe, had good and just cause to harbor a grudge toward the world.

I made a recapitulation of what had been salvaged from the chaos, and I found I had youth and energy and ambition and true friends—and a wife who always saw the brighter side and who would not let me despair, even though I might have admitted that I was well beaten.

A few days after the new influence in the Kansas City Southern voting trust had set me down from the presidency I read a newspaper article by George Ade, in which he said:

"If a man is cross-eyed it is a great detriment; if a man is humpbacked it is an act of God; but if a man wears side whiskers it is his own fault."

I got up from the chair in which I was sitting, went to a mirror and studied my own luxuriant side whiskers, in which I had always felt the greatest pride and which had been useful to me in my dealings with nationally known men in making them believe I was older than I was. I remembered, too, with tender thoughts how those side whiskers had eased the path for me to get married—the time my bride-to-be and I had gone to the Five Forks courthouse in Virginia and the town clerk had guessed and recorded my age as twenty-two, with my only comment, "You're a bird," when he had made that estimate of my maturity in response to my suggestion that he show how good he was at determining ages.

Correcting a Grave Fault

IT'S a good thing the question of side whiskers came along at this moment, because it took my mind off my other worries. For four days I pondered over Ade's underhand crack at gentlemen who preferred them and decided that he was probably right—that it was my own fault if I wore them. So I stood at another crossroads of my life—on one side the wisdom of George Ade and on the other my beautiful whiskers, locked in a death grip. Ade won. But I decided no profane hands should participate in the final rites over this facial appendage which had played its part in the construction of the Kansas City Southern, and that I myself should officiate. I sharpened a razor and removed the starboard side. I washed the soap away, covered the port side of my face with a towel and looked in the mirror to see what the effect was. The mirror screamed back a shocking message to me. I looked actually funny!

I stood for some minutes gazing at the strange man who stared back at me with hurt in his eyes at the outrage I had perpetrated. Mrs. Stilwell entered the room in the midst of my uncertainty as to whether it was holy to go further.

"You can't go out that way," she said. "You'll have to shave the other side off now. It's certain the side you've removed won't grow back for a month or so."

"Yes, you're right, I know; but it hurts. Give me time."

I gritted my teeth and cut off the port whiskers. The first acquaintance I met when I went out of the house took one look at me and spoke in a sort of awed, sympathetic tone:

"I've heard about your trouble, but I didn't know it was anything like as serious as this."

It seemed to me I had to meet people all over again. Even my old friends didn't appear to know me so well in my new make-up. And I was rather surprised to find that the world was moving along in the same old groove and that the disappearance of my side whiskers caused no great upheaval. My own agitation thereupon diminished rapidly, and within a week I was a nonchalant member of the smooth-shaven species of man.

Between losing railroads and whiskers, I was fairly well occupied, but found time to work out the details of the new hunch. The opportunity to announce it to the world under favorable auspices came exactly eight days after the newspapers had carried the story of my being deposed from the Kansas City Southern. On the night of February 10, 1900, the citizens of Kansas City gave a great banquet in my honor at the Midland Hotel.

My friends arranged it that it should be a testimonial from as many diversified interests as possible, so included in the list of 350 guests were ministers representing all the Protestant denominations, the leading Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest who was widely and favorably known, and the foremost business and professional men of the city. It was quite psychological that the event was planned for this particular day, because it synchronized perfectly with my wish to have a comprehensive audience when I made known the thought formulating in my mind. However, I kept my own counsel on that score.

Organized as a token of the unshaken confidence felt in me, the banquet was one of the happiest events in my life. The speeches were naturally laudatory. I remember that stress was laid on the fact that my road had shortened the distance 114 miles to the Gulf of Mexico and that traffic had been turned south. Kansas City was 50 per cent larger than it had been; the volume of business in its banks had increased 150 per cent; huge elevators had come to take the place of the elevator which had previously been its solitary possession—and it operating only half time; and now a splendid export trade to Europe had, by virtue of the creation of Port Arthur, been opened up where none existed before.

The bouquets were everything a man in my position might want, and I was deeply appreciative. About one o'clock in the morning the speechmaking finished. The toastmaster called on me to acknowledge what had been said, which I did with words that poured from a joyous heart. And now the time had come to spring my surprise.

Living Up to My Reputation

"GENTLEMEN, it is true I have lost the railroad the creation of which was the ambition of my life. Though it is gone from me, it is still there serving the world and I am still here. So I have ceased to worry about it that my mind may be clear for new things. I began doing this the moment the Kansas City Southern was taken away from me, and the thought which came to me then has now crystallized into a definite plan."

I looked around the room upon a sea of expectant faces. You see, I had been for a long time perfectly conscious of my reputation for making rather unexpected moves, and, to utilize a modern expression, I was now playing this presumed faculty off the boards.

I went on: "I have designed a railroad 1600 miles long which will bring the Pacific Ocean 400 miles nearer to Kansas City than any other present route. Not only that

(Continued on Page 44)

"I was too Weak for sport like this a few years back"

Mrs. Kenneth Powell, of Seattle, testing her new-found strength in an ascent of Nisqually Glacier, Rainier National Park

Seattle, Wash.

"WHEN the mountains rear their heads at your back doorstep the challenge they throw you is too good to ignore. For several years, however, I suffered too badly from constipation really to enjoy *any* sports.

"In almost constant pain from gas caused by fermenting wastes in my system, I became depressed, nervous. And I thought I had already tried everything. Then one day my physician said, 'I am going to suggest that you try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did try it. At first I thought it didn't help. Then I found that when I took it with water it helped me—wonderfully. My health has been greatly improved. My whole outlook on life has become more cheerful."

Mrs. Kenneth D. Powell.

UNLIKE medicines, which rely for effect on larger and ever larger doses, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure, non-habit-forming *food* . . . As fresh as any garden vegetable.

Its action is simple, sure. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines clean. Rouses the sluggish muscles. "Regulates."

As your constipation disappears, your whole being thrills with new-found energy and health. Your skin clears and freshens. Your digestion becomes better than ever before!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-55, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

"My old energy was gone. I lacked appetite. Couldn't sleep . . . And none of the many things I had tried seemed to help . . . What a thrill I got when, after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four weeks I underwent a complete change! It was the experience of a girl I know who had recovered her health by eating Yeast that decided me on it. I ate three cakes a day, first in hot water, later just plain. My former symptoms disappeared. My energy was liberated. I have found in Fleischmann's Yeast the 'something' that eliminates sluggishness. It is a godsend."

Arthur G. Lycette, E. Saugus, Mass.

"There were few things I could eat without having a bad attack of indigestion. This had gone on for some time. I had tried all sorts of remedies, getting only temporary relief . . . Running across an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to give *it* a trial—and immediately telephoned my grocer for a dozen cakes, to start. Three times a day I took a cake dissolved in a glass of hot water.

"So remarkable were the results that I can't say too much for Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month I was able to eat my favorite dishes—and laugh at indigestion. My complexion was greatly improved, too."

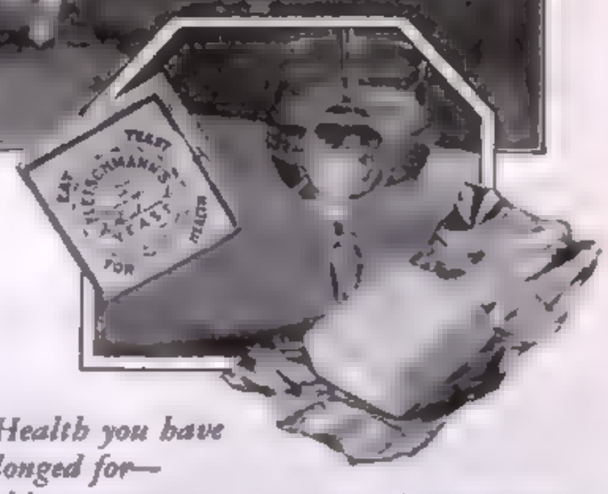
Mrs. Bernard Campbell, Chicago, Ill.

ABOVE

Vigor, stamina, alertness—these qualities are at a premium in Mr. Lee's favorite sport. He writes as follows:

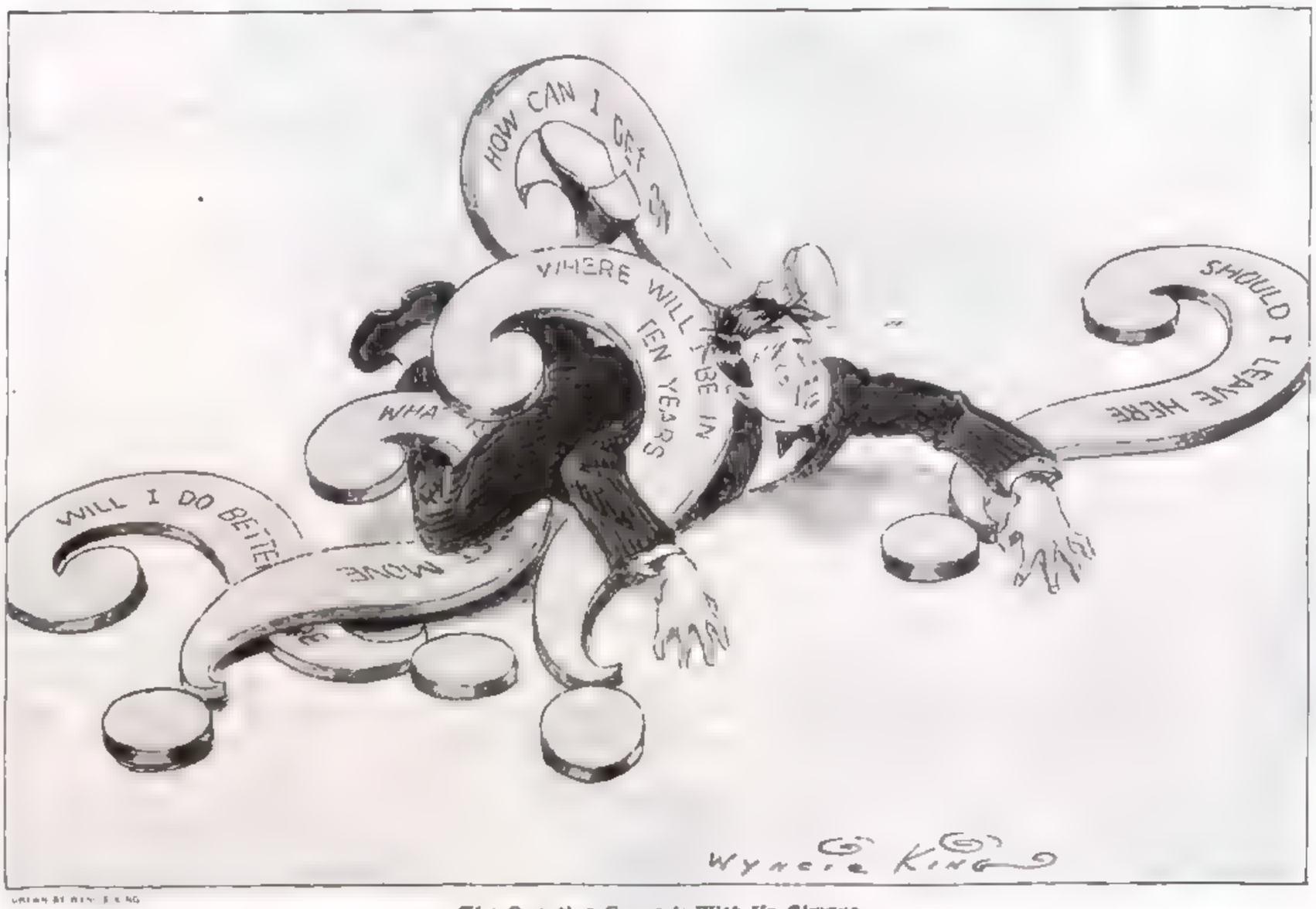
"I used to feel embarrassed every morning when I went to school on account of the eruptions on my face. One day one of my schoolmates asked me what I was doing for them, and I told him the name of a certain medicine I was using. 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' he said. I didn't take his advice at first, but I see now that if I had I would have saved myself a lot of suffering, for today—after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for some time my face is as clear as a baby's. And I have all sorts of strength for hockey and basketball."

Lyman O. Lee, Minneapolis, Minn.



Health you have longed for—this easy way: Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD



The Question Game is With Us Always

Nothing Ahead

THE lofty harmony of the Gettysburg Address sprang from the humdrums of a patient life. Whether we aspire to a presidency or the penning of a paragraph we march to the marshaled monotones of the day's work.

He came in today, one of thousands I've met; a shade past twenty he was when, five years ago, I first saw him.

"I guess you don't remember me," he said. "You sent me to National Ship and Dry Dock for a job in their purchasing department." For a moment I thought he had called to tell me how well he was doing; how he liked his job.

"That was a real job I had there—for a time. They boosted me to thirty a week after the first three months. I wish I was there now. On the jump, and every month or so a short road trip to hurry along shipments of steel. I thought I saw the chance for advancement I'd been looking for, but it didn't last."

"The job?"

"No, the work. It got slack. You remember the shipbuilding game all along the river, how it was shot to pieces? It looked as though things never would come back; orders canceled; all we bought for months were odds and ends for emergency jobs in the wet basin and dry dock; no new work. They cut the force from 2800 to 400 inside of two weeks and put the yard force on part time."

"It hit you finally, I suppose?"

"The ax? No, no, they kept me on. Didn't even cut my salary although they dropped or furloughed over half the office crowd from the president's office down. They loaded all kinds of work on me: Material checking, making inventories in the storerooms and steel yards, checking invoices, reconciling bank statements, helping on pay rolls; I was farmed out to any official or department head that could use me.

"Good experience? I'll say it was—while it lasted, but it reached the stage where there wasn't anything to do. By ten in the morning I'd be through the day's work. I'd roam around the offices and storerooms trying to dig up something to do—anything to keep busy. I bumped into the works manager one day on one of the ways, where I'd gone to get away from the office for an hour or two.

"'What are you doing down here?' he asked me; snapped it out as though he was sore at me for soldiering. I told him I was looking for something to do. 'Helena, Montana, kid, so am I!' he laughed.

"It was that way with everybody that was left. No place to go and everybody going there."

"Had to let you out finally, eh?"

"No. Oh, no; I quit. It got my goat. I couldn't stand it. I wasn't getting anywhere.

"I went from there to Huber Electric." He was talking again. "But not right away. I couldn't connect with a thing for some time. The depression had hit everybody. The Huber job looked pretty good for a time. The major of my old outfit got me into their purchasing department. But it didn't lead anywhere; a blind alley. They gave me lots to do and seemed satisfied with the way I handled it, but there was nothing ahead; just routine stuff-day after day soon as I got my hand in. I chucked it finally. How long was I there? Little short of a year. They were a nice crowd to work for and all that, but I couldn't see that I was getting anywhere; just routine stuff."

Another position was what he wanted today.

"Any particular line?" I asked.

"Why, traffic work, expediting, pay roll or something in purchasing. I'd rather stick to traffic, though; sort of keeps you on your toes. I was on the road for a time with Stacy Truck hurrying along deliveries. When they told me I'd done O. K. on the first trip I figured they had me booked for nothing but road work. They kept me at it most of the time, but I stuck it out for over a year. I liked it all right for a time, but chasing round the country I reasoned wouldn't get me very far, so I quit them a month or so ago. I reasoned if I stuck I'd be about where I was when I got out of the army. Stacy? What was I getting there? Thirty a week."

Far above the city's traffic a pigeon planed and, fluttering, found its nesting place.

"I haven't a job I could send you to today," I told him. "But come in again the first of the week."

"I've got to get something pretty soon. I'm close to rock bottom. I'll come in tomorrow if you don't mind. Thanks; good-by."

Some of us don't get on in the world faster because we can't sit still.

—KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

Three Thousand a Year

IN THE throes of finding a new apartment I ran across a woman who has built an unusual business for herself—a business that is pleasant and profitable, that requires no investment, except of time; and what is perhaps more—a business that can be managed alone, without help, or that can be expanded as much as desired.

I had searched for weeks for a certain type of apartment—a building where the ceilings were high, where I could find an old-fashioned, open, wood-burning fireplace. I wanted large rooms instead of the tiny cracker-box rooms of modern apartments. When I found such a place the building was invariably in such bad repair I couldn't bring myself to the point of signing a lease.

Just as I was about to give up in despair somebody told me to see a Mrs. Newcomb. "She knows every apartment on the near north side," they told me. "If she can't find what you want you'll have to build it yourself."

Ten minutes after I met Mrs. Newcomb I saw that she was no ordinary rental agent. She knew exactly what I wanted almost before I could tell her. She showed me three apartments and I signed a two-year lease for the second place she showed me. She can tell her story better than I can. So from here on the story is hers:

"We moved to this city three years ago. My children were all grown, and I was tired of social activities. The usual round of entertainments no longer attracted me. I wanted to go into business for myself, but like so many other women I wasn't exactly sure I would like it. I had seen many of my friends launch into business ventures, invest the savings of a lifetime, only to grow tired of business and sell out, or close out at a loss. Somebody suggested real estate. But that didn't please me. I didn't know enough about land values.

"Then one day I met a friend who was searching for an apartment. I went along with her one afternoon while we looked at one apartment after another. Real-estate men simply gave us a list of apartments which were vacant and told us to look at them. We had to find janitors to unlock doors, bother tenants to show us occupied apartments, and traipse back and forth from real-estate offices in search of keys.

"Renting agents sent us to apartments priced far higher than my friend had told them she could pay. Janitors didn't know the rentals, and shrugged their shoulders when we asked when and where we could find the landlord. Surly tenants told us that they were moving because the landlords refused to decorate. It seemed at times as if everyone was actually trying to prevent or discourage us from renting an apartment, although most of the people we talked to were supposed to be paid for the purpose of renting apartments.

"After a tiresome afternoon spent in vain the idea occurred to me that it would be a wonderful thing if you could go to someone and learn at the start the preliminary details of every apartment in any given district. The more I thought of the idea, the more it appealed to me. Why couldn't I perform that very service? I could start in a small way right in my own neighborhood. I could make a list of every vacant apartment within a certain district. I could keep a record of the rental, the number of rooms and a general description of each apartment. Then when I heard of anyone who wanted an apartment in this neighborhood I would be able to save them many steps. I could save them the trouble of climbing interminable stairs to look at apartments which were wholly unsuitable. I began my work the next morning. The first thing I did was to select four streets in a certain district. In this district there is a north-and-south street-car line which is the western boundary of the so-called fashionable district. West of this street-car line begins an entirely different sort of neighborhood—a run-down, dirty district, a semibusiness, semiresidential and rooming-house neighborhood. These four streets I canvassed from the street-car line east to a bluff where the streets end. It was a distance of about six blocks. In a few days I had inspected, priced, listed and described virtually every vacant apartment in these twenty blocks. The price, description, location and size of each apartment was carefully written on cards about the size of an ordinary post card.

"Almost without exception the landlords agreed to pay me a commission for every tenant I was instrumental in

Continued on Page 42

G.T.M. SPECIFIED GOODYEAR CONVEYOR BELT

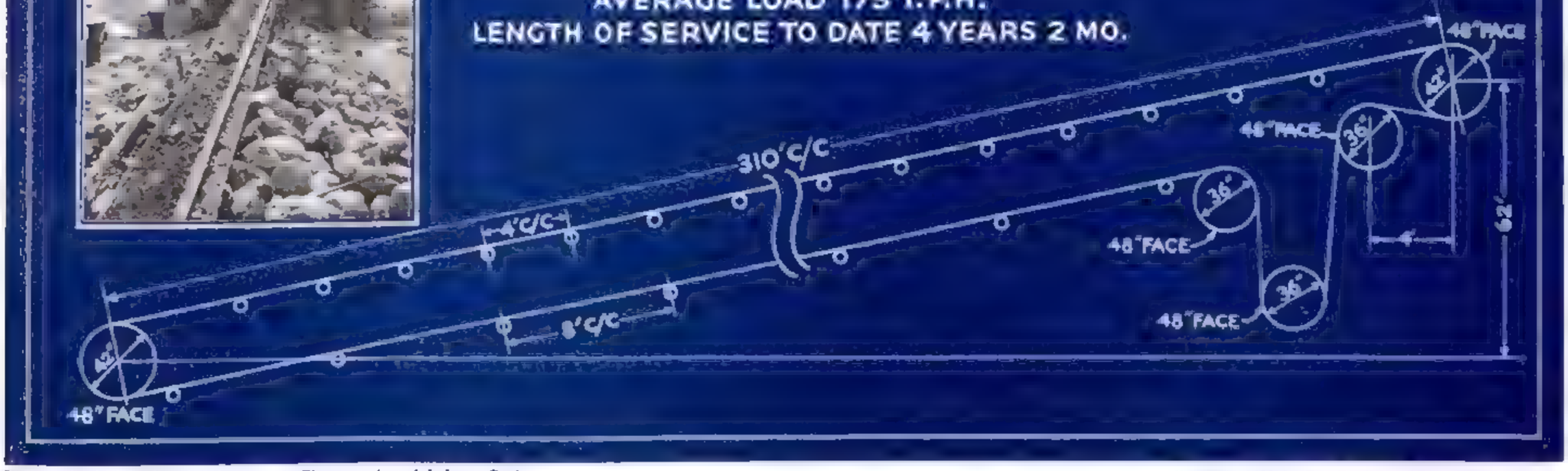
FOR THE PIT RUN ROCK AND SAND CONVEYING SYSTEM IN THE CLAREMONT PLANT OF THE

UNION ROCK COMPANY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

OUTLINING THE 630'-42"-7 PLY BELT

BELT SPEED 250 F.P.M.
AVERAGE LOAD 175 T.P.H.
LENGTH OF SERVICE TO DATE 4 YEARS 2 MO.



Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted conveyor in Claremont plant of the Union Rock Company of Los Angeles, California, with inset photograph of conveyor in operation

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Bring on your rock—and the G. T. M.

All over the West, the Union Rock Company of Los Angeles, California, is known for the efficiency of its operation and the promptness of its service. Its methods of handling material are modern. Its equipment is up-to-the-minute. Everything about its 10 big plants, its 24 bunkers and its hundreds of delivery trucks, is such as to lead you to expect that here you would find Goodyear Belts and the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

The G. T. M. is well known in the plants of the Union Rock Company. His expert knowledge of rubber belting has been called upon repeatedly in the proper belting of elevators and conveyors. At one plant (that at Claremont, Calif.), he had the responsibility of co-operating with the Company's officials in determining the entire original belting installation for the plant. It was here, in 1923, that he specified the big Goodyear Conveyor Belt that is still on the job today.

His recommendation was made, as every G. T. M. recommendation must be made, only after a careful analysis of the duty required of the belt. He computed the dimensions involved, such as center-to-center distance, pulley diameters and faces, and the prospective load and speed. Along with the plant officials, he made an equally careful study of the plant operating conditions as they would affect the performance of the belt.

The Goodyear Conveyor Belt he recommended is 630 feet overall, 42-inch, 7-ply, Style C, with 3/16-inch top cover and 1/16-inch pulley cover. It was installed in December, 1923, and has borne its constant load of pit run rock and sand from the quarry to the screens, ten hours a day, 250 feet a minute, every working day since then.

Its record of performance has been the subject of repeated good report from the plant superintendent to officials of the Union Rock Company. It has given no trouble. It has stood up to its abrasive job with every evidence of lasting a long, long time. And it has been watched over in its operation by the G. T. M. with the same care for its conservation that he took in its specification.

It stands to reason that belts so specified and built to their work should last longer, give more trouble-free service, and perform more efficiently and economically than belts that are bought haphazard—just so many feet of belting. And the records of G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belts in conveying and transmission duty the world over bear out the logic of the Goodyear Analysis Plan—bear it out in better sustained operation at lower cost.

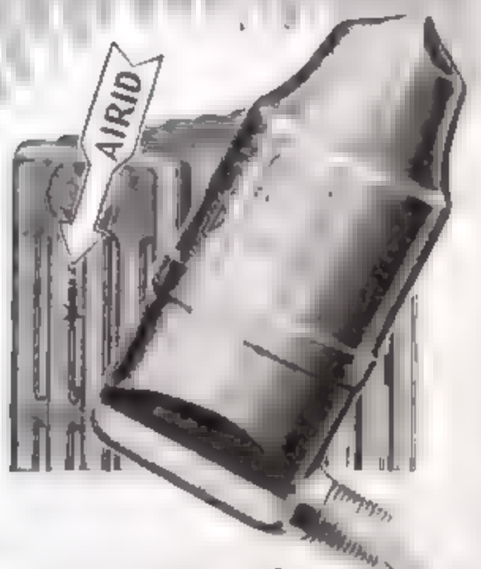
You may profit from getting acquainted with the G. T. M. He knows rubber, expertly, and he has a practical knowledge of conditions in many industries. You may rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods that he may recommend—Conveying and Transmission Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you the utmost in serviceability. To get in touch with the G. T. M., or for specific data on the records of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods in your particular field, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name in Rubber

BELTS · VALVES HOSE · PACKING

GOODYEAR

AIRID
AIR VALVES
will give you the comfort of
HOT
RADIATORS



Keep your steam radiators hot—free of air—with AIRID Air Valve. AIRID rids radiators of air noiselessly, quickly. Does not leak—either steam or water. Enjoy the comfort of hot radiators by replacing your old style valve with AIRID. For new buildings demand AIRID in the heating specifications.

AIRID Air Valves (No. 500) require no adjustment. They fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. Nothing to wear out—all metal construction. Guaranteed for five years by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment. Your plumbing and heating shop will supply you—or we will send you a trial AIRID for $1.35.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

ACCESSORIES DIVISION

816 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Stock No. 988

ARCO
Packless Valves

The smartest looking valves for any radiator in any building. Open or close radiator with one smooth turn. Will not leak steam, water or air. Require no packing. For steam, water, vacuum or vapor. Write for descriptive literature today!

American Radiator Co. (Accessories Division)
816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

☐ Enclosed find $1.35. Send me trial AIRID Air Valve.

☐ Send me your booklet "The Little Things That Make The Big Difference" containing valuable heating suggestions.

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 40)

bringing them. The rental agents, real estate and management companies agreed to divide their commissions with me. Some were very liberal; others, who had no confidence in my scheme at first, grudgingly agreed to pay me a small fee.

"My next problem was to find clients. For a small sum I placed a modest advertisement in a weekly paper which circulates in the neighborhood. My advertisement read:

I will assume your worries in finding an apartment. Personal service to every client.

This little announcement was followed by my name, address and telephone number. Then I had some business cards printed. I left two or three of these cards at groceries, butcher shops, bakeries, drug stores, beauty parlors, news stands, tailors' and other establishments in the neighborhood. In two of the church papers which are printed by the churches in the neighborhood I inserted small advertisements announcing my enterprise. In a few days I began to receive telephone calls. I was terribly excited when my first client called. She had two small children who couldn't be left alone, and was finding it very difficult to get out and search for apartments. Timidly she asked what I would charge to find her a four-room apartment, to cost not more than ninety dollars a month. She was overjoyed when I explained that my services would cost her nothing. Two days later she had leased one of the first apartments I had listed. My commission nearly paid for the three small advertisements, the business cards and all other preliminary expenses. My second deal, the following week, showed a small profit over and above all expenses.

"From then on my little business began to grow. After a while my friends began to send me clients. During the first year I cleared approximately $1100. At the end of the first year several of my first clients commissioned me to find other apartments. Their friends came to me and I expanded my advertising and took over more territory, adding a few blocks to the south and a few to the north of my original territory. Some of the real-estate companies which looked askance at my venture began calling me and offering me first refusal of choice apartments.

"This convinced me that I was really making an impression on the business men and landlords of the district. They saw that I was rendering a helpful service to landlord and tenant alike. At first, when I began receiving an occasional telephone call, I offered to come right out to the client's home and submit my list of vacancies. But after a few months I found it best to have them come to my home. Here I would endeavor to find out just what sort of apartment they wanted. I ask tactful questions to get an idea of what the client has in mind. I never ask: 'How much do you want to pay?' Instead I begin with a few simple questions such as: 'Do you prefer a first, second or third-floor apartment?' 'How would you like a large living room, with high ceilings, an open fireplace and a wide hall? Or would you prefer a strictly modern apartment, with electric refrigeration, a tiny dining room and kitchen?'

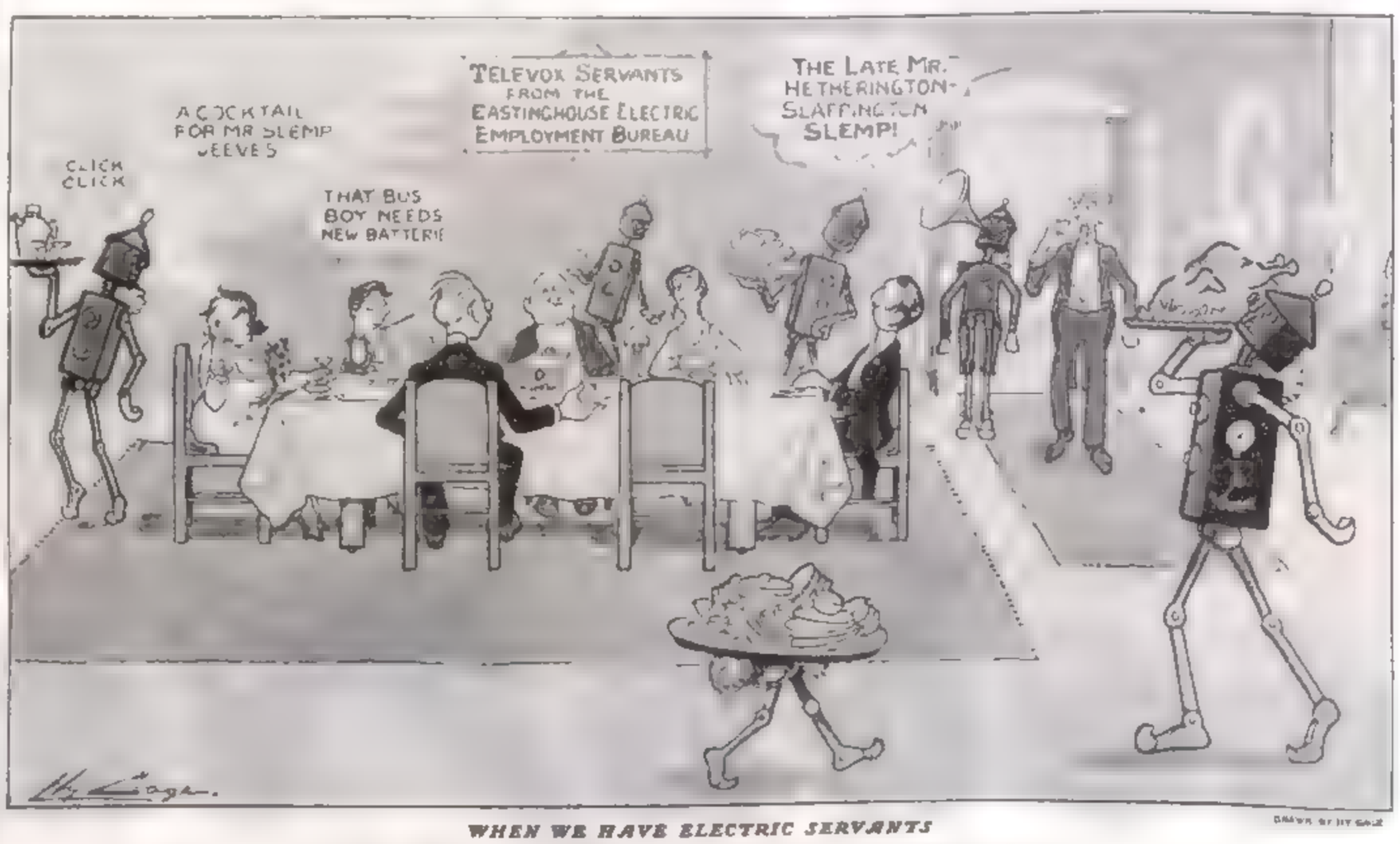
DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Workman (on Top of Building): "Can Y' Beat That! They'oe Started Tearing Down This Building Before We Finish Putting It Up!"

"Soon I have eliminated a number of apartments in my own mind. I say to myself that this woman wouldn't be interested in that $200 a month, elevator apartment on the Drive. But she would probably like that $125 a month, five-room, third-floor apartment with the big old-fashioned kitchen. Women often will fall in love with one feature of an apartment and rent it for that alone—a sunny kitchen, a spacious sun parlor, a little garden space in the rear—any one of a dozen or more little features. I try to learn during the first chat what is likely to appeal to my clients, then show them only the apartments which have these features.

"Some of my friends say I lean over backward in telling about the disagreeable features of the various apartments I have to rent. But it is this very policy of mine which wins my clients' confidence. I never try to gloss over disagreeable features. If a woman thinks there are too few closets I agree with her, for she is probably the type of woman who must have everything just so and would be very unhappy in an apartment where she had too little storage space. If another woman thinks the kitchen is too dark, or too small, or feels that the electric fixtures are out of date, I don't try to persuade her to take the apartment regardless of its shortcomings. If I haven't what she wants I tell her so frankly, but show her the nearest thing I have on my list. I feel that I am actually working for the tenant, not the landlord. I am virtually the tenants' representative. I save their steps, time and bother. Often I am able to find exactly the type of apartment they had been seeking without success.

"My work has been more than pleasant. Only during the spring and fall moving seasons am I rushed. Occasionally my husband and I talk of joining hands and starting a regular real-estate-and-rental business. But he enjoys his work and I enjoy mine; and if we started a conventional real-estate business much of the personal contact and much of the personal-service work which has built my little enterprise would, of necessity, be lost. So we will probably each manage his own business affairs separately. My earnings have just reached $3000 a year. Which isn't so bad, it seems to me, especially when you consider that I am my own boss, that I take a month's vacation in summer and winter, and that I seldom devote more than twenty hours a week to my work." —EUGENE WHITMORE.


TELEVOX SERVANTS FROM THE EASTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC EMPLOYMENT BUREAU
A COCKTAIL FOR MR SLEMP JEEVES
CLICK CLICK
THAT BUS BOY NEEDS NEW BATTERIE
THE LATE MR. HETHERINGTON-SLAFFINGTON SLEMP!

WHEN WE HAVE ELECTRIC SERVANTS
Mrs. Electric Vacuum-Jones of Long Island Gives a Dinner Party

THE SMARTNESS OF HOME IN YOUR CAR

WOMAN'S choice is nearly always a *closed* car, as it provides her with an opportunity to express her own femininity in the interior appointments . . . And a smart home atmosphere depends much upon the upholstery.

This, usually, is CA-VEL, as more yards of this fabric are used in closed cars than of any other. It is equally popular in the home, where its lustrous beauty adorns the finest furniture; and where, in the form of drapes and curtains, it becomes a part of the glowing, animated life of the room.

CA-VEL velvets possess enduring beauty—a rich, soft, luxurious beauty that does not readily become soiled or shabbied. The dusty marks of little feet are quickly brushed from the yielding, protective fibers of CA-VEL. And it possesses so remarkable a resistance to wear that all its original charm will still be evident when the car it beautifies has long passed its prime.

To prospective closed-car purchasers a firm insistence on CA-VEL upholstery assures the last word in interior luxury, and a much higher valuation at re-sale. Collins & Aikman Corporation. Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

CONRAD VEIDT
in "The Man Who Laughs"

Here's the way I feel about it—that while *"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"* was a mighty fine picture and a great favorite with the public, there is still another story by Victor Hugo which will be liked even better than THE HUNCHBACK

"The Man Who Laughs"

is as thrilling a drama as I have ever seen. The work of CONRAD VEIDT is so superior to anything I have seen in recent years, that I am compelled to say to you that here is a picture that will almost astound you and will give you a piece of character-work that will remain in your mind for months to come.

It is a picture of passionate loves and subtle intrigues in the royal courts of long ago, and Paul Leni, director, has invested it with so much beauty and stirring action that I am confident it will be sought by every moving-picture theatre in the civilized world.

"The Man Who Laughs,"

has CONRAD VEIDT in the leading role. Europe produced this talented man and enjoyed his acting long before America knew there was such an actor. I saw him in a theatre in Germany and I couldn't rest until I secured him for UNIVERSAL.

Associated with CONRAD VEIDT are such esteemed players as MARY PHILBIN, GEORGE SIEGMANN, JOSEPHINE CROWELL, STUART HOLMES, BRANDON HURST, JULIUS MOLNER, JR., TORBEN MEYER and OLGA BAKLANOVA.

Be on the qui vive for this magnificent spectacle. Mention it to the manager of your favorite theatre. When you see it, write me your opinion of it.

Watch for the coming of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** in your vicinity. It is a thrilling spectacle which I advise you not to miss.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

I HAD A HUNCH

Continued from Page 38

but it will be 1600 miles nearer to Central and South America than San Francisco is, and when it is finished and in operation the population of Kansas City will be increased in the same way it has grown through the influence of the Kansas City Southern."

That was all, but it was enough to leave my auditors worked up to a high pitch of curiosity and interest. Opinion was divided. Some who heard my plan were enthusiastic that I was going to do such a quick comeback, and others, though hopeful I might, shook their heads and wondered whether my worries had got the better of me. Judge D. J. Haff, one of my dearest friends, and Charles Keith, who is now president of Central Coal and Coke, went home in the same carriage, and, as they have both told me since, the judge said:

"Poor Stilwell! What kind of a dream was he giving us? Did you notice that he said he was going to bring the Pacific Ocean 400 miles nearer to Kansas City than it is? What kind of a thing is that for a sane man to say? Is he going to put his hands on the ocean and drag it 400 miles this way?"

New Worlds to Conquer

In the eight days elapsing since the Southern debacle I had had my maps all prepared showing the new railroad, and I now gave them to the newspapers, with much attendant publicity throughout the country. The day this news was published Doctor Woods invited me to the Bank of Commerce for luncheon.

"I'm interested in your new undertaking. Can you give some further details of it?" he said.

"I can fill you up with them. I intend to name the road the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient and to build it on a direct line southwest. It will have a Pacific terminus only 200 miles west and more than 1000 miles south of Salt Lake City at a little place called Topolobampo, which is situated in such a position on the coast that it will be possible to do the same there we did at Port Arthur—create an artificial harbor. Topolobampo is about 1200 miles south of San Francisco and on the projected line about 400 miles nearer. This means that our line will be 1600 miles shorter to Central and South America than any other way you can go."

Some of the other directors of Doctor Woods' bank sat with us at this luncheon conference. One of them asked how I planned going about the construction of the line.

"I expect to form a construction company, known as the International Construction Company, with $10,000,000 of capital, to build a railroad across Texas and Mexico. The link between Kansas City and the Texas border will be built by a company known as the Union Construction Company."

"When do you expect to start all this?"

"It's started. It started the moment I was ousted from the Southern."

"But that's only on paper. What we're trying to get at is when do you begin actual organization? For instance, you'll have to have permission from the Mexican Government before you can go ahead."

"I'm leaving here day after tomorrow for Mexico City to see President Diaz and get the necessary concession."

Doctor Woods' own mind was made up. To his bank associates he said: "We have all made lots of money out of the Southern and its affiliated enterprises. We did this even in panic years when other investments were standing still and paying no dividends. Whether this new undertaking is going to bear the same fruit, and is feasible, I am not prepared to say, but I am prepared to say that I think this little group here ought to subscribe $500,000 toward it, of which my part is $100,000."

Heartened by this excellent start, I left for Mexico with Mrs. Stilwell. E. C. Creel, then governor of the state of Chihuahua, was one of the representative men of Mexico, and I stopped off to see him. He welcomed us and invited us to his home for dinner. In two days he was bubbling over with enthusiasm regarding the possibilities of a railroad across Chihuahua.

"Mr. Creel, I want you to become vice president of this railroad."

"That is rather sudden," he said after a few moments' thought. "At any rate, you have me thinking. Suppose you come around in the morning and we'll see what can be done."

We were leaving the next night for Mexico City and I had little time to spare in lining up Governor Creel as a coworker.

I went to his office in the morning, and he said, "All right. I've determined to be one of your vice presidents."

When we arrived in Mexico City two members of the Diaz family met us at the station and escorted us to our hotel.

"May I ask," I inquired of them, "how you happened to be at the station to meet us?"

"General Diaz told us to come," said one of them, a brother-in-law of the president.

Their presence was all a mystery to me, and finding no other explanation, I thought it must be a remarkable case of mental telepathy. President Diaz, as far as I knew, had no knowledge of our intention to visit the capital. Several years before, after the building of Port Arthur, he had invited me to go see him to discuss the harbors on the Mexican coast, but I had been unable to make the trip.

The general's brother-in-law added to my mystification: "His Excellency the president is expecting to see you at ten o'clock."

It was seven o'clock when we arrived, so the appointment was for three hours later. I asked no further questions, but went along to the executive mansion. On the way I decided to dispense with the usual long-drawn-out amenities of a first meeting and plunge at once into the object of my visit.

"General Diaz, I have come here for one specific purpose. I am seeking a concession to build a railroad across Chihuahua and Sinaloa and to build a harbor at Topolobampo."

A Concession for the Asking

"That's most extraordinary," the president of Mexico mused. "Why, do you know, Mr. Stilwell, that it is my dream to have a railroad crossing this territory?"

"No, sir, I did not know that."

"Do you know that General Grant years ago, after he was President, attempted to build a railroad of this kind?"

"No, I did not."

Natural Bridge, Virginia

"And that after he retired, Secretary Windom took it up?"

"No, sir."

"I was wondering whether you knew these things. The fact that you didn't makes it quite a remarkable coincidence, doesn't it? What sort of a concession do you want?"

"I should like a government concession that would grant $5000 a mile for building purposes, to be paid to us in installments as fast as we build each 100 kilometers."

General Diaz sat in deep thought for a while. At last he said: "Stilwell, it is not necessary for you to build a harbor at Topolobampo. It is a natural landlocked harbor itself, thirty kilometers from the sea, and ships drawing water can pass through this canal which Nature has shaped. In regard to the concession, I want to tell you something peculiar. Under an amendment of the laws of Mexico made effective last year the president has no authority to grant a concession carrying a subsidy except for a railroad across Chihuahua and Sinaloa to the coast. And it is the strangest thing in the world that you drop in at this moment without previous knowledge of this condition."

He stopped and assumed a posture of meditation, which warned me it was not my cue to say anything.

"I've been thinking over that $5000-a-mile subsidy," he said finally. "It's not an unreasonable request. At eleven o'clock tomorrow morning the concession will be in your hands."

And at eleven o'clock precisely the next morning a uniformed messenger presented himself at my hotel, saluted me and handed me the concession, legally drawn. I was elated and wired Doctor Woods to tell him of my windfall. Next day, by appointment, I called on General Diaz to thank him for all his kindness.

Effective Advance Notices

"And if you will excuse the question, general, please tell me how in the name of goodness you knew I was coming to Mexico City."

He laughed. "It was the telegrams from the governors of Western states and the bankers."

"I do not understand. I am still at sea."

He brought out telegrams from the governors of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana, one from a government official at Washington and five from great banking houses in the Middle West—fifteen messages in all. They were all of the same tenor, telling President Diaz of my work in creating the Kansas City Southern and Port Arthur, and of how that section of the country had been benefited. President Diaz smilingly watched me read them over one by one.

"You see, it is not a personal whim—my granting you this concession," he said. "I am merely heeding the voice of a flourishing section of your great country."

I could not understand it all until I got back to Kansas City. There I learned that W. A. Rule, then cashier of the Bank of Commerce, had telegraphed to these different governors, telling them I was on my way to see President Diaz in connection with a railroad project which would help the entire West and asking them to do what they could to see that I was accorded a hearty welcome. The Washington official had happened to be in the bank at the time and volunteered to help the cause along by sending a telegram under his signature.

Building action started at once. I assigned John L. Case, who had surveyed the Kansas City Southern through the mountains of Arkansas, to go to Mexico with an engineer corps, and Mr. Perret, who had been one of my engineers in the Southern, to lay out the line from Wichita south

Continued on Page 46

I'll back P. A. against them all

I SAW P. A. come into the picture some nineteen years ago. I saw it nose out the leading brands of the day. With steady gait, it showed a clean pair of heels to the field. I know and you know that it has maintained its lead ever since. And you and I know *why!*

The minute you open the tidy red tin and let that fragrance fill the air, you're ready to cheer for P. A. Then you load up and light up. . . . Cool as a judge deciding the winner. Sweet as a blue ribbon for your favorite. Mild and mellow and long-burning.

No wonder more P. A. is smoked than any other brand. No wonder Prince Albert counts its friends by the million. If you don't know all this by personal experience, it's high time you found out. Get going today with good old P. A. That's *my* tip, Gentlemen.

More for your money in every way—TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 44)

The two construction companies were organized, and as fast as I could see my old crowd of investors they bought securities in the new enterprise. Practically all these came in without question, as did the English stockholders of the Southern.

My foes began an attack on the Guardian Trust Company and this was indirectly the beginning of one of the longest litigations in the history of American jurisprudence, lasting twenty-four years and eventually being decided in favor of the Guardian Trust Company by the Supreme Court of the United States.

While the litigation was in progress I took special precautions to keep the stockholders of the new road in touch with every stage of the work. I doubt whether there has ever been a more examined railroad than this one. Reports based on personal surveys were written by Edward Dickinson, who left the Union Pacific to become our general manager; J. T. Odell, vice president of the Bessemer and Lake Erie, and John F. Wallace, former general manager of the Illinois Central. Among our stockholders were eighteen presidents and vice presidents of other American railroads.

Wrecked by Revolution

Owing to the unusual circumstances surrounding its origin, the enterprise seemed to have a sort of personal appeal to those who had invested in it. I was constantly being plied with questions about its progress, so I determined to satisfy this curiosity by taking parties of stockholders over the line as far as it had gone. We made these trips in special private trains and studied not only the construction work but the commercial possibilities of the road. On one of them, when the party consisted of 130 members, Governor Creel, of Chihuahua, our vice president, gave a banquet in the state capital, engaging the leading caterer of Mexico City to handle the affair and transporting the food and waiters to his city on a special car. The banquet was the most notable of a series of entertainments Governor Creel gave for the road's guests on these tours of inspection.

Under the Mexican concession we were obliged to build the road in three sections—west from Chihuahua, east from Chihuahua and in from the coast. The problem of crossing the continental divide, a task which Collis P. Huntington had given up about twenty years before as being too difficult to accomplish, required twelve years of effort on our part before we solved it. The rise in this stretch of mountainous region is 8700 feet and the terrain is of a baffling nature for the projection of a railroad. If railroads could be operated over grades which follow the natural contour of the earth, the subjugation of the continental divide would have been a relatively easy engineering feat; but lines are not built that way, and the question we had before us was to lay the track in such a manner that the ruling grade would not be more than 3.5 per cent, and this for a short distance only. This, as I say, caused the long delay.

Nature's riches were strewn along the path followed by the Orient. The line opens up a marvelous virgin territory abounding in minerals, coal and timber. It has no snowsheds, and no deserts to cross. In the seventy-six-mile span of trackage running inland from Topolobampo is the lavishly endowed Fuerte Valley, which produces the first tomatoes that come into the United States in January. Large shipping plants have since been established on the line in this section, and thousands of cars of tomatoes are dispatched northward through the early months of the year. It was for such through traffic as this that I designed the road. I never expected it to be a tremendous success as a local enterprise, as the demand for service between near-by points is insufficient to enable it to operate profitably.

When the Mexican revolution of General Diaz's time came along and the president had left for Paris, it chanced that the line of the Orient became the center of fighting, and the company was compelled not only to abandon further construction work but was thrown into receivership. Pancho Villa, leader of the revolutionists, whose methods of guerrilla warfare shocked the civilized world, had been one of my contractors. He had twelve teams. I used to let him a mile or two of work and when he had finished I would let him another mile or two.

One of the first things Villa did after the revolution had started was to take a band of his nondescript followers on a sixty-mile jaunt from the line of the Orient to a point where there was a silver mine of which I was president and blow up the whole thing and practically destroy it. I had been receiving a large annual income from this mine—a fact which was known to the revolutionary chief.

The only explanation I could ever find of why he wrecked the mine instead of seizing the property and operating it to his own advantage, as fully civilized warriors would have done, was the fact that whenever I had met him on the railroad I carefully avoided inviting him into my private car. I could never quite reconcile myself to any close contact with Villa. He was a horrible-looking fellow, always greasy and dirty, and it was just a little more than I could do to associate with him in any way. His revenge was the wanton destruction of my mine. But in this foolhardy act he also hurt himself, for he could readily have worked the property and taken out of it from $25,000 to $30,000 a month, to use this money either for his own pleasure or the promotion of his revolution.

About 1000 of the 1600 miles had been finished when this unforeseen contingency arose to put an end to all our hard work. After the receivership had thus been brought about, a controversy developed in the newspapers whether it would pay to complete the road or whether it should be permanently abandoned. A reorganization committee was formed about twelve years ago, with L. F. Loree as chairman. The Orient was then taken out of receivership and an attempt was made to raise the money to build it to Chihuahua, but it failed. In spite of the apathy of the banking world toward the enterprise, I still had unbroken faith in it. And in 1921, years after it had been started, I had another hunch in connection with it. To a Dallas newspaper man who came to me then seeking my opinion as to whether the road would be abandoned, I said:

"You can rest assured it will never be. Within two years great oil fields will be found west of San Angelo, and the Orient will become one of the great oil-carrying railroads of this continent."

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Though at that time there was no oil, I have lived to see the prophecy fulfilled. Within two years from the time I expressed the above opinion, the great field of Big Lake was opened up, and later, rich fields in the counties of Crane and Upton. And now there is the Yates Field, in Pecos County, the greatest shallow field in the world. The town of McCamey has a refinery and a population of 11,000 and is shipping 225 carloads of oil a day, although eighteen months ago the spot was virtually uninhabited. There are five pipe lines from the Yates Field to the Orient Railroad, one extending to the Gulf of Mexico, 400 miles away, the building of which cost $12,000,000.

Boom times are looming at last for the Orient. The Mexican Government is finishing the road from the end of the track where I had it, east of Chihuahua City, to the Rio Grande, and train service will be inaugurated about April 1, 1928. This leaves only seventy miles to finish from Alpine, Texas, to the Rio Grande. There is no doubt this link will be completed in the very near future, when through trains will be put in operation for Mexico City, changing to the Mexican Central at Chihuahua. Within a few years I expect to see the entire project pieced together in the form I conceived it and producing the profits I believed were there.

It is true its original investors lost about $20,000,000, but my excuse for the only unsuccessful venture I have ever organized in forty years of business is that a revolution is an abnormal thing and cannot be reckoned with as a contingency of progress. And it is only one item of a long list of industrial losses Mexico has suffered through warfare since that time, amounting altogether to more than $800,000,000. On the other side of my balance sheet, opposite the single item of any consequence on the wrong side, is a story of figures revealing more than $160,000,000 in profits and dividends from the forty or more companies I organized after I had given up a lucrative job as an insurance man to go West and build a railroad

Live and Grow Young

About the time the Orient was forced into receivership, I met with a severe accident, being in a New York office building elevator which fell. The shock made me an invalid, compelling me to withdraw from the arena of business strife at a time when all my energies were needed to protect my own interests and those of my friends. For fourteen years, although at numerous times I was given up to die, I battled for life with a single idea always before me—that I should be restored to health and to the business world, which I have always loved so much. Through those trying days of convalescence I concentrated my mind on the thought that life is eternal and that youth is a condition we misinterpret, being not merely a state of immaturity, as supposed, but a state of mind and body which gathers increasing freshness and virility as we carry on year by year. So I wrote an essay and called it Live and Grow Young, and believing it is well for one to practice the things he preaches, I decided to live the teachings of my book, which I have done. And now my dream has come true.

As I glance back through the vista of years and assay the fortunes of my life I find a number of lessons. Richer than all the other nuggets of philosophy man will discover in his struggle toward the destiny he has set for himself is one truth which has always seemed to me to be strangely elusive to most of us. It is that adversities which sometimes stalk before us in the dismal raiment of defeat are often only the door of victory. The panacea is faith faith in yourself and in God and in the unfailing law that justice and right shall triumph. Hate is a scourge.

The period of business I have described is closed forever. In its way it was constructive, but it is well it has passed on into the sphere of forgotten things. Think how much better is the day in which we live. We see spread before us the brightest page in the history of the world and the richest era in the development of our own country. All of us who are here to enjoy the blessings of this enlightened age should give solemn and reverent thanks for the benefactions which have come. How grateful we should be that the Federal Reserve Bank is at hand and that financial panics can no longer be made to order, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission stands as a sentinel to guard the integrity of railroad operation. If we have grown callous to these new joys I am hopeful that the incidents I have related may in their small way have a tendency to restimulate our appreciation.

When I was twelve years old, as I mentioned earlier in this narrative, I told my grandfather, Hamblin Stilwell, that some day I would go forth and build a railroad. I did not tell him I would go forth and build seven or eight. But in those days of long ago my hunches, like myself, were in their infancy.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Stilwell and Mr Crowell

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

Why pay for waste space?

Buy the Eveready Layerbilt

—it's every inch a battery

This is the Eveready Layerbilt, the unique "B" battery that contains no waste spaces or materials between the cells; the longest lasting of all Evereadys.

IN DRY cell "B" batteries made up of cylindrical cells more than one-third of the space is wasted. That's inevitable. No matter how closely you pack a group of cylinders, there always will be spaces between them. Usually these spaces are filled in with pitch or other substances, to prevent movement of the cells during shipment and breakage of the wires connecting cell to cell.

Think of it—over a third of the space inside the ordinary battery is filled with inert packing material!

In the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 there are no waste spaces between the cells and no useless materials. Instead of cylindrical cells, this extraordinary battery uses *flat* cells. It is built in layers and assembled under pressure into a solid block.

Electrical connection between cell and cell is automatic, by pressure of the entire side of each cell against its neighbor.

The most surprising thing about this construction is that it actually makes the active materials more efficient. A given weight of them produces more current, and lasts longer, than the same amount when put in the cylindrical cell form. This was the unexpected result of researches into methods of utilizing the hitherto waste spaces. Scientists now know that the flat shape is the most efficient form for the cells in a "B" battery. No wonder the Layerbilt is the longest lasting and therefore most convenient and economical of all the Evereadys.

Only Eveready makes the Layerbilt. Its exclusive, patented construction is Eveready's greatest contribution to radio enjoyment, giving new economy and convenience to battery users. The Layerbilt, of course, provides Battery Power—silent, reliable, independent, guarantor of the best reception of which your receiver is capable. For modern sets, use the Eveready Layerbilt.

Illustrating cylindrical cell "B" battery construction. Note the waste space between the cells.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night

East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

On the Pacific Coast
8 P. M., Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network

EVEREADY Radio Batteries
—they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

THE genuine satisfaction of General Tire users is not due, solely, to exceptionally long mileage. The tire engineering knowledge of the General dealer enables him to give sound advice on such important matters as proper sizing . . . the causes of irregular wear and how to correct them . . . no matter what make tire you use.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Co

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

OUT-OF-DOORS

Tricks of Tracks

IT HAS always been a question in my mind whether the red fox or the American white-tail deer deserves the highest place in the list of extremely wary and cunning woods creatures. However, if both these creatures are hunted with the hound, as the deer are sometimes pursued in certain sections of the Northern woods and as the red fox almost always is hunted, I have no doubts whatever as to the outcome of the trial. The deer will unquestionably be the loser. I firmly believe that there is no other animal of the woods that can hold its own against a pack of well-trained hunting hounds and huntsmen equal to the sly red ranger of the forest. Some of the tricks this cunning customer resorts to sound more like the imaginings of a first-class novelist, rather than the infallible and true working of an animal's brain.

The red fox, unlike the usual forest dweller, challenges pursuit by both man and hound. He, like the rabbit, seems to thrive best in a community thickly populated by mankind and his hunting dogs. I have many times listened on a frosty, sparkling autumn evening to a pair of foxes that came, as regularly as the stars came out, and prowled about the crest of a high spur of the hills jutting out over a creek where a hound lover lived and kept a brace of old Red Bones. As sure as the frosty evenings of late summer and early autumn rolled around, these foxes came to the high spur and, squatting there on their haunches, they raised their slim black noses to the stars and challenged the old trail blazers down in my friend's yard to a chase. Usually they received what they were looking for. The hounds would be slipped free of their leashes and, with a bound, like twin shadows they would leap the creek and tear up the slope toward their arch enemies on the pinnacle. Then for hours, under the round soaring moon of autumn evenings, there would echo against the steep timbered slopes and over the dusky ridge meadows the booming bugle of old Ring and Drum. In the late morning hours the hounds would usually come limping back home, footsore, lamed and hungry, but gloriously satisfied that they had performed their bounden duty. I presume a fox hound feels that this is one of its most sacred obligations. Never have I known one of these silky-eared, sad-eyed, mystic-appearing dogs of the chase to refuse the challenge of his red opponent, whether the leaves are red and gold or the woods lie deep under the white, glittering robe of winter. His dreams of existence seem made up in all entirety out of his pursuit of the fleet red creature that is forever lurking around in some sassafras thicket, a broken old tree top that might lie in a steep hollow or in a clump of red brush. And the fox, strange as it might sound to the man unacquainted with these cunning rascals, is but waiting for the long, golden bugle of the hunting dogs, reaching in echoing beauty upward to the mellow moon of autumn.

Wherever there are men, there most surely the red fox will be found in good numbers. Civilization and the red fox, with the abounding presence of the little cottontail rabbit, a result of man's presence, acting as a protective measure in warding off the attacks of hawk, owl and mink, form one of the modern complexities of woods life. It would be presumed by the layman that cunning Reynard would seek the more inaccessible reaches of the wilderness where there was no sign of man or dog. This is not the case, however, although there are plenty of foxes to be found in the Northern wilderness as far up as the Barren Lands. The red ranger is also found in mountain fastnesses where man rarely if ever sets his foot, but not in any greater numbers than in many of the thickly settled woods sections of the Eastern states and the Middle West.

I have many times started a red fox from the brushy thickets along some little swale within a stone's throw of a fairly large Middle Western city. And it is no uncommon thing at all to find this animal lurking in the apple orchards of a farmer's premises. The fox depends largely upon the rabbit for food. For this reason the fox is not what you might call a steady customer. He is a transient, moving along with the supply of rabbits, from township to township, or from county to county. It is no uncommon thing for a pack of hunting dogs to take an old resident fox on an unusually long chase some evening and for the fox never to return. Perhaps a week later the hounds will come straggling in, tired and footsore. The reason for this is that the fox has suddenly decided to change his hunting territory, owing, undoubtedly, to the lack of sufficient game.

Quail, grouse, mice that inhabit the marshy fields and swamps, rabbits and the farmer's hen yard and turkey pen—all suffer from this cunning gentleman's depredations. Around a fox den, back in the wilder parts of the hills where this animal locates its home, there will be found the most varied assortment of bones to be found about any carnivorous animal's den in the country. Young lambs, rabbits, grouse, turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese, quail and mice—there are the mute, whitened evidences of all these having fallen a prey to the fox, for the purpose of feeding itself and young.

It takes a tremendous quantity of food to rear a family of young foxes. To estimate three rabbits a day would not be any too large an average, I am sure. These are brought in regularly by the parent fox during the day, when the puppies get large enough to feed themselves. They immediately pounce on the carcass and, rolling the skin back as they devour the meat, they proceed to trim the rabbit, chicken, turkey or young lamb clean as though sandpapered to the very bone.

There is no more filthy spot in the woods than around the immediate neighborhood of a fox den. It becomes so foul with stench and half-rotted skins of the game that has been brought in that even these animals themselves cannot stand it, and the mother moves the entire family from one to three times during the course of their infancy. She will move her brood from one rocky cliff or pile of field stones in some secluded ravine or old pasture to another new den, and allow the rain to cleanse and dry out the old den; then, when this is done, in the course of two or three weeks she will bring the family back to the first domicile. In this way many young foxes meet an untimely, or, as the farmer and the rabbit hunter believe, a timely death—for there is an eternal warfare being waged between these sportsmen and farmers and the fox-hunting devotee. Many times a farmer's collie finds the young foxes in their course across a pasture and pounces down on the family with terrible results. The mother fox, sad to relate, does not stand by her family, as will the bear or the partridge, but at the first hint of danger she departs for other regions. My first fox puppy was captured in this manner one rainy, cold spring day in Burgundy, France, where a young peasant and his dog were accompanying me on a jaunt through a rather wild, timbered little valley. We heard the dog give tongue and hurried there at once, but not too soon to prevent his destroying the entire family of cubs, excepting the one little chap that we found crouched under a bit of heather.

—BEN C. ROBINSON.

Christmas Trees in a Northern Quebec Forest

Lilac protects your skin

Open doors to infection

those invisible nicks

You can't see them—those invisible nicks of the razor that give germs and dust their chance at your skin!

So, apparently without warning, little infections develop.

Try this pleasant daily precaution Dash Pinaud's Lilac all over your face after each shave . . . Your skin is *always* smoothly clear!

For Pinaud's Lilac is a real antiseptic, yet it is healing, too. Its first quick tang is followed by a smooth coolness—refreshing, delightful! For the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever.

You can buy Pinaud's Lilac at all drug or department stores. Buy it today! The genuine Lilac has the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[Lilas de France]

Annealing the gold bars from which Conklin nibs are made.

GOLD
from the mint for Conklin Pens

A Conklin pen is one of the few manufactured products in the world today which comes complete from the hands of skilled craftsmen. The gold, for example, is brought into the factory in ingots, and, like every other part, is made into a finished product by the hands of people who have traditional pride in their particular tasks. The Conklin Endura, bearing an unconditional guarantee of free service, comes in Conklin Blue and other rich colors, like jewels, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00. Other Conklins, all prices, all colors, all sizes. Pencils to match. In stores everywhere that make a home for pen and pencil quality.

PENS
PENCILS • SETS

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
ENDURA
Service Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

Cartoon and Comedy

The Descent of the Vandals: The Roman Empire, 455 A. D.— *The United States, 1928 A. D.*

It Takes Self-Control to Drive a Car

The Murder Trial

Ease of mind and safety of body can't afford to rely on part-of-the-time goodness in automobile brakes. Reo Wolverine brakes are good all of the time—in any weather, on any road. Try them yourself under the worst conditions you can think of.
Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.
REO WOLVERINE

WE'RE OUR OWN LARGEST CUSTOMERS for Cities Service Oil Products

Cities Service oils and gasolene, which are sold to the public in ever-increasing volume, are the same products which the $650,000,000 Cities Service organization uses in serving cities, towns and villages in twenty states with electricity and gas for lighting, heat and power.

Millions of customers realize that the organization, in using its own products, must make them meet extra high standards in order to keep at maximum efficiency its hundreds of millions of dollars worth of plants and equipment—else whole cities or sections would be plunged in darkness and factories stopped.

The superiority of Cities Service petroleum products is due in great measure to the complete quality control exercised by this organization, which produces crude oil from its own wells, refines it in its own refineries and transports it in its own pipe-lines, tank cars and tank ships.

Improvements are constantly being made as a result of extensive laboratory work and experimentation. The Cities Service research board spends $1,000,000 yearly for this purpose.

Your own test of Cities Service oils and gasolene will demonstrate to you their superiority.

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays at 8 p.m. Eastern Standard Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

CITIES SERVICE OILS & GASOLENE

ONCE - ALWAYS

THE HUMAN CHASE

(Continued from Page 21)

He paused and glanced through the uncurtained window. Mr. Chittuck, with a canary upon each shoulder, one on his head and another pecking at his collar, was standing at a desk, writing in a ledger. Brett knocked at the door, and a high-pitched Eastern Counties voice bade him enter. He stepped in, closed the door behind him and saluted the man whom he had come to visit.

"What can I do for you, sir?" the latter asked briskly.

"My name is Bennett," Brett lied. "Are you Mr. Chittuck, the famous canary breeder?"

The young man had his pen in his mouth for the moment while he carefully blotted his latest entry, but he signified assent with a nod.

"I saw your canaries at the Agricultural Hall on Tuesday," the newcomer continued. "Marvelous birds!"

"The best in the world," was the terse response.

"I should like to acquire a few of the male songsters myself. Have you any of the prize winners for sale?"

"Not one—sold the lot—all to one man."

"Dear me!" Brett exclaimed in a tone of concern. "That's hard luck. All to one man, eh?"

"That's so. These birds I have with me here are all pets. I shouldn't ever part with them, although they're poor songsters. Those others were bred to sell and to show. Sorry, sir. Look round next time you're in the city."

Brett, although he was receiving scant encouragement, showed no signs of hurrying away. He moved, instead, a little nearer to the desk and stood beside the canary breeder.

"You couldn't tell me, I suppose," he asked insinuatingly, "to whom you sold them?"

"No, I couldn't," was the prompt reply; "and it wouldn't be any good to you if I did. He's a wealthy man and he wouldn't part with one of them for its weight in gold."

"Nevertheless, you don't happen to remember his name?" Brett persisted.

The young man, who had begun once more to write in his ledger, turned around and faced his questioner. His red lips protruded, his eyes seemed more unpleasant than ever.

"What business is it of yours whom I sold them to?" he demanded. "I tell you he wouldn't part with one of them. Isn't that enough for you?"

Brett glanced over his shoulder. There was no doubt that the little waiting room behind—a room, it appeared, devoted to travelers' samples—was empty. Nevertheless, he dropped his voice.

"I am very anxious," he confided, "to discover the present whereabouts of the man who bought your canaries. What name shall we give him? It doesn't really matter, does it? Matthew the Killer he was once called in the force."

There was a queer silence, broken only by a sharp intake of breath on the part of Mr. Chittuck, and a hopeful chirp from one of the birds that had at last succeeded in balancing itself upon its master's collar. Then the pen slipped from the latter's nerveless fingers and fell spluttering to the floor. One very dirty hand, scarcely adorned by a palpably imitation diamond ring, gripped the side of the desk. He stared at his harmless-looking visitor and he was a man very much afraid.

"Who are you?" he muttered.

"I am from Scotland Yard, of course," Brett admitted. "I don't wish you any harm, Chittuck. We've got nothing against you just for the present, except that we know that you've had goods from Ellis & Humphreys and that you're one of the gang, but we want Matthew—we want him like hell."

"How did you tumble to this?"

"Luck," was the frank confession—"sheer downright luck! We've got a four or five page record of Matthew's weaknesses, various disguises he's made use of, his habits and every particular we could collect about him at Scotland Yard. One of these weaknesses has always been a partiality for canaries. He's never been without them. Now when the show came on we thought it just worth while to have a man at the Agricultural Hall."

Mr. Chittuck gasped, dabbing some of the unhealthy perspiration from his forehead.

"I must tell you that we weren't particularly fortunate there," Brett continued. "We had a good man watching your store, but the transaction was done too quickly. We were never able to get more than the faintest description of the purchaser. Still, in the morning there was your picture in the Sketch, and one happened to remember that the firm of Chittuck & Baynes had goods—were they always leather? I wonder, Mr. Chittuck—sent them from the late firm of Ellis & Humphreys, of Endale Street."

"Blast the picture!"

"You are entitled to do so," Brett sympathized. "If I had not happened to be dining at the same little restaurant the night before last, and expressed some slight curiosity as to where I'd seen your face before, the letterpress underneath the picture would have escaped my notice and you would have been spared this visit. As it is, however, there is no reason why it should not be a friendly one. I understand that this is a genuine business of yours, Mr. Chittuck. You are doing well, eh?"

"I am doing what you'll tell me I've never done before," was the fierce reply. "I'm making money fast, and I'm making it honestly. We are working overtime and I've orders enough on the books to last us two years. I've got a good working partner, although he ain't much to look at—a safe, respectable man—and then you come butting in—all along of the little yeller birds too!"

"You needn't curse them," Brett assured him earnestly. "I don't wish you any harm, Chittuck. Believe me, we aren't a lot of brutes at Scotland Yard. If we see a man who's been off the tracks once or twice settling down and trying to make an honest living, we let him alone. Tell me where to find Matthew and it's good-by and good luck to you."

The boot manufacturer eyed his visitor suspiciously.

"You mean to tell me straight you don't know?"

"I don't know."

"You've come down to Norwich just to see me?"

"Entirely to see you."

The young man drew a stool towards him, perched himself upon it and once more he mopped his damp forehead. Then he sat doubled up, his elbows upon the desk, his grimy hands supporting his grimy face, staring gloomily out into the yard. The canary upon his head endeavored to liven matters up with a few monotonous chirps.

"This is a nice bit of hell," the distracted man groaned. "If I tell you anything about Matthew, he'll murder me sure. There's never been an informer yet who didn't get his, and if I don't tell you I suppose you'll chevy me out of the city."

"We won't consider that possibility, Chittuck," Brett said soothingly, "because you're going to tell me."

The man edged a little nearer to his visitor. His dirty fingers were drumming now upon the desk, his confident, high-pitched voice had deserted him. He spoke almost, it seemed, with difficulty.

"And when you've found him," he demanded, "what about it? What's the good of it all? You can't take him. You know his history. He's been driven into a corner and surrounded a dozen times. The thing's always had the same ending. He never enters a house, walks in a street or embarks upon a journey without having considered and guarded against every possibility. His means of escape are always there. He'll walk out upon you and it will cost a few more lives. You leave him alone, guv'nor."

"Don't be foolish," Brett replied firmly. "It isn't our job at Scotland Yard to let criminals alone, and you know that."

"Then let someone else take on the job," the manufacturer continued sullenly. "You're a young feller—don't look as though you'd much fight in you either. Let the old-timers take Matthew on."

"Chittuck," the detective said, and the sternness of his voice was such that the mildness of his appearance was easily forgotten, "there's nothing we folk hate more than to break in upon a man who's trying to lead an honest life. We've got our job to do, though, and that comes first. You've got to tell me where to find Matthew or take your chance with us, and you and I both know that that's a slim affair."

Again the young man mopped his forehead with a soiled yellow handkerchief. He slid to the ground from his high stool and made a careful examination of the room, even raising the blind and looking out of the window into the back yard. Then he returned and stood by the detective's side.

"Fourteen miles from here, mister," he confided—"you can spot it on the map—is a house called Lesser Wilderness Hall. It belongs to Lord Fakenham, and it's supposed to have the best shooting that side of Norfolk—seven thousand acres of it. It's been taken by a syndicate. They're there now, and one of the syndicate ——"

His voice broke for no apparent reason. He seemed unable to finish the sentence.

"One of the syndicate," Brett concluded coolly, "is Matthew?"

"Here's my last word to you," Chittuck declared, moistening his dry lips with his tongue: "Don't you think that he's sitting there like one of my little canary birds, waiting to be asked to hop into your cage. You keep away from Lesser Wilderness Hall. I've told you."

Philip Brett perhaps lacked one quality—the quality of caution combined with courage—which goes to the making of the greatest detectives. There seemed to him nothing rash, after a study of the map and a few general inquiries, in driving over towards Lesser Wilderness Hall the following afternoon for a preliminary reconnaissance. He had discovered from an estate agent in the city, whom he met at the bar of the hotel, that the shooting and hall were let to a syndicate, the head of which was a Mr. Martin Druce, a wealthy American.

"A stranger to these parts?" Brett had inquired.

The man had shaken his head. "Not entirely," he confided. "Mr. Druce had the Thursford shooting two years ago with, I believe, the same syndicate. They made a record bag of partridges, too, and didn't do so badly with the pheasants. His Lordship was very pleased with the way the shoot was run, and would have liked to have Mr. Druce take it on again, but for some reason or other he seemed to prefer Lesser Wilderness."

"Interesting old place, I should think," Brett ventured. "Are visitors allowed to see the pictures?"

"In the summer they are. When the house is let for the shooting they're all locked up."

Brett departed with a new thrill of admiration for this man whose capture was the dearest wish of his heart. Before stepping into his car he glanced once more at a little note in his local guidebook, referring to Lesser Wilderness Hall:

The gem of the collection is, without a doubt, the portrait of Lady Amelia Holcombe, by Gainsborough, which will be found in the South Room. Many critics have proclaimed it the

Look at *your* lighter!

Is the sparking wheel permanently covered with a metal cap

?

Can you light it every time without smudging your thumb

?

Is it of good style and design, made like a fine watch

?

Is it impossible for it to go off in your pocket and start a fire

?

Then the name "CLARK" is on the bottom—so

—or it should be, for we have a patent on the permanently covered sparking wheel and the separate operating wheel.

Ever since people used Clark Lighters, imitations have been made. We expect that. But you can protect yourself. The simplest way is to ask for a Clark, then see the name on the bottom of the lighter.

Clark Lighters, clean, safe, that always work can be bought for as little as $7.50 or for as much as you want to pay.

W. G. CLARK & CO., Inc.
NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.
Showrooms: 584 Fifth Ave., New York

CLARK
ALWAYS WORKS

To Men "From Missouri"

Let Us Show You

That what we claim for this unique shaving cream is based on scientific fact

10 Shaves FREE
Mail the Coupon

GENTLEMEN.

We like to make a booster of men with "the world's toughest beards" by proving that Palmolive Shaving Cream is quick, luxurious, and leaves the face feeling "like a million dollars."

For it isn't the ads that sell Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It's our policy of *giving* the first ten shaves free, to PROVE its supremacy.

And second, the word-of-mouth advertising for it, as one man tells another—in clubs, in Pullmans, on the links.

Hundreds of thousands have made this free test

We say "*Don't buy . . . yet*"—first let us *prove* our case. For we know the majority of men who make our test, thereafter stick to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Sixty years of soap study stand behind it. Years were spent in our laboratories trying one formula after another, discarding them one by one. Success finally came after our 129th test.

Here are the five unique features we claim for Palmolive Shaving Cream. See if they are not what you've always sought for shaving comfort.

The ideal shaving cream

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you ... to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

3854

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1439, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address

finest existing example of the great artist, and no picture lover should leave the county without an attempt to see it.

For ten miles the way which Brett had traced out upon the map led along the main road to Aylsham. Afterward he found himself involved in a series of extraordinarily intricate narrow lanes where sometimes the road seemed to disappear altogether. A slight mist was falling when at last a broken-down signpost, pointing to a rough road on the other side of a white gate, indicated the direction to Lesser Widerness Hall. Brett opened the gate and proceeded cautiously along a track which became suddenly precipitous. Then, without warning, he found it emerge upon a more definite thoroughfare, leading steeply down to a sort of hollow between a rolling slope of common and a belt of thick wood. He drove carefully, negotiated an abrupt corner successfully and jammed on his brakes with a little start of surprise.

On his left, stark to the road, situated, as it were, in the middle of a parklike field, was a huge Georgian mansion, with row after row of windows, and a glimpse on the other side of spreading gardens. It was not the sudden appearance of the house, however, which had taken Brett so much by surprise as the fact that he had driven almost into the midst of a typical little shooting party on its way home. There were four or five men in conventional homespuns, with pipes in their mouths and guns over their shoulders, a couple of keepers, half a dozen dogs, two game carts and a straggling line of beaters carrying long sticks with red flags.

Brett suddenly felt every fiber in his body tense. There could be no danger in the middle of a crowd like this, but nevertheless he was conscious of his rashness. A tall athletic-looking man in dark green shooting clothes handed the gun which he had been carrying to a keeper and crossed the road toward the car. With one hand upon the screen, he leaned toward Brett. His lips were parted in what, save for some other and stranger qualities, might well have been a smile of welcome.

"At last, my dear Brett!" he exclaimed. "We expected you yesterday."

Major Lawton, the chief constable of Norfolk, was only too anxious to do anything to oblige Lady Muriel, but her whirlwind arrival had staggered him a little, and the strange story she recounted so breathlessly was a severe tax upon his credulity.

"You must remember, Lady Muriel," he pointed out, "that a county like Norfolk, where everyone is somebody else's neighbor and everybody knows everybody else's business, is the last place in the world where a gang of desperate criminals would be likely to come and hide."

"Not this man," she argued—"not Matthew. Mr. Brett would never have wasted his time coming down here unless he had had some information worth following up. Why should he have disappeared if the gang hadn't got hold of him?"

"His disappearance," the chief constable said, "was probably due to entirely natural causes. His car was discovered, as I have told you, at an early hour this morning, in a lane leading to Wroxham Broad. We have telephoned the police and they are searching every place in the vicinity. What probably happened was that Mr. Brett was hurt, staggered off to get help and collapsed. I expect news of him at any moment."

"Major Lawton," Lady Muriel persisted earnestly, "if the car has been found near Wroxham, then I am very certain that Mr. Brett is in another part of the county. Believe me, this is a very serious matter. The gang he is looking for are the people who committed the Warren's Stores burglary, where, you remember, they killed three men, and if they have got hold of Mr. Brett I can assure you that he is in urgent danger. There isn't a moment to be lost. The chief inspector is coming down himself this afternoon with two of his special men, but in the meantime we must start a search on our own account."

The chief constable frowned. "We have not yet invited the assistance of Scotland Yard."

"Oh, please don't be official," Lady Muriel broke in. "This is what I want you to do: There is a man living in Norwich named Chittuck, who raises canaries. Mr. Brett came here to see him. He knows where these men are hiding. He probably told Mr. Brett—he must tell us. Please come with me there."

"Chittuck?" Major Lawton repeated. "Yes, there is a well-known canary breeder of that name—a manufacturer of some sort, too, I believe."

He glanced through a directory, touched a bell, ordered his car and escorted Lady Muriel downstairs.

"If these criminals really are hiding in this part of the world," he remarked as they passed through the crowded streets, "I should have thought that a detective of Mr. Brett's experience would have come first to see me."

"He probably meant to as soon as he had made a few preliminary inquiries," Lady Muriel replied. "I expect they got hold of him while he was just looking around."

They pulled up outside the archway in the narrow street, knocked at the door of the office and were admitted by the boot manufacturer himself. The chief constable greeted him almost ingratiatingly. There was nothing in the least official about his manner.

"Mr. Chittuck," he said, "this lady and I have come to ask if you would be good enough to answer a question."

The young man threw open the door of his office. He was entirely unsuspicious.

"Come in," he invited, motioning them to precede him. "Now what is it you want to know, please? How to breed prize-winning canaries, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the sort," Lady Muriel assured him. "We are in search of a man who has disappeared—a friend of mine. We think that you might help us."

Chittuck's whole manner changed. He endeavored to be truculent, but there was a scared look in his eyes.

"Why should I be able to help you?" he demanded harshly.

"Because," Lady Muriel lied blandly, "the last thing my friend told me before he left London was that he was coming to see you to get an address. We know that he came. He probably got it. He went off into the country the night before last and has not been heard of since."

"Well, that's nothing to do with me," Chittuck persisted nervously. "I haven't left these premises for two days. We've too much work to do here to take on other people's troubles."

Major Lawton was beginning to be a little more interested. The man's manner was certainly strange.

"We quite understand that, Mr. Chittuck. You know who I am, perhaps—Lawton, the chief constable of the county. This young lady is connected with Scotland Yard. All that we want from you is the address you gave Detective Brett."

The manufacturer leaned for a moment with his elbows upon his high desk and his head buried in his hands.

"I wish people would leave me alone," he groaned, looking up at last. "Well, here you are. Brett asked me where a certain person was and I told him. He is at Lesser Widerness Hall."

"Lesser Widerness Hall!" the chief constable exclaimed. "Why, my dear Lady Muriel, that's where Martin Druce's shooting syndicate is. A delightful fellow! He had Lord Thursford's shoot last year—came in to see me only the other day about some licenses."

"Is that all you want of me?" Chittuck asked inhospitably.

Major Lawton took the hint. "That's all, Mr. Chittuck," he said, "and we're very much obliged to you. At the same time, as Brett's car was found near Wroxham, which is in exactly the opposite direction, I don't imagine your information will be of much

(Continued on Page 56)

National MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

Here's a Free Kit for You

YOU want spare lamps, of course. No one likes to be left on some dark road at night—with head or rear lamp out. Besides it's dangerous and the law says "stop".

But where can you keep spare lamps — safely — conveniently? This Auto Lamp Kit answers that question. It is compact, shock-proof. You can carry it anywhere in your car. It will hold three lamps. And it costs you nothing. Just take the coupon below to your auto lamp dealer and get a kit free.

Make sure the lamps you buy have the mark MAZDA on the base. There are no better lamps than National MAZDA Lamps—and they cost you no more.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co.* Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

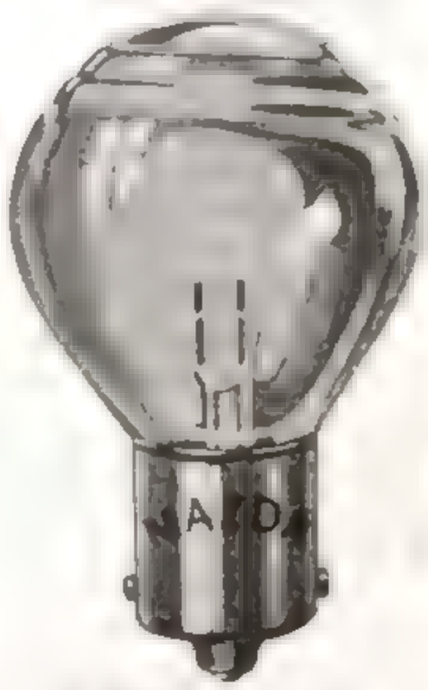
Free Lamp Kit Coupon

Sign this coupon and take it to any National MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer in exchange for it he will give you a National Auto Lamp Kit (lamps not included) absolutely FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

GE A PRODUCT GENERAL ELECTRIC



MAZDA is a mark, not a name—the mark of the research service of General Electric Company, which has been the leader in those developments which have produced the modern incandescent lamp

Here's a solid citizen!

These stalwart all-brass alarm clocks are called Ansonia Squareclox. They won't tumble or stumble on your bureau.

Resign today from the Coffee-Guzzlers! Squareclox get you up in time to enjoy breakfast.

The whole family trusts the honest hands of Squareclox. Three sizes at jewelers', druggists', hardware and department stores . . . $3.50

Your choice

ANSONIA
SQUARECLOX
FINE ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS — Over 5 in. high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

SQUARE OWL . . . about 4 inches high, fine brass case, black faced, radium dial.

SQUARE RASCAL — Under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 East 41st St., New York. Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated. (X the one you want)

Square Boss ☐ Square Owl ☐ Square Rascal ☐

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from Page 54)

use to us. Good morning, and good luck to the canaries."

Lady Muriel forgot to make her adieus. In the archway, she staggered a little and clutched at her companion's arm.

"Well, that doesn't help us much, does it?" he remarked cheerfully as he paused to light a cigarette.

"Major Lawton," she asked, "how long will it take us in your car to get to Lesser Widerness Hall?"

"About three-quarters of an hour. It's an out-of-the-way corner of the world. But why in the world do you want to go there? Brett was evidently on his way to Wroxham, nearly thirty miles in the opposite direction. That's where his car was found."

"It would be," she answered patiently. "Major Lawton, please have confidence in me and do as I ask. Collect an escort of policemen, get a weapon of some sort for yourself and come to Lesser Widerness Hall as fast as you can."

The chief constable laughed indulgently. "Well," he conceded, "I'll drive you over there with pleasure, but as to bringing a carload of policemen, believe me, Lady Muriel, you misapprehend the situation entirely."

"It is you who do that," she answered quickly. "I don't blame you. No criminal in the world has ever had such an outrageous nerve as Matthew. Bring as small an escort as you please. I'm not afraid, if you're not, but do start!"

Her companion compromised. Followed by a single car containing three plain-clothes policemen, they were soon flying along the Aylsham Road.

"Why did this man Druce come to see you?" Lady Muriel inquired.

"He wasn't sure about licenses and he wanted to be on the safe side. You see, one of the syndicate is a manufacturer in London and interested in slum work, and he brings his own beaters down for a holiday—twenty of them—and although, of course, Druce pays the keepers belonging to the shoot, he makes very little use of them—brings two men of his own who come over from his place in Hungary. From what I've heard said of him, there's no one can teach him anything about the running of a shoot."

Lady Muriel half closed her eyes. "His own keepers, his own beaters!" she murmured. "What about the indoor servants?"

"Naturally he has to arrange for them," Major Lawton answered a little stiffly. "I did hear that he'd engaged a butler from Norwich, but the rest came down from London. I really don't think you need take this so seriously, Lady Muriel. I can assure you that there is nothing to be alarmed about."

"You think not?" Lady Muriel laughed bitterly. "Yet—as you'll find out in a very short time—the syndicate is composed entirely of criminals, and the beaters and servants are members of the gang."

"In that case," the chief constable remarked with a skeptical smile, "we are going to be somewhat in the minority, I am afraid."

Lady Muriel made no reply. She was deliberately charging the small automatic she had drawn from her hand bag.

Lesser Widerness Hall, viewed from the main entrance, presented an austere and inhospitable front, with lines of closely drawn blinds. At the back, however, which was the approach chiefly used, there were some slight signs of movement. One or two of the villagers and two of the gardeners were talking. The resident gamekeeper had just ridden up on his bicycle. He touched his hat to Major Lawton.

"Are the gentlemen shooting today?" the latter inquired.

"Noa, sir, they ain't shooting that I know on," the man replied hesitatingly.

The door was opened by a very personable-looking butler in morning clothes. Major Lawton repeated his inquiry:

"The party not shooting this morning?"

The butler stood on one side with a portentous gesture and they passed into the stone hall. He closed the door behind them.

"No, sir," he replied. "To tell you the truth, sir, the party is broken up."

"Broken up?" his questioner repeated.

"Things has happened here which I don't rightly comprehend," the butler continued with an air of increasing mystery. "They're mostly, I believe, City gentlemen who have been staying here, and from what I have heard of their conversation, I took it that something must have happened in the City. There was a good deal of telephoning last night, and they all left soon after dinner."

"Where are the rest of the servants?" Lady Muriel asked.

"They've gone, too, sir, and the beaters," the man confided. "I'm from Norwich myself. I was paid up quite handsomely and told to leave tonight, but a queerer business I never knew in my life, sir. You will pardon me, madam," he added, turning to Lady Muriel, "but might this be Lady Muriel Carter?"

"Yes," she replied hastily.

"There is a letter for Your Ladyship," he announced, hurrying away for a salver and presenting a square envelope. "Mr. Druce must have been expecting you, for he left word you were to have it directly you arrived."

LESSER WIDERNESS HALL,
WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Dear Lady Muriel: Am I right, I wonder? I am imagining that you will arrive somewhere about twelve o'clock tomorrow morning, with a strong escort of Norfolk constabulary armed to the teeth. Sorry we can't stay to welcome you, but there have been too many of these little affairs already, and it is hard to get up an interest in a fight with country policemen. They shoot so badly.

I really could not find it in my heart—yes, I have a heart, Lady Muriel—to be unkind to your ingenuous little friend. He wabbled so innocently into trouble that I should have felt like shooting a sitting hare if I had dealt with him seriously. Besides, although I regret having to bring my visit to such an abrupt end, it has been on the whole a great success. The Gainsborough is all and more than I imagined. It will give me infinite pleasure in the future, unless I make up my mind to sell it. That at present, however, is not my intention. Strangely enough—don't be angry—I find it curiously reminiscent of you as you appeared at the Comtesse de Grignolles' reception.

Au revoir,
MATTHEW.

P.S. How terrible! I nearly forgot what you will doubtless consider the most important part of this letter. If you will go into the South Hall and press the head of the third oak-carved dryad over the mantelpiece, a door will swing out which leads to the famous Widerness hiding place. Inside you will discover our little friend Philip Brett, rather cramped, I am afraid, but otherwise well cared for. It was clever of him to find me, but tell him to try to contrive a less one-sided meeting next time so that we may really come to an explanation.

They hurried to the South Hall, and the chief constable groaned when he saw the empty frame which had once inclosed the famous picture hanging upon the wall. The secret chamber was easily discovered, and Brett unhurt, but pale with suppressed anger, staggered into the light. The chief constable helped him out and looked curiously into the stuffy little room. On a rough oaken shelf there still remained a plentiful supply of food, several bottles of wine and a box of cigarettes, but the walls were three feet thick and the only ventilation came from an opening in the chimney. He stepped back into the room, to find Brett gazing furiously at the empty frame.

"My sincere apologies, Lady Muriel," the chief constable said. "All the same, even if the fellow is a desperate criminal, he didn't treat your friend so badly. I see he's still got a bottle of Pol Roger 1911 left."

But, as they knew before night, Matthew's heart was not all kindness; for at lock-up time Aaron Chittuck was discovered shot through the heart in his office.

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 23)

on What I Think of Harry Lauder—By Scraggy. So famous did this extraordinary quadruped become that crowds assembled every night at the Pavilion stage door to see his arrival and departure. His journey to the theater was a nightly West End sensation and 'Arry Laudah's 'oss became notorious.

One evening he slipped up in Piccadilly Circus, and as he was very tired after his walk from Lambeth, he refused to rise. It required the united efforts of ten policemen and as many civilians to get him on his feet and he had literally to be carried to the side path, where he stood stock-still for fully a quarter of an hour. After this breathing spell, and entirely of his own volition, his attendant having mysteriously disappeared in search of some liquid refreshment, he ambled off in the direction of the Pavilion accompanied by several policemen and a crowd of highly amused pedestrians. Scraggy was funnier than ever that night, because he was covered with mud which we had no time to remove.

Poor old Scraggy! Two days after I finished my season at the Pavilion, and being at Edinburgh, where I had opened a provincial tour, I learned from the papers that the old horse had been found dead in his Lambeth bed. The excitements of a stage life had been too much for him. His success had killed him! But he provided me with a vast amount of free publicity, and had I been in London I would have seen that old Scraggy's mortal remains were saved from the last indignity of the cats' meat man's barrow.

Even when I was reading of Scraggy's death I was having another experience of a different kind with another stage horse. The Man They Left Behind had been so popular in London that I resolved to sing the song, equine partner and all complete, on my provincial tour. So at Edinburgh I had to get a horse for the part. Early on the Monday morning of my Edinburgh week I went down to the well-known horse emporium of the Messrs. Croall and told the folks there that I required an animal that would not be frightened at music and the strange surroundings of the footlights. I was told that they would send up one of the quietest horses in the stable and one that wouldn't be upset by all the military or bagpipe bands in Scotland.

I was content to leave the matter in the hands of the Croalls, being the more ready to do this because I rather prided myself on my knowledge of horses and ability to manage them. You see I had been a pony driver in the mines for some time and you get "gey thrawn wee deevils" among the underground horses. The horse sent up to the Empire on the Monday night was quiet enough in the wings and submitted to all the strange trappings we put on him without a symptom of annoyance. He even carried me onto the stage all right and began to look around with what I thought was an intelligent interest. But all of a sudden, as I was doing the walk-round for my first chorus, he laid his ears back and made to savage me as I passed the side of the stage nearest to him. I made a very real start away from him.

Again the audience thought this was all in the play and they yelled their hearty approval. Peter, as I called this Edinburgh horse, had his attention thus diverted from me and walked down to the very edge of the footlights and stared quizzically at the people in front. This was

(Continued on Page 59)

THAT $2,000,000,000 Repair Bill

Wasted Money!

Motor car repair bills that can be easily eliminated by one simple precaution

LAST year the American public spent $2,000,000,000 for repairs and upkeep. And 80% of this repair bill was waste!

For any garageman will tell you that 80% of repair bills can be avoided—that they are due to one simple thing—*lack of proper lubrication*.

95% of all cars today are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. The car manufacturer has put this system on your car *for you to use*. For he knows that if you use it regularly you will eliminate most repair bills.

But avoid one thing particularly:—don't just have your car "greased." Have your car Alemited! There is a vast difference.

Alemite-ing!

Ever since the Alemite system demonstrated the tremendous importance of high pressure lubrication, thousands of "greasing stations" have sprung up everywhere. And the market has been flooded with cheap greases. Greases full of soap, fatty acid and cheap fillers. They break down under the Alemite high pressure system of lubricating, become gummy and literally eat up a bearing. They are as bad as no lubricant at all. This is what may happen when you merely have your car "greased"

Alemite-ing (trade-marked) means to have your car lubricated with genuine Alemite chassis lubricant. This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero.

All dealers who do genuine Alemite-ing display the sign shown above. They use genuine Alemite Lubricants in order to get this sign.

The sign, therefore, is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive.

What to ask for

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service:—

1. BEARINGS:—
   Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. GEARS:—
   By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter it "freezes" up, and makes gears hard to shift. The grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

   The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1½ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. It lubricates freely at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in coldest weather.

3. SPRINGS:—
   Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

We ask you to try this service just once. Look for the sign as you drive along. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. But, equally important, if you use this service regularly you will eliminate, once and for all, the biggest single item in the operating cost of an automobile.

Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2642 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

First American Car to Offer Westinghouse Vacuum Brakes!

CHANDLER *today* anticipates the mode and the needs of *tomorrow!*

New Royal Eights and new Sixes that today give you tomorrow's smart body styles—tomorrow's speed-suggestive lines—tomorrow's ground-hugging lowness—and new vacuum brakes designed for the 1928 Chandler by the Westinghouse Air Brake Company!

Westinghouse Vacuum Brakes are beyond question the greatest safeguard ever introduced in an automobile. A 5-year-old schoolgirl can stop these new cars with absolute ease and safety. A gentle touch on the pedal applies all four brakes instantly and evenly, with positive control.

And these new cars give you real high-compression power—tremendous in volume and range—always vibrationless and quiet.

Chandler has today what all fine cars must have eventually—*centralized automatic chassis lubrication.* Chandler pioneered this great advance—and is still the lowest-priced car that offers it.

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND

CHANDLER

SIXES & ROYAL EIGHTS • $995 to $2195, f. o. b. factory • SEE—DRIVE—COMPARE

(Continued from Page 56)

another bit of acting much to the liking of the audience, and it certainly made a hit with me, too, at the moment. The number finished in fine style, I caught hold of Peter, mounted him and rode off the stage. His exit was a trifle spirited, I must admit, for he "breenged" up against the scenery, clattered across the prompt side and very nearly came to grief among some props lying there for a later act. I narrowly escaped being precipitated down a stairway leading to the proscenium.

All the same we had made a very fine start as a double act and I was quite pleased with Peter's eccentricities, which I put down to mere playfulness. Next night, however, he was in high fettle and had evidently made up his mind to do things. He started by prancing about the stage so much that I could not get on with the song. Sometimes I was running after him; more often he was running after me; and I didn't half like the look in his eye either. All at once he started to back in the direction of the footlights. I seized hold of the reins and began to pull. The harder I pulled, the more he backed. The people rocked in their chairs with merriment, thinking that this was some glorious new stunt with a comic horse that Harry Lauder had invented for their amusement.

When, however, the drummer in the orchestra looked up and found a horse's tail swishing directly over his head he beat a hasty retreat from his place, and his action was followed by several members of the band nearest to him. Two or three of the occupants of the first row of stalls likewise hurried away to safety. Soon the whole house was in an uproar. Those who were out of reach of all possible danger continued to scream with uncontrollable laughter, but the remainder of the musicians and the people in the front seats started a general stampede.

A Round of Leg Pulling

My wife was a terrified spectator from the wings and I could hear her shouting to the stage hands to go and help me to "pull the brute back before he killed somebody!" Just when it seemed a certainty that the horse would make a very undignified descent into the big drum, it occurred to him to look round and see where he was going, so to speak. After a moment or two of hesitation he sprang forward. The tension on the reins thus suddenly broken, I went heels over head upstage, my steed jumped over my body and went dashing into the wings, foaming at the mouth. The stage hands flew for their lives, but Peter's attendant soon had him under control. That was his last night as my assistant. Afterward I had a horse of a much more docile disposaition, greatly to the relief of the drummer and his immediate associates.

I have always thoroughly enjoyed my provincial tours in England, Scotland and Ireland. Wherever I go I get real good entertainment during the day—fishing, golfing or shooting. After Edinburgh and Glasgow, on the trip of which I am writing, I played Southport in Lancashire. One day I had gone out with a friend to have a round of golf, forgetting that George Foster, my agent, and a London manager named Harry Masters were coming up to see me on an important business matter. When they arrived and were informed that I had gone golfing they said they would like to see what sort of a game this golf business really was.

Neither of them had ever played it or seen it. As a matter of fact, golf had not then taken England by storm as it has since done. There were lots of courses, but comparatively few players.

So Foster and Masters did not think they were doing anything amiss when they marched onto Formby Golf Course in silk hats, frock coats and white spats. By the time they walked out onto the links and came up to us we were playing the fifth or sixth hole. I told them to walk behind with Tom and watch how the game was played. But I don't think they paid much attention until Tom, always keen on a practical joke, noticed that the pocket strap of my golf bag was unfastened and that a fine new ball—one of two I had bought at the professional's shop before setting out had dropped onto the fairway.

"Hullo," said Tom on coming up with the ball. "Somebody has lost a ball here. Better pick it up, George. It's worth two bob and Harry is always willing to buy a good ball cheap. He'll give you a shilling for it."

Foster did as he was told, never suspecting that his leg—to say nothing about mine—was being pulled.

"I've just found this new ball, 'Arry," he said. "Is it worth a shilling to you?"

A Trick of Fate

I took the ball, examined it, and decided that it was worth all of that amount. Foster took his shilling and fell back to join Masters and Tom. A few holes later Harry Masters came to me with another new ball, said he had found it on the course, and asked me what I would give him for it.

"The same as George got!" I replied, forking out another shilling and congratulating both silk-hatted gentlemen on their ball-finding proclivities. "In fact," I added, "I think I'll stop playing and have a look round myself for balls; the Formby golfers seem to lose a lot!"

At this stage Tom, as he told me afterward, was on the point of explaining the joke, when another ball trickled between Foster's legs. It had been driven by one of the plus-2 men of the club playing a game behind us. Foster instantly stooped down, picked up the ball and promptly offered it to me for another shilling. As I had not seen the ball coming, being too intent on my own game, I took it from him and was examining it with a view to purchase when loud yells from the rear caused us to look round.

One of the Formby members was waving his driver in the air and saying words which sounded to me tolerably like an outburst of general cursing. As I pocketed the found ball and was dipping into my trouser pocket for still another shilling to pass over to Foster, the player behind came dashing up with wild oaths directed not to any one of us but to, as he phrased it, "the whole damned thieving bunch of you!"

Tom, the scoundrel, turned away choking with laughter. Foster, rather a dignified person at all times, turned upon the stranger with a speech beginning "How dare you?" But he got no further, for the Formby member—one of the most fluent and original specialists in swearing I have come across in a long lifetime—denounced us singly and as a company for the most contemptible and villainous gang of thugs and outsiders that had ever had the nerve to spoil the landscape of a respectable golf course. Foster and Masters he described as a "couple of damned quack doctors from the beach at Blackpool," while I was "worse than the caddies who stole balls from a player's bag, because I was at least dressed like a golfer and ought to know better than to buy balls picked up by my overdressed friends before they had stopped rolling."

By this time I deemed it expedient to take a hand in the argument, but the information, given in what was intended by me to be convincing and dramatic style, that I was Harry Lauder and ought to explain that my friends from London did not ken much about golf, rather added fuel to the fire of the Formby man's wrath and off he started again. He passed some particularly pungent and personal remarks about myself, hinted that he was more than disposed to credit all the stories he had heard about me, in view of the first-hand knowledge he now had as to how I got my golf balls, and vowed that the local police should be called in to deal with the whole disgraceful situation.

Had it not been for Tom I do not know what the end of it all would have been. He came forward, still laughing hilariously, and explained the joke he had played not only on Foster and Masters but on myself. Immediately I heard the staggering news that I had been buying my own golf balls I hastily opened the pocket of my bag, assured myself that it was true, and rounded on Foster and Masters with a vocabulary second only in quality and selectness to that of the Formby member. On his part, having now something to laugh at, the edge of his anger was turned and an hour later the episode was declared ended and all wounds healed at the nineteenth hole.

One golf story leads to another and while I am at it I may as well tell you what happened to me on the Auckland Course in New Zealand. The first time I played there, some years ago, I had the same caddie for two days running, but on the third day a strange boy came up to the first tee and handed me my driver.

"Hullo," said I; "you're not the same boy as I had yesterday and the day before. Is he ill?"

"No, Sir Harry," said the lad, "he's quite well."

"Then why is he not caddying for me today?" I asked.

"Well, sir, we tossed for it today—I mean we tossed which of us should carry for you," replied the boy, looking just a bit sheepish or sulky—I wasn't sure which. I must confess that I felt a little elated that the New Zealand caddies should toss among one another for the honor of carrying my clubs.

"So you won, did you?" I went on.

"No, sir," came back the prompt answer, "I lost!" Think it over, folks.

They tell a good story about me at an Australian course through which a railway runs. At one of the holes you have to drive over the rails. I had a very nice game, with two or three birdies in the round, and was feeling so good that I perhaps erred on the side of generosity in the way of a tip to my caddie at the finish. Immediately on returning to the pen he was asked by the other caddies what I had given him.

"Five shillings," he proudly remarked and showed the two half crowns.

"Gee," exclaimed one of his companions, "you must have saved his life at the railway crossing!"

An Eagle by Freight

Of the hundreds of golf courses all over the world on which I have played I think my own home course at Kirn in Argyllshire is the loveliest from a scenic point of view. The vistas of mountain, moor and loch which you get from many of the tees there are unexcelled. Every time I play a round at Kirn it takes me about four hours, because I simply have to stop after every other shot and lose myself for a few minutes in a spellbound admiration of scenes of majestic loveliness. The golf, too, is quite hard enough for me. If I shoot anything round 90 I think I have played above myself. Of course there are no railway engines to help me at Kirn as there are at Monifieth in Forfarshire, that little golf-mad town which has sent so many professionals to earn fame and fortune in America. Once I was playing a game there with Willie Blackwood. The first hole runs alongside the railway track its entire distance. On this occasion I drove off, sliced my ball so badly that the driver of a slow goods train saw it coming, caught it in his hands and dropped it out on the first green. It was lying dead when I came up to it and I got a two at a pretty hard four hole. How's that for an untrue golf story?

But this one is really true. Only a few days ago I went over with Blackwood to his club at Oxhey, that beautiful course near London presided over professionally by the genial, giant Ted Ray. As we had booked a time by phone the news leaked out that I was going to perform and there was quite a number of members of both sexes round the tee when we arrived. Before leaving Harrow, however, we got hold of a very old and filthy golf ball which Blackwood's dog had

Does the . . .

New Blade Fallacy

Bar you from good shaves?

If you think a NEW blade is ready for shaving when you unwrap it you are pretty effectively barred from getting good shaves. That idea is a fallacy which is responsible for so many men putting up with poor shaves when they might have marvelously smooth ones.

Highly tempered steel is like a high-strung race horse—it requires constant care to keep it in condition. If you want that new blade to perform as it should, give it a rub down on a good strop just before you use it.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1785 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York London Montreal Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

An Open Letter from Donald MacDonald for Golf Professionals Only

Brother Pro's:

In our next announcement we tell our story to the duffers as well as to those who break ninety. But this is private stuff for you.

As you know, I built golf balls in England for twenty-three years. Then I made a discovery that is going to vitally affect golf in America. The secret has been put into a new ball. This amazing ball will drive further—fly straighter—pitch deader—and putt in a straighter line than any ball I ever saw. This is not opinion. I make these statements after mechanical tests with accurate machines.

The whole secret lies in the discovery of an astonishing new kind of core material—meets all specifications—and a new method of winding. After twenty-three years we've found out how to get real resiliency into a core and still wind in such a way as to completely prevent distortion and "out of balance."

Then we found a better way of putting on covers and our chemists perfected a cover that will stand more abuse than an elephant's hide.

This is not an old ball with a new name. It is a *new* ball; a *new* principle; a *new* manufacturer; a *new* plant; and NEW RESULTS in your game.

We can't ask you to accept such unusual statements blindly, so we ask that you write on your own stationery or send the coupon for complete information. We'll promise to show you things that will astonish you. No charge for the test.

For the players and others who have read this announcement in spite of our solemn warning we've got a plan. The coupon below should be filled in and mailed. Enclose a dollar bill and we'll send you three THRILLS—three of the greatest balls you ever played—and collect the balance of $1.25 when your mailman delivers the balls. Try them, play them, subject them to any test you like, cut one up if you wish. Then if you're not satisfied that you've bought the BALL of all Balls, return the pieces and we'll refund your money.

But you're going to get a new THRILL—a real surprise. Mail the coupon today.

Donald MacDonald

BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.,
Dept. 6-B
Detroit, Mich.

Never Before Such a **Golf Ball**

The THRILL at 75c and the TRUSTY at 50c employ the same principle of construction.

Pro's and Dealers should write immediately for full details.

Coupon for Players

Mr. Donald MacDonald
BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.,
Dept. 6-B, Detroit, Mich.

Here's my dollar. Send me three THRILLS. I'll pay my mailman the balance of $1.25 and you'll refund $2.25 if I'm not satisfied after playing the balls. (For a dozen send $9.00.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

My Golf Pro's Name_____

been playing with in his garden for perhaps a couple of months. Unless this ball was used in association with a club of some kind, nobody would have been able to tell what it was. It wasn't even round.

Arrived at the tee I solemnly took this monstrosity from my pocket, handed it to the caddie and ordered him to tee it up. The lad started to laugh, but I was as solemn as a judge.

"What the devil are you laughing at, boy?" I asked sternly.

"The b-b-ball, sir," stammered the caddie.

"What's wrong with the ball, boy?" I demanded. "I've played with it for four years. Put it down—a good high tee!" The caddie teed up and, wonderful to relate, I hit a beauty with it, the unshapely, dirty mass hurtling through the air for a good hundred and fifty yards. As Wullie and I moved off, not the semblance of a smile on our faces, we heard gasps, titters and "Well, I'm damned's" from the astonished Oxhey members, and I know for a fact that it took Major Stephens, the Oxhey secretary, who was in the know of our prank, quite a long time to prevail on them that I really put down a clean ball after the first shot.

But to revert to my stage work. As the months went on I began again to think about America and how nice it would be to get back there again and earn some real money. I had kept in close touch with Will Morris since my return. Every letter I had from him contained a sentence or two about my great success there and a hint that I had only to say the word and he would fix me up for a much longer tour at a salary which would make my earnings at home look like chicken feed. Then all at once, without even saying he was coming, Will walked into my dressing room at Liverpool. We shook hands.

Another Sphere of Usefulness

Will said, "When shall we sail?"

I said, "Just as soon as you can prevail on my British managers to release me—and that'll be never!" But Morris and George Foster between them managed the apparently impossible—at a price! I forget just how much consolation money we had to pay certain managers for their agreements to release me, but I remember that the sum made my blood boil and it was only the thought that I would come out all right on balance that induced me to make the trip.

While saying this I must at the same time admit that the call of America was very strong. There is an electrical something in the air of the United States and the great Dominion of Canada which, once it inoculates one's blood, cannot easily be resisted. Perhaps it is the freshness, the vitality, the spirit of youth which animates the peoples of the New World. If it is not these things I cannot define the lure—quite apart, believe me, from monetary considerations—America has always had for me. I have been going over there for more than twenty years now and, although my work is harder, much more strenuous, across the water, I feel a new inspiration every time I land in New York or Montreal for still another tour.

Yes, as I write these lines in Dunoon I find my mind wandering all over North America and I see rising before my eyes familiar forms and faces that I have come to love very much. This America-calling urge reminds me of the story about the Scottish minister who had accepted, in ecclesiastical language, "a call from God to another sphere of usefulness." His leading elder, discussing the vacancy thus created in the local church, remarked to the senior deacon that "it was a funny thing that God always called his meenisters awa' to a bigger steepend."

My second trip lasted for fourteen weeks. On this occasion I played ten weeks in New York and a week each in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago. I thought my previous experience in New York had taught me all there was to know about the States and its people. What a terrible mistake. One only gets to know the soul of a nation when one begins to work outward from its great towns and cities. So you will realize how interested I was in visiting the four wonderful cities I have mentioned. The week I spent in each of them convinced me that my American education was only beginning. Chicago is as different from New York as London is from Edinburgh; Boston might be on another continent so far as its comparison with Pittsburgh is concerned. While Philadelphia is again completely different from every other American city. It is more like a British city than any other place in the United States and that is probably the reason why so many British visitors have told me they feel perfectly at home there. I always do—but then I have traveled America so thoroughly and am a free man of so many of its chief cities that I am and feel quite at home in any place from coast to coast.

Gold Diggers in the New World

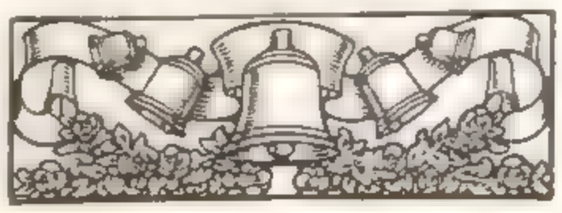
It is not my intention in these memoirs to embark on any sort of appreciation of the United States, its towns, their inhabitants and their characteristics. For one thing, I could not do justice to such an important and fascinating subject; and even if I attempted it, I am no Will Rogers on such a lay, and the result, though it would be flattering to my friends the American people, would be extremely disappointing judged as a literary effort. The only real thought behind this paragraph is my suggestion that it is always a dangerous thing hastily to judge a people or a country from a flying visit to one or two of the big centers.

After my first trip to New York I was under the impression that America was an open book to me and that I, shrewd fellow, had not taken long to weigh up its people, their mannerisms, their characteristics, their amazingly numerous good points and—well, their weaknesses. This extended tour the following autumn only served to show me how little I knew and to imbue me with the desire to become better and better acquainted with a country the vastness, the richness, the variety, the resources and possibilities of which made a tremendous impression on my mind. In later years and under exceedingly difficult circumstances the knowledge I acquired of America and the Americans during my earlier trips was to stand me in good stead when I became an unofficial ambassador of Britain—a Britain stricken, gasping, but defiantly determined to see a big thing through.

From a professional point of view my second vaudeville engagement in the States was even more successful than my first. The audiences took me and my songs to their hearts. I was as happy as a king—a lot happier than most kings I have met. And there was a smile on Will Morris' face that became broader and broader as the nightly returns were handed to him. Frequently I would "keek ower his shouther" to have a look at the figures for myself, and what I saw made distinctly good reading, mind, I'm tellin' ye. Often I would nervously ask Will if he thought the Lauder vogue would last in the States.

"Last, Harry!" he would exclaim. "Why, we have only started to scratch the soilface; we ain't got down to the real gold vein yet. We'll be diggers for ten years to come!"

While the native Americans certainly rolled up in their thousands, encouraged to do so by the extraordinarily kind criticisms of my performance which constantly appeared in the newspapers, there is no doubt in my mind that the exiled Scots in the States had more to do with my success than many people imagined. We are easily the most clannish race in the world. We love one another even if we don't trust one another. Wherever we scatter over the Seven Seas we seem to gravitate as surely as Newton's law operates. Let one Scot be attacked in a wilderness or on a cannibal island and another will pop up from nowhere to his rescue. Put a Scot in the mayor's chair of any city in the world and he'll have to spend more than half his time finding jobs for people from his own home town.



The expatriated Caledonians sure rallied to my support during my earlier trips to America. Not only this, they turned up at my shows in all manner of Scottish costumes—in kilts, with Balmoral bonnets, wearing tartan, ties, and many of them brought their bagpipes with them. They imparted an enthusiastic atmosphere to my appearances everywhere; their weird shouts and "hoochs" and skirls provided good copy for the journalists and next-day talking points for the natives. In the first twenty weeks I spent in the States I must have met personally ten thousand people who claimed acquaintance with me in "the auld days in Hamilton, Harry!" or Glasgow, or Arbroath, or Portobello, as the case might be. I shook hands with them all, lied when I told them I recognized them, and presented signed post cards to one at least out of every fifty.

Apropos this rallying of the Scotties to my banner, one of the most affecting incidents of my life occurred on the opening night of my second tour in New York. Before going on the stage I was handed a note signed by a Scot who said he had come all the way from Klondike to hear me. He had a personal message from five hundred miners up there to deliver to me—would I give him a few minutes after my turn was over? Of course I told Tom to wait at the stage door and bring him round. In due course the man from Klondike appeared—a big, burly, rough-and-ready chap hailing originally from Ayrshire.

A Man From the Frozen North

The tale he told me made the tears come to my eyes. There were many Scots in the mining camp he came from and when they heard that Harry Lauder was to appear in New York they decided to organize a sweepstake, the winner of which would have all his expenses paid to New York and back again. The only conditions laid down were that the lucky winner should secure the full words of all my songs and as many of the melodies as possible of the unpublished numbers and bring back a signed photo of myself to prove that the delegate had had actual personal contact with me.

My visitor had drawn the lucky number and had arrived in New York the previous Friday, after being on the road fully a fortnight. He told me that, in addition to the Scots who organized the sweepstake, hundreds of other miners had taken tickets and it was not until all the tickets had been sold that the awful thought arose in the minds of the promoters—what if an American, or an Irishman, or a Pole, or a German won the prize?

"Fortunately, my name came out of the bag first," said the Ayrshire man, "and here I am. Gosh, but I've had the time o' ma life, Mr. Lauder. And now I'll go back happy!"

I got Tom to give him copies of all the songs and lyrics which were not on sale and secured copies of those that were. I also prevailed on him to wait another night or two, which he did, and I got him a seat in the wings during my performances. The song he liked best was "We Parted on the Shore." The chorus he shouted so loudly from his place in the wings that I could scarcely hear myself singing it. He left for the frozen Northwest on Thursday and I never heard from him again.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Sir Harry Lauder. The sixth will appear next week

Waffles · Cookies · Short Cake—Um-m-m!

Baked Electrically—At the Table

EVERYONE loves waffles—tender, delicious, HOT. The kind that melts in your mouth. The perfect, evenly-browned kind that the Hotpoint Electric Waffle Iron bakes right at the table without fuss, muss or smoke.

But women have discovered, too, that they can make wonderful hot cookies as well. Chocolate cookies, vanilla cookies and many other kinds. What an unusual treat for a bridge party! And rich, light short cake—to be filled with luscious berries, right at the table, and eaten hot. There are more than fifty other unusual recipes that can be prepared with the Hotpoint Waffle Iron—a different dish for every week in the year.

Just place the Hotpoint Waffle Iron on the table, connect it to the nearest electric outlet, and pour on the batter. That is all you do. The aluminum grids need no butter or grease. The waffles or cookies or whatever you bake are browned deliciously on both sides without turning.

Hotpoint Waffle Irons are handsomely designed, and finished in heavy polished nickel. They are table appointments of unusual beauty. And only Hotpoint Waffle Irons have *inside* the patented CALROD electric heating element which is more efficient and practically indestructible. The perfect, even heating produces an even, golden brown—all around and on both sides. Prices, $10.50 to $15.00.

Hotpoint electric appliances are sold by electric companies and dealers everywhere. Insist on "Hotpoint" to make sure of highest quality and everlasting satisfaction.

Hotpoint Toast-Over Toasters Make Perfect Toast

Not too fast. Not too slow. Hotpoint toasting excellence has been perfected after countless experiments. The heat, spacing and time to toast are just right to caramelize the sugars in the outside crumb, driving in and sealing the delicious toast flavor *inside*. Then the toast is turned automatically by lowering the side rack—and the other side is toasted the same golden brown.

There are beautiful Toast-Over models, finished in highly polished nickel, at $6.00 and $8.00.

Fifty Delicacies Can Be Made on a Hotpoint Waffle Iron

Among the fifty-odd delicacies that can be prepared on a Hotpoint Waffle Iron are corn fritters, cookies, ginger cake, orange puff, mushrooms à la princess, short cake, cheese sandwiches. Here are two popular recipes that make the Hotpoint Waffle Iron a delight to own:

Dixie Corn Bread

1⅓ cups corn meal	2 tablespoons sugar
⅔ cup bread flour	1½ cups buttermilk
4 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs
½ teaspoon soda	3 tablespoons melted butter

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat eggs and buttermilk together. Combine the mixture and add melted butter. Heat waffle iron 6 to 8 minutes. Pour on batter equivalent to 5 or 6 tablespoons and bake to a golden brown.

Short Cake

2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar	1 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder	6 tablespoons melted butter

Sift flour, measure and again sift with dry ingredients. Add milk and melted butter. Mix thoroughly. Heat waffle iron five minutes, pour 5 to 6 tablespoons batter on grid and bake three minutes. Butter and serve with crushed fruit and whipped cream.

Hotpoint

SERVANTS

MADE BY EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.
5600 West Taylor Street Chicago, Illinois

A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION

February is Electric Waffle Iron Month. Hotpoint dealers and electric companies everywhere are displaying and featuring Hotpoint Waffle Irons. See your nearest dealer *today*.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC RANGES

No Shock Absorbers

No Hydraulics

The rapidity with which fine car builders are adopting Lovejoys reveals a fundamental change in public opinion regarding shock absorbers.

Motorists are demanding hydraulics because of the acknowledged efficiency of the hydraulic principle—and they are choosing Lovejoys above all other hydraulics, because in Lovejoys that efficiency is permanently maintained!

More people are riding on Lovejoys than on any other hydraulic shock absorber; and Lovejoys are offered as standard equipment on more makes of motor cars than all other hydraulics combined.

This overwhelming preference is based squarely on Lovejoy results—on a combination of riding comfort, operating efficiency, simplicity and economy exclusive to Lovejoys.

For Lovejoys eliminate all spring rebound—all jouncing, pitching and gallop. They add safety to driving by resisting side-sway and shimmy. And without the stiffening effect of "preloading" the springs, they counteract the invisible road irregularities which high-speed driving frequently magnifies to positive riding discomfort.

No condition of road or weather can impair the action of Lovejoys—for all moving parts are completely enclosed and operate in oil. Frequent or periodic adjustments are not necessary. And in seven years of actual use, no Lovejoy on record has ever worn out.

If the car you are buying is not Lovejoy equipped—have your dealer install them before you take delivery. And if your present car is not giving you the up-to-date comfort which so many motorists are now enjoying in this era of riding comfort—your car dealer or an Authorized Lovejoy Distributor of United Motors can install a set of four quickly and inexpensively.

Then you will know true riding comfort and then you will know why we say —no shock absorbers like hydraulics —no other hydraulics like Lovejoys.

Per Set of Four

$25

for Small, Light Cars

$40

for Other Cars

Small additional installation charge

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Delco-Remy

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION EQUIPMENT • • KLAXON HORNS
LOVEJOY HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS • • BLOSSOM AUTOMOBILE LOCKS

like *Hydraulics*
like Lovejoys

THE fact that Lovejoys are standard equipment on the following cars demonstrates how "Motordom is turning to Lovejoys":

MARMON
LASALLE
CHANDLER
REO FLYING CLOUD
CADILLAC
BUICK
REO WOLVERINE
OAKLAND*
ALL-AMERICAN SIX
AUBURN
STUTZ
OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC*
ELCAR-8
YELLOW TAXICAB

MACK BUS
YELLOW COACH
A C F COACH
GRAHAM BROS. CLUB COACH

**Frames especially drilled for installing Lovejoys as additional equipment*

YOUR automobile dealer or any Control Branch or Authorized Lovejoy Distributor of United Motors will install a set of 4 Delco-Remy Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers on your present car quickly and inexpensively.

This sign assures your comfort in the home you build or buy

NO other single material offers you all the services of Celotex; making your house stronger, far more comfortable, and less expensive to heat, at such little cost.

Those are good reasons why Celotex is preferred by more home owners—specified by more architects—used by more builders—than all other insulators *combined.*

Naturally, you want these great advantages for *your* home. And here is the way to be sure of getting them—

Look for the Celotex Sign

This sign is the mark of a well-built house; built with the best insulation that money can buy. Houses identified by this sign are of more certain resale and higher loan value. They are the kind that modern home buyers want.

And you will find that the builders who display this sign are men who know the best building practice. They want to give their customers real value in every part of house construction. They are good men to do business with.

Take no chances when you build or buy. There are builders everywhere who display the Celotex sign. If you have any difficulty in finding one in your community, write us.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois
Mills: New Orleans, Louisiana
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities
(See telephone books for addresses)
Sales Distributors throughout the World
In Canada:
Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Toronto
All Reliable Lumber Dealers Can Supply Celotex

A PRETTY LITTLE PROPERTY

(Continued from Page 9

playing anchor or bank with your peers, only raising your head now and again to shout "Forward!" or "Shop!" to the next man at sight of an approaching customer.

No need now to practice the slave virtue of obligingness; none of the old canine speeding at the beck and call of any passing riffraff. Hails from the other side could now be answered with dignity and deliberation, and "Thenk you, mum," and even "Ta" could be left out if only the bare penny were slipped into your palm. The supreme taciturnity and surliness of Jimmy at this happier epoch won him further respect from Mr. Vygoe. The Olympian quality of you-be-damnedness, with its possible symptomatic importance, is not undervalued in the City.

IV

THIS Vygoe was a dapper card of sixty, thickly studded with primary tokens of solvency—spats, a gold-rimmed eyeglass, cigars of the best, a jaunty manner and a white hat and waistcoat whenever the weather did not absolutely forbid them. He carried his head with a list to starboard, like the alert sparrow that he was. In thanksgiving for temporal blessings lately received in the E. C. postal district of London, he had just given the new parish of St. Chad's a church of atrocious appearance, called by his friends, V's Fire Insurance. Their joke was an old one.

Vygoe himself was something almost new in his time. In the wild world of finance he had pegged out a wild little claim of his own. He lived to carry to unexplored lengths the democratization of limited liability. Others might fuse groups of large businesses into combines still more megalosaurian or help suffering peers to dodge the death duties. Not Vygoe. With every fiber of his being he loved a little—a very little—joint-stock company that simply draws its breath, like the Wordsworthian child, and does not know that it is as good as born dead. Vygoe spawned these minor industrials with the copiousness of a she fish. He loved to feel that no laundry, no hairdressing saloon, no beerhouse free from brewer was too tiny to be led along the primrose path. You had only to keep everything in proportion. Admiring friends called him the champion dwarf-guinea-pig breeder.

Don't think that he was a mere bird of prey. He may have been that before, but by this time he was like a vulture turned humorist, almost artist. Or you might say that now, having sold to the public some scores of the smallest and skinniest pups ever seen, it piqued him to outdo himself and to sell to the same purchasers a truly infinitesimal pup—a pup almost invisible to the naked eye. Yes, he would float this fool ferry itself as a limited company. He would make the habitual bit for himself and he would get these poor devils out of their scrape. He was not an ill-natured man.

"You must be getting on—what?" he began, as Jimmy sculled him across. "Ever think of parting with this little business—what?—retiring? Selling out of it and living on your dividends—what, what?"

Jimmy spat twice, with a natural interval between, before he said, "Whose leg do you think you're a-pulling?"

Vygoe knew that, from Jimmy, this was not at all a bad first reception for the idea. He pursued:

"You might sell it for hundreds—what—thousands, perhaps. To investors, you know—to a company—what? Only wants a little timing—work a boom month, see?—sell on top o' that—what? Just you talk it over with your partners—what, what?"

Jimmy heaved his head half round, in the direction of the twenty boats decomposing on the Middlesex shore.

"Me partners?" he said. "Them ticks! Wot they got to do with it?"

"It's all or none, Jimmy," said Vygoe; "you just sound 'em—what? Ask 'em have they any use for a few hundred pound."

For the rest of that voyage across Jimmy grunted, "Me partners!" at short intervals, in a tone of disgust. But Vygoe fancied that the seed was germinating well in the dark.

V

IF YOU are a racing man, you may remember the mess there was that year on the first day of the Ailsa Park summer meeting. Half the turf world goes to Ailsa by road, over the old bridge at Shean, about half a mile from Jimmy's ferry. From the bridge it is only two miles to the course. But about nine on that morning, of all others, a big and ominous-looking crack was found to have opened itself in the middle arch of the bridge.

The borough surveyor of Shean was invoked. As soon as he looked at the crack he said the bridge might drop into the river at any time. So all traffic was instantly stopped and the bridge was barricaded.

All London, however, could not be told of this in a moment. By noon an endless column of motor cars was setting down in the quaint streets of Shean a mixed multitude of bookies and backers, lions and lambs, united in consternation. For the silver Thames flowed deep between the mall and the common objective.

Resourceful souls parked their cars and rushed to look for a ferry. From the farther shore Jimmy and his partners heard of a sudden the tramp, as it seemed, of thousands in the lane leading from Shean. The twenty-one had already got word of the crack and had hoped that good might come of it. But they had not grasped yet the full size of the glorious truth—that the crack had made every man of them a Saint Peter holding a key to the heaven of the day and of the three following days.

Like one boat, the entire flotilla sped across the river to grasp the voluminous skirts of this happy chance. As it sped it suspended the standing orders, *nem. con.* It raised the fare from a penny to sixpence. And it gave every man a dispensation to take every passenger his boat would hold.

In a long life Father Thames had seen few such harvests reaped on his bosom. The day was young. No backer had lost money yet. Even the welshers had some money on them. Many large-hearted sportsmen gave a shilling apiece without pressure. Five, seven, even ten shillings a journey were taken; the size of a man's boat was the only limit to his earnings. And sculled they never so swiftly, the twenty-one could scarcely make any impression, for quite a long time, on the queue waiting on the Shean side. The only danger was lest the passionate creatures should swim.

In the late afternoon there did come a short lull. The ferrymen had time to distribute their loads of bullion more conveniently about their persons. One or two ran up the lane to the Merry Mouth to get gold in exchange for the baser metals, for lightness' sake. There was gold in England in those days. But even then there was more than the usual nonracing traffic to cope with, thanks to God's gift of the crack. And as soon as the last race was run the Ailsa tide began to ebb as furiously as it had flowed, and each of the bevy of male Danaës at the ferry was re-ravished with a fresh shower of coin.

Throughout the bewitching experience a becoming reserve was maintained by the darlings of the gods.

"How doin', Dub?" Ponto inquired.

And Dubber said, "Addled a brown or two. 'Ow's all, yourself?"

And Ponto said, "Nuffin' to shout about."

There is a form in these things, madam, there is a form, as the lady of quality said in the story.

In the same spirit, Jimmy's face remained blank when Mr. Vygoe winked at him and talked about bull points and selling at the peak while Jimmy sculled him across in the relative calm of late evening.

"Don't go and get left—what?" said Vygoe. "Sell while you can. You're not for all markets—what, what?"

"Wojja mean?" Jimmy asked, at his leisure.

"That old crack won't keep forever—what? There's more you've got to think of too."

Jimmy considered majestically. Then he repeated himself: "Wojja mean?"

"Know how to keep a secret?" Vygoe almost whispered.

Jimmy's scorn for leaky vessels was sublime. "Do I know 'ow to keep a secret!"

"You do—what? Well, just keep this, and use it for your good. A very old friend of mine, on the Thames Conservancy, gave me a good tip last night. They've just fixed it up with the railway to tack a light footbridge on to this railway bridge—over your heads pretty nearly. No toll, either—what? An open bridge. And where will you be then with your old ferry—what? Round the corner, up the spout—what, what?"

With some remains of aplomb, Jimmy said, "Gowan, you're kiddin'!" But the psychologist in the stern sheets could see that he had got his man perturbed. When the boat's bow touched land, Jimmy did not ship his sculls at once, as usual. He leaned forward over them, staring at Vygoe, and asked for the third time, "Wojja mean?"

Vygoe, too, leaned forward confidentially. "See here," he whispered, "you men here have got a damn good thing—to get out of. What's more, a first-class miracle has made it a top-hole thing to sell. Why, it's so good you'll all live happy ever after and not need to do a stroke of work—what? What follows? Sell it! Sell it quick! I'll help you sell it if you like—what, what?"

Over Jimmy's mind a rosy dawn was breaking. When it had gone pretty far, he gave Vygoe a slow and enormous wink like the descent and reascent of the fireproof curtain in a theater.

VI

BEFORE the boom days the destined profiteers had put up a little hut for themselves on the strip of waste grass between the towpath and the foreshore. Its material was old biscuit tins and soap boxes. Its architectural style was as perpendicular as they could get it to stand. It just held them all, sitting close, and it kept out some of the rain. It had survived, so far, because the Thames Police can't always have their eyes everywhere. A trespass or nuisance can go on unnoticed for months. This one was named Doggett Hall, to the glory of Thomas Doggett, who is the Saint Hubert of the sport of professional sculling.

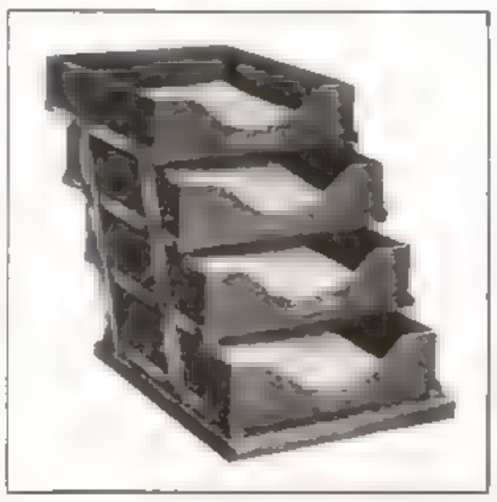
It was in this dedicated building that Vygoe talked business late one evening to the assembled twenty-one. Jimmy had been ground-baiting the pitch for a couple of days, and now Vygoe fished. He got frankly down to the root of the matter. Every business on earth, he explained, was the same as a pig. You had got to get 'em small, fatten 'em up, and then off with 'em to market. You'd never get rich by keeping a good sucking pig till it died of old age. The one wise and right thing to do was firmly to part with the beast at the one golden moment when it was in tiptop fettle for selling.

"Well, gentlemen," Vygoe went on, with deep feeling, "your golden moment has come. You have in your hands, so to speak, a young pig as evenly fed as ever I saw. I think I may say that there isn't a gentleman here but is taking at this moment his four pound a day."

One or two men said, "Nothing near it!" But this negative was so obviously a formal decorative precaution that Vygoe could ignore it. Another said, "Ah, but 'ow long will it last?"

That was what Vygoe wanted. He snapped at it.

Four desk trays in place of one··



IF your job calls for the handling of extensive correspondence or countless records which must be passed along to various departments, or separated for filing, you need a Weis Redi-Rack

Redi-Rack makes possible the use of four trays in place of one—without crowding your desk, or loss of working space.

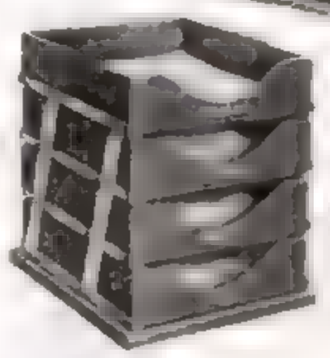
Redi-Rack consists of a wooden base, with felt-covered bottom, to which is firmly attached an adjustable metal frame holding four desk trays. The rack may be used open or closed, as shown. A slight backward push slants the frame so that papers are more easily inserted or removed. All trays are removable.

Trays are in light oak, walnut or mahogany finish, to match your desk. Racks may be had holding three or four trays for either cap or letter size papers. Prices are most reasonable.

The Weis Manufacturing Co.
508 Union St. Monroe, Michigan

A. H. Denny, Inc., New York City
Horder's Inc., Chicago

Send for illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer



Use Weis Redi-Rack open or closed as shown. Trays are removable. Has room to hold three or four trays high, for either letter or cap size paper

Weis
REDI-RACK

"This new towel feels fine"

"I'm glad my wife found this new kind of toweling. It certainly feels fine on the skin after shaving. It's great for a rub-down, too."

Many wives have learned the good qualities of Boott Toweling. It wears splendidly, keeps bright-white after many launderings, is highly absorbent—and very reasonable in cost.

Send 25 cents (stamps or check) for a full-size Boott Towel. Dept. E-24, Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.

Also makers of Boott Towels and Boott Scrim

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. U.S.A. ABSORBENT TOWELING WIPES DRY

Agents Make Big Money

Selling new device to automobile owners. Makes cold weather starting easy. Fits any car. Installed in a few minutes. Every car owner interested this time of year. Write quick for full particulars.

Amazing Results

Truly startling results are had through use of this device. Fits any car, any engine, and starts your car instantly in the coldest weather.

Anybody *Should* Buy on Sight

Wise salesmen recognize the ease with which it will sell. Show it and take an order. Possible sales limited only by number of car owners seen in a day.

FREE Particulars WRITE QUICK

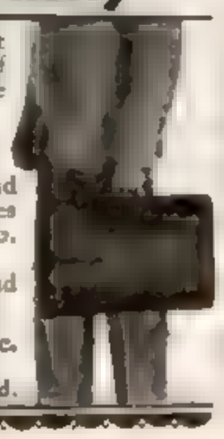
Ask any auto owner if he'd like to be shown how to start his car instantly in zero weather. Everybody has trouble. You will get but one answer. Write quick for agents' offer on this marvelous money-making device.

IMPELERATOR CORPORATION

Dept. 618, 25 East Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

Sell all-wool made to measure clothes at $25 and $30

You Make $75 to $150 a week easily



At $25 every man is a prospect for made-to-measure clothes of choice all-wool fabrics. You make $4 to $8 on every sale. Six-day delivery. Leather traveling case FREE. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed and bonded by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. Spring line now ready.

Write for complete details and option on exclusive territory.

Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.

218-220 E. Lexington St.

Dept. 3 Baltimore, Md.

"That's it!" he cried. "Will it last? Not it! Nothing lasts. A pig won't last. A pear won't last. I'm told the sun won't last. The same with everything—all up and up to the peak, and then down and down. And now's your peak, and you know why. Now's your chance to sell. Mind you, it isn't a case of a pound or two. It will run into hundreds and hundreds."

Somebody jeered: "Wot's a hundred among twenty-one?" But he was suppressed with grunts of "Cheese it!" "Order, there!" "Shut your face!"

"Hundreds and hundreds," Vygoe solemnly resumed, "for each and every gentleman here. Nay, more. I see my way to secure a permanent income of more than four pounds a week, without work, for everyone here, and a fortune to leave to his heirs. Does it attract you at all?"

It did. But they had a misgiving. Where did Vygoe come in? What was he out to get from all this? For they really wanted him to get something. Unless they knew where his bit would be made, they would feel all at sea; they might even be up against pure upper-class philanthropy, a thing profoundly suspect among men of their kind as a sort of malarious pasture fit to be grazed only by the mean and the mangy.

With great vigor Vygoe cleared himself of this suspicion. Good Lord! No! He wasn't, he pleaded, one of these goody freaks that go about messing up poor people's lives for the good of their own blessed souls. He wanted 10 per cent, one quid in every ten, of whatever price he could get them for the whole outfit. And that price would come up to them, for them to take it or leave it perfectly freely, before any deal could be done.

They were amazed at such moderation. Going halves was the only sort of commission they knew. Still, the tithe sufficed; it absolved Vygoe of any taint of abnormality. They did not wholly discard the distrustful expression which is the armor of innocent souls on market days. But they authorized the magician to get on with his miracle.

VII

THE magician went home elated. And, late as it was, he never closed eye till he had drafted the prospectus of the new Thames Ferries Corporation, Ltd.

The first clause of this essay was almost baldly statistical. It set forth that the corporation was formed to combine into one undertaking no fewer than twenty-one of the chief ferryboats linking the banks of the Thames between Oxford and the Tower of London. Such ferries had been, from time immemorial, sources of a wealth scarcely realized by the public. For example, during a typical week of the current year, none of the twenty-one properties to be acquired by the corporation had earned less than four pounds on any one day. The average earnings of each for the week exceeded thirty-two pounds. On this basis fifteen hundred pounds a year was an extremely conservative estimate of the average yearly takings of each business. In other words, the gross annual revenue in prospect greatly exceeded thirty thousand pounds a year. There was every reason to hope that, under modernized and scientific management, the whole of this powerful group of concerns would enjoy a steady gross revenue ranging from forty thousand to fifty thousand pounds a year.

On the side of expenditure, labor costs were low, the staff efficient and devoted and the fleet of boats to be acquired were in first-rate condition and in the highest degree suitable to their functions.

As to the vendor's title, and so on, the legal title to almost every ferry on the Thames was involved in the mists of antiquity, but in none of the cases now in view had the owner's right of ferry ever been questioned. Without technical documentary proof, it was, nevertheless, so enshrined in the memory of the neighborhood as to be wholly indefeasible.

A shrewd eye was then cast upon the expansion and smiling future of St. Chad's, the ever-growing popularity of the meetings of Ailsa Park and the imminent opening of a new league football ground at Hesterley, in the hinterland of St. Chad's.

Only at this point, when justice had been done to the bare facts of the case, did Vygoe let himself go and turn downright lyrical. He appealed to something even higher than a firm expectation of good dividends. Here, he explained, was a chance to make yourself an integral part of one of the most venerable and romantic of English crafts—an institution positively garlanded, festooned with historical and artistic associations; consecrated, times out of mind, by the genius of British artists on the walls of the Royal Academy and celebrated by our poets in the deathless strains of Haste to the Ferry, The Jolly Young Waterman, Twickenham Ferry, and, in the Scottish dialect, "Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry." To secure a personal share, or shares, in so sturdy and picturesque a survival of the spacious days of Merrie England was much the same thing as possessing a feudal estate mentioned in Domesday. It would place a man or a woman on the same level as Lords of the Marches, Rangers of Windsor Forest and Wardens of the Cinque Ports.

To satisfy this honorable ambition the public were to be permitted to subscribe for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of ordinary shares. The directors, almost all of them gentlemen personally concerned in the management of the chief properties to be acquired, were Lord Swyllerton, chairman, James Goodwin Sands, Esq., Michael John Devine, Esq., Pontus Willis, Esq., and Samuel Dubber Tench, Esq. The registered office was at Doggett Hall, St. Chad's, Middlesex.

VIII

WHEN Vygoe read out this fantasia to the vendors they could almost have owned that the pen was mightier than the scull. Visions of cinema heavens opened before them. Then the haunting consciousness of being plain men in a wicked world came back to prompt some home questions. For one thing, how much would each of them get?

Vygoe was ready for that: "Six thousand down, every man."

To his hearers the figure was one of geologic or astronomic immensity. It dazzled the mind. It defied all practical conception in terms of house rent, clothes, beer or tobacco.

So they sat quite still for a while and tried to let it sink in, and meanwhile they were visited by the workman's soul-freezing fear of losing his job. Would they have to "off it," they asked. Must they part with their boats?

Vygoe was ready again: "Not a bit of it. Any man who likes can stay. He can scull his own boat, in the corporation's employment, at wages fixed by the directors. And that's you, you know, gentlemen." Vygoe smiled sweetly.

That seemed good enough. Only one apprehension remained. A good supply of mugs, or credulous persons, would clearly be needed for this millennium to arrive. What, Dubber asked, if some mug were to come nosing round. Mightn't he see there was "no ferry, only the one," and that free, and that the fleet was all rotten planks gummed together with red lead and tar? What if he gave them in charge—got them all lagged, perhaps, for trying to pull off a ramp?

Vygoe laughed at these innocent tremors. Why, as things went nowadays, it was a very honest flotation indeed! If only every new company started in life with assets as solid as twenty-one boats that would float and twenty-one pairs of sculls! No, let them be serious. The only practical point was whether, the day the new footbridge was opened, they would go home with six thousand apiece in their pockets or with nothing at all.

At this point Jimmy broke silence and said Mr. Vygoe had put the case in a nutshell. Ponto added that Mr. Vygoe had hit the nail on the head. Dubber said the die was cast. These sterling phrases acted like incantations on the rest. Discussion was over. Vygoe got his authority, and in a week the hunt for the hundred and fifty thousand was up.

In this chase the line followed by hounds lay chiefly in Yorkshire and Lancashire. If anything can lend enchantment to the view of a decrepit armada of ferryboats, it is distance. So the thing was floated in the north, where trade was doing well at the time and good money was going up and down in the streets bleating for somebody to devour it. Within a month the whole of the shares were subscribed for. In another month the cash was paid up and each of the twenty-one vendors had his six thousand, and Vygoe his fifteen, as well as some little savings out of the nine thousand earmarked to defray the incidental expenses of flotation.

IX

AND yet, so mercifully are our destinies ruled, no mug was one penny the worse for it all. In another six weeks the Great War was raging munificently. A training camp for recruits was plumped down in some wet meadows close to St. Chad's, and it was felt, in high places, that the brave lads must have proper means of access, in their few hours of leisure, to the pubs and movies of Shean. For this national purpose a mere privately owned ferry was soon perceived to be quite out of place.

"We must take the whole caboodle over at once," said a trenchant person, lovely with ribbons and seated in a good chair in Whitehall.

The generous passion for not spoiling ships for hap'orths of tar can have seldom gone to greater lengths than it did in those days. The mere bodily act of handing out large bags of public money in return for inconsiderable things seemed to raise a noble glow in the hearts of exalted cashiers. They must have felt as if it were their own blood, to be shed with a light heart for their endangered country. Theirs not to reason why. If there was not much to show for the money, still, it was a grand gesture, a kind of wide sweep of a magnificent and careless arm. Its effects still live to tell us that in the day of trial there were gallant hearts that would not pare cheese.

In this lofty mood did some great soul, in uniform, tick off each item of the Thames Ferries Corporation's claims for compensation for the surrender of its entire assets and goodwill. Share capital, £150,000—yes; gross annual takings, £31,500—yes; net annual profit, £30,000 a year—yes.

"Seems all right," said this passionate loosener of purse strings. He boggled a little at the corporation's demand for twenty thousand pounds extra on account of forced purchase. But then he remembered once more the ship and the hap'orth of tar. So he marked the claim "Approved," with his initials, and sent it along for confirmation by some still more illustrious stimulator of the lapse of coin.

The claim reached this mandarin just as an ornament of the war cabinet was leaving the room, after saying incisively, "We shall never keep up the morale of this undisciplined nation of ours if we are to be stingy about little things—little things to you or to me, but things that come right home to the plain man's business and bosom."

The mandarin was impressed by this piece of eloquence. It sounded, to him, like knowledge of the world. And this claim that had just been laid on his desk looked like a business-and-bosom affair. So he, too, wrote "Approved" at its foot.

After that, the paying out of the one hundred and seventy thousand pounds was mere child's play. Clerks and bankers did it easily. You would have done it yourself, in their places.

Jimmy was not made a peer, like so many fundamentally similar heroes of the war. Still, he had done his part; he had called the whole British people up to be taxed for his good. Whatever the scale of their several operations, of no khaki-cloth dealer or bully-beef king can it be said more fairly that England's national debt is his monument, more lasting than brass.

Coffee blended with coffee . . . patiently and skillfully

. . taste joined with taste to win the first real nation-wide fame that ever came to a coffee

YEARS AGO a Southerner of the old South, born with a genius for flavor.

Today a special shade of richness that is changing the habits of a nation.

It was to please the great families of old Dixie that Joel Cheek worked long to create this blend.

Hundreds of different kinds and grades of coffee from many distant lands—countless natural flavors! Yet in the old South, as today, no single one could satisfy those men and women who loved to linger over their morning cup of coffee.

Growing to manhood in that land of good living, Joel Cheek dreamed of a flavor no one had ever tasted. What endless labor! Months of combining and recombining, of testing and rejecting.

Behind that shade of mellow goodness which Joel Cheek finally perfected, lay the skillful mingling of many flavors. Taste joined with taste. Coffee blended with coffee.

The news of it spread far and wide

From the start Joel Cheek's blend won favor in the distinguished homes of Dixie. Long ago it became the first choice of the whole South.

Today it has won such fame as never before came to a coffee. Known to the South alone a few years ago, Maxwell House Coffee is now the first ever to be approved by critical men and women throughout the entire United States.

The news of that special touch of mellow richness has spread swiftly to the cities of the North and West. Everywhere it has brought a new experience to those who enjoy and value the fine things of life. Maxwell House is today by far the largest selling coffee in the country—the most popular of all, in a long list of our great cities.

An adventure awaits you and your family in the smooth, full-bodied liquor of this blend. The shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee will bring you a new idea of how good a cup of coffee can actually be. When you pour your first cup, when the first breath of its aroma reaches you, you will understand why it has become so famous.

Grocers have Maxwell House Coffee in sealed, blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

* * * * *

Radio listeners—tune in! Noted artists every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 9 p. m. Eastern Time, 8 p. m. Central Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WRHM, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WRVA, WBT, WJAX. 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KGW, KFOA, KHQ. Mondays 7 p. m. Pacific Time: KSL. Tuesdays 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KMTR. Wednesdays 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KFRC.

The most famous hotel in the old South, the Maxwell House in Nashville! It was there that Joel Cheek's blend of coffees first won fame

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

THE RIVER PIRATE

(Continued from Page 36)

to think like Gerber told me I ought to, but my mind would turn to Sailor Frink outside the reform school. He was so close and yet so far. We were so near together, yet so far apart. I wished I was out. I wanted to see him.

The next morning, in the loft, the kid was happy as a clam. His mother was going to remain in town, he said, and send us each day a few special little things we could have to eat.

"She is the greatest worker I ever saw," he told me. "She has got the warden to give her my complete record since the day I came here and even got him to say that he thinks I have had enough punishment. I thank my lucky star they never put me on report for anything here. I think mother will get me out."

"I sure hope so," I told him. It was hard, though, to think of this kid getting out while I had to stay there all that time; especially after I had been thinking all night about the sailor, and after hearing all those other birds tell me their rackets and deciding that I would work different and avoid the hard luck.

I had changed a whole lot without hardly knowing it. A man grows up very quick in reform school. He is always whispering with other men and the other men are always crooks, and in some ways crooks are smart and they talk smart and big. I was thinking the same way. I was measuring my own sense against theirs and trying to see where their mistakes had been made and to profit by that.

All day long I had to listen to the kid's high hopes and his gay talk about what he would do and how. After he had finished his schooling, he said, he would take care of his mother and show his old man up for a fathead. I hoped he would.

It was about half an hour before the afternoon whistle blew that Gerber came to me. He walked me down to the end of the loft and clutched my arm so hard it hurt me. I never saw him look like he did that minute. He said:

"I'm goin' to trust you, you little ——"

"You sure can," I gasped at him, wondering what had gone wrong now.

"If you cross me up I'll kill you sure as you're a foot high!" he threatened.

"I wouldn't cross you up!" I promised, my tongue as dry as a bone and my throat seeming about as smooth as a rolled porcupine.

"Read that," he whispered—"read it quick an' hand it back to me. I'll keep it."

He slipped a little paper into my hand and I opened it and read it as well as I could. It was a note from Sailor Frink telling me that he had a great scheme that was already working and that I could share it if I wanted to crush out. But more than that. It also said that Gerber would give me my orders on how to get out, if I would swear by a million oaths I never would tell on him and never would run out on Sailor Frink once I was free.

Gerber saw that I had finished the note. He snatched it out of my hand and crumpled it into his own. It was a good thing he did, because one of the other guards came into the loft, and seeing Gerber, he sauntered our way.

Gerber pointed at our scrap pile of cordage and pretended like he was asking me something about that. I carried out the idea and the other guard paid no particular attention to us. He strolled around the loft and saluted Gerber.

"Can you make a long splice?" Gerber asked me when the guard was out of hearing.

"Sure, I can," I said. "I didn't think you even knew what a long splice was."

"I don't," he admitted. "An' I don't care a damn. But Frink told me to ask you that an' said you would be able to fix a rope long enough to scale the wall on."

I was wise. A long splice is used to splice two ropes together and there was plenty of short rope in that scrap heap. I wet my lips because the whole of my head seemed to be burning up. It had all come so sudden.

"The scheme is simple," Gerber was saying, "an' if you keep your nut, it will work sweet an' pretty. Here it is: Just as soon as you splice enough of that line to make a rope forty feet long, we are ready. You tip me off the night you get it done, an' I'll steer Sailor Frink.

"The next day, just as the noon whistle goes, you come out of the loft as usual. But carry with you a good big piece of tarpaulin like you was takin' it across the yard. I'll be on duty in the tower and I'll call you back an' come down the ladder like I wanted to see what you are doin' with the canvas.

"You have the forty-foot line over your arm under the tarpaulin, Sandy, and see that it don't git tangled up. When I come up to you, heave the tarpaulin over my head an' beat it up the ladder to the top of the wall. Throw a couple of hitches around the top round of the ladder, drop the line over the outside an' down you go.

"There will be a car waitin' in the little dirt road that you'll see about fifty yards off, runnin' the same way the wall does. Beat it fer that car. Sailor Frink will be in it. He'll have clothes fer you. The rest is up to you an' him. Get that straight?"

"I understand," I said, my voice sounding like it had been pressed through the meat of a lemon. "Sure, but ——"

"But what?" Gerber snarled. "That's what I was afraid of when Frink first mentioned this thing—you'd have some buts. Either you go through or you don't; but remember what I told you—if you cross me up ——"

"I wouldn't do that, Gerber," I swore. "I never even thought of it! I ——"

"Well," he snapped, "I ain't got all day! It's either yes or it's no to the proposition. Now, which is it?"

"It's"—I began, but my voice was so funny sounding I had to stop and clear my throat and start over again—"why, gee, Gerber, it's yes!"

v

JUST as soon as I agreed to the proposition Gerber made, I got scared. In a place like that reform school they are apt to frame you just to see what you would do if you got the chance. That thought bothered me.

But if I had refused to play the game with Gerber I might have been out in the main ring the next day, and I guess I do not have to tell you that things would have been made merry for me. I was satisfied to crush out if they really went through with it; the only worry I had was that they would frame me up.

That night I did not count bars, but I did not sleep either. I got to thinking about freedom again, and smoking when I felt like it, and eating what I wanted and when I wanted. Freedom is a great thing. It is like good teeth; when it is gone you miss it, while you have it you never give it a thought. I began to want it more than anything else. Just the idea of cutting out the next four years of waiting got me all pepped up.

The trick would be pulled, I decided, two days hence. In the morning I would splice the line. At noon I would tell Gerber to have Sailor Frink ready outside the wall at noon the day following. Then I would pull the crush and see what it was all about.

The next morning I spread canvas over my knees to fool any guard that might romp by, and under the canvas I started splicing short pieces of line. It was easy enough to do. There were short pieces enough to make six lines like I needed, and I picked the longest of them.

The line was ready well before noon. The kid helping me was too innocent to think of such a thing as a crush-out. His mind was on his mother and what she was going to do to get him out. He never dropped hip to what I was doing, and when I hid the line under a pile of short pieces he never knew it. At noon I gave Gerber the word.

"Good!" he snapped. "There ain't any sense in waitin' longer, because Frink don't want to be seen around here an' he has to lay low till you crush. You got the whole scheme in mind now, Sandy?"

"Every bit of it," I told him. "Don't have any jumps about that! I'm only thinkin' about you an' Sailor Frink."

"This ain't any frame," Gerber told me squarely. "It's a sure shot, Sandy. It's gotta be a sure shot. We've bet a lot on this an' you'll go out if I have to help you over the wall!"

That afternoon seemed as long as the four and a half years had looked before Gerber spoke to me. All night I lay sleepless again and it seemed to me that every shining bar in the main ring was winking at me, that every man in the can knew the whole scheme and was just waiting to give me the laugh when I was knocked off and shot into solitary.

Next morning the kid kept telling me that he was sorry for me having to stay there while he was getting out.

"You are about the only one that has been decent to me, Sandy," he told me. "I'll never forget you and when you do get out, if I can help you in any way, I will. This place is the rottenest I ever saw. I never knew there were men like these here. They're filthy in their talk."

"Yeah," I said, and for a minute I thought even the kid might be wise to our plan and was just giving me a build-up talk. But I forgot that idea when I took a flash at his dial. A good kid is just a good kid and there is no getting away from that. I compared him to the others who had been my helpers. They were all queer and twisted and only half there.

A tough thought hit me then. What would they say and do to him on account of my fading? Would they blame him? Would they think he had advance dope and did not tell them about it?

About eleven o'clock Gerber breezed in and I called him aside and asked him that.

"This palooka is a mamma's darlin', Gerber," I said. "She is outside waitin' an' if he don't make the grade an' git out, he's goin' to fold up an' croak, that's all. What'll they say an' do to him when I leap? They'll think he musta known, because he has been down here in the loft with me."

"Don't make me laugh, Sandy," Gerber grunted. "Do you think I'm the only one makin' a little dough on that kid? The warden himself gets a sweeter slice than ours when the kid ambles on his way. The old man never will do anything to sour that honey dish. Don't give the kid another thought—savvy?"

I wanted to shake hands with the kid and tell him good-by and good luck, but I did not dare do that. He was such a kid, and such an innocent one, at that, I was afraid he would fall in a swoon and maybe die of fright.

So I just sat there and waited, my mind turning over the points of the scheme in the order I would have to do them. It was a nice bright summer day, and when I looked out through the door of the loft the yard was flooded with warm sunshine and even the stained bricks of the high wall seemed to be washed by the sun until they sort of smiled.

I thought of Sailor Frink outside in the car, thought of the trees with their leaves all green and kind of singing in the warm air. All of a sudden all that freedom meant came to me. There would be birds flying and hills all around and little brooks like are in pictures. There would be light, and winding dusty roads and laughing people.

Always about ten minutes before the noon toot the cooks at the kitchen would come out into the air in the yard and stand around the door to get cooled off. That meant the noon chow was ready and their work was done. Just as soon as I saw them I would know it was nearly time to march.

I watched for them that day plenty. When they came out and stood there wiping their foreheads and fanning themselves with kitchen towels, I knew that the time had come. Sailor Frink must be outside the wall. Gerber must be in the tower.

So I walked over to the cordage pile and slipped my coiled line free and over my arm. Then I went back to the canvas I had been sewing and sat on the floor and pulled it up over me so that the rope did not show. I was desperate to get away now. The kid must have sensed it. He said:

"You haven't spoken to me in an hour, Sandy. Did I do something wrong?"

"No!" I told him sharply. "An' you won't if you just sit still an' shut up!"

I thought he was going to cry, he looked so hurt. "It's all right, kid," I told him as gentle as I could. "I got a cramp. I can't think good."

"I'm awful sorry. Do you want to ——"

"Just keep still, kid," I told him. "Say nothin' an' do nothin' till after chow, see?"

He nodded like he had swallowed his tongue. My mind was too jumpy to bother about him just then. He would understand in about five minutes. It was not only the crush-out I was thinking about. What came after that? What would Sailor Frink want of me? I had promised to go all the way through with him, and if he was decent enough and smart enough to fix Gerber and get me out I owed him that much.

All I could think of was ships. Little ships, the sailor had muttered that time. Hundreds of them—thousands. It seemed to me that he must have struck some kind of a deal, because he had not shipped on a schooner as he planned to do when he got out. I was in, I figured, on that deal. Of course, me and the sailor had been good friends, but there must be something back of all he was doing.

After waiting all morning for the noon toot, I was surprised by it when it came. That is a funny thing. My mind was off on Sailor Frink and what he was going to want, and I let the last five minutes slip right out of my fingers, like. But when it sounded I was up quick.

"It's time to eat," the kid said, his face looking sad.

"Listen, you!" I snapped at him. "Stay here—savvy? Stay right in the loft an' keep away from me for the next three minutes. Don't be nowhere near me. Beat it!"

Tears came into his big eyes and he backed away.

"You fool," I whispered, "I'm crushin' out now—right now! Keep back!" I started for the door.

"Gee!" I heard the kid gasp. "Oh, God, help Sandy! Sandy, g-g-good luck!" The way the kid spoke, it was a prayer—a prayer for me.

I was out the door, the canvas over my arm and the line coiled under it. I heard Gerber speak from over my head.

"Whatcha got there, Sandy?" he called. I looked up, trying to look the same as usual. Right away he started down the ladder. Then I knew it was not a frame-up, anyway.

"Wait a minute, bucko," he called to me. "I'll take a look at that tarpaulin."

He was close to me and I was ready with the sheet. "Over my head an' up the ladder, an' good luck!" Gerber whispered.

I dropped the canvas over his head and gave him a push against the wall. He staggered back, floundered around like he was fighting to get clear, then tripped and fell to the ground, the tarpaulin still over him.

I never climbed so fast in my life. I went up that ladder like a monkey being chased by a leopard. Just as I got to the

(Continued on Page 73)

My, But That's Smooth!

Your wife will notice it . . . see the difference the minute you come down to breakfast. Just "once-over" and you get a quick, smooth shave that lasts from morning to night. Small-bubble lather . . . . that's the secret.

Counts in Business Too!

The Boss knows a well-groomed man when he sees one. He knows how that clean-shaven look helps young men get ahead. In fact, he probably uses small-bubble lather himself. It's surprising how many business men do.

Beard Tough...Skin Tender?

Forget it Men!

Whiskers come off quick and smooth when beards are softened small-bubble way. No razor-pull, sting, or smart. Read how this new-type lather takes razor-pull out of shaving. See our unique no-cost offer in coupon below.

DOES the above headline surprise you? Are you one of those men who believe that shaving, at best, must always be uncomfortable . . . that razor-pull, sting and smart can never be *completely* done away with?

If so, you'll find lots of good news in this advertisement. It's the story of a new, quick way to get your whiskers off. A way that's faster . . . cleaner . . . smoother than any you've ever known before.

We've simply perfected a different principle of beard-softening . . . and men are changing to it by the thousands. Small-bubble lather . . . that's the theory of it.

You'll discover the difference the minute you try it. You'll see it in your mirror. Instantly your face feels serene and comfortable . . . delightfully fresh and clean.

These facts can be easily demonstrated. We only ask you to make a test and judge it for yourself. Don't overlook free offer in coupon below.

How we did it

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

Good-by, Razor-Pull

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

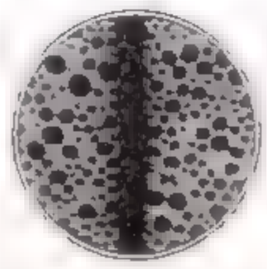
The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that surrounds each tiny hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd close around each whisker . . . soaking it soft with water.

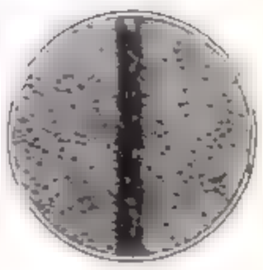
Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . .

"Jas . . . Boss! Small bubbles sure get whiskers off quick. That's what most of my gentlemen ask for."



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water close up against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

scientifically softened right down to the base . . . ready for the razor.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. You've never had a shave like this. You've never known such comfort in all your shaving days.

You be the judge . . . for seven days

These astonishing improvements are so easy to judge that we ask you to make a test.

We'll gladly send a seven-day trial tube to any fair-minded man. See how smooth it makes your face . . . how clean without dryness.

Try it . . . we know you'll like it . . . and when you do, please be sure to tell your friends. For news like this is much too good to keep. Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Colgate & Co., *Dept. 502-K*, 595 Fifth Ave., New York — **FREE OFFER, MEN!**

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name

Address

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

Buy oil by name
—TEXACO

Watch the color
—GOLDEN

The first thousand miles

This year . . . your choice of motor oils is second only in importance to your choice of cars.

For engines of 1928 are faster . . . they "turn over" more times in a given second. They run hotter . . . more explosions . . . higher compressions. Only a motor oil with full viscous body can "stand up" under this high-speed heat; only a motor oil as fine as golden Texaco can give your new engine the thorough lubrication it must have at all times . . . under all circumstances.

More than ever this year, the first 1,000 miles . . . and the oil you use . . . will determine your engine's performance during each of the thousands of miles to come.

From the first mile on, use Texaco Motor Oil. Free of tars, of paraffin wax and cylinder stock, Texaco flows in coldest winter . . . lubricates thoroughly and dependably at all temperatures.

Wherever you see the Red Star and Green T, ask to see the Texaco Lubrication Chart. It will specify the grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil authorized for your new engine.

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City

Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO

CLEAN CLEAR GOLDEN

MOTOR OIL

Let the same common-sense reasoning which prompted your choice of a new car, guide you . . . whenever you need motor oil . . . to this trade-mark.

TEXACO

"One cleaning with Premier Duplex *showed me how to solve my cleaning problem"*

says Mrs. C.A. Lewis *
3548 Vine St. Clifton,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Only one cleaning of my home with the Premier Duplex convinced me that it was the only one for which I had been looking for so long. Now there is never any excuse for dust, dirt, lint, threads or tiny scraps of paper on my carpet as long as I have my Premier Duplex near at hand. It eliminates all these with so little time and energy. I trust that other housewives who read my letter will profit by my experience. One fair trial and I am sure that they, like me, will agree that Premier Duplex is the cleaner that gives the greatest satisfaction and the one that can't be beat."

*If you would like an interesting booklet containing the experience of women in every type of home from coast to coast, just ask the nearest Premier Duplex dealer or write to us direct. Without the slightest obligation, we will mail your copy.

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 502 Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by the Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities.

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U.S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 68)

top I heard a muffled shout from down below. I kept the tower between me and the warden's building.

Balanced on the wall, my first glance was for the road and the car. I saw them both. Sailor Frink was there and he waved his hand and I saw his yellow teeth back of his grinning lips as he leaned over the side and waved his familiar square hand at me. There was encouragement in that.

I threw a clove hitch around the top round of the steel ladder and dropped the line over the outside of the wall. I skinned my knuckles pretty bad as I slid over on the line and lowered myself away. Twice, as I was going down, I lost my footing against the bricks and my elbows banged hard against the wall. My fingers gripped the rope, though, and I went down pretty fast.

The ground felt good when my feet connected with it. It was the first time I had stepped on grass in a long, long time. The wall was built so that a steep bank ran down from it and at the bottom of the bank there was a little ditch that was damp and watery in spite of the warm weather.

I slid down the bank and tried to step across the ditch, but I guess I was burning with excitement and I lost my footing. I slipped into the ditch, and as I did so I saw the biggest bullfrog I ever saw. He popped up from behind a leaf and plunked into the little stream. It is funny the things a man will see when he is making a dash for freedom and can feel the flesh of his back creep, because any second it expects to feel a bullet.

Then I was across the ditch and up the little bank on the other side, the car and Sailor Frink only fifty yards away. I ran that distance like a deer, but it seemed miles. Just from excitement I was winded when I got across the ditch.

"Come a-runnin', Sandy," I heard the sailor call to me—"come a-runnin', hearty!"

It seemed to me that the grass clung to my feet like a million little hands grabbing at me and holding me back. I heard the motor running, though, and Sailor Frink's voice encouraged me. It was great to be breathing free air!

The sailor stepped on the accelerator and when the motor sounded louder it seemed to me that it was telling me of an impatience as great as my own. I got to the car and the sailor's big hand pushed the door open and hauled me through. The car started ahead with a jump.

"Over astern there," Frink commanded—"over astern you go, Sandy, an' shed them clothes happy quick, or quicker."

My lungs were heaving like bellows. I flopped into the rear part of the car and there were clothes there for me. I began changing as fast as I could. On both sides of the car the trees and the ground were swishing past us just like they did when I rode on the train.

"Ring yer bell!" I heard Sailor Frink shout. "Ring 'er out, says I, an' plenty of noise you'll be makin'!" Then I heard the alarm bell back at the reform school and knew that they were after me. I thought of that first time I had heard it, and of the seven spiteful shots that had followed it. I guess I kind of prayed for luck.

"Got that Swiss Navy uniform off'n you yet?" Frink shouted to me. "Pitch it overside, Sandy," he ordered—"overside; roll 'er tight an' pitch 'er overside!"

The sailor had been thorough in his planning. I found everything, even to socks and underwear, and I changed everything. By the time I was ready the sound of the bell had faded into silence and the car was running smoothly along over a concrete road. I heaved each shoe as far as I could, then I rolled the other things and shied them into the brush beside the road. After that I got into the front seat with Sailor Frink.

He grinned his yellow smile at me and reached into a side pocket of his coat. "You should be cooled off, Sandy, you should," he grunted in his husky voice. "Plenty cooled off." He held out a package of cigarettes and I took one eagerly.

"It's a fine country fer ridin'—a fine country," he grinned in easy fashion. "We'll do some o' the ridin', hearty."

From that day to this I have never seen the old reform school. If they ever hunted for me I never knew it. I suppose they did, and Gerber told me several times that they had thrown out the net and always said they would pick me up sooner or later, but they never did.

I saw a lot of Gerber. He was in on the scheme that Sailor Frink had thought up for us to work, and finally he even quit his job at the reform school and pretended to get one in the city. He did get one, in fact, but he got it where it would do us the most good; where he could steer our end of the scheme so that we would not make any false plays.

But I am getting ahead of the story. I want to tell you just how smart Sailor Frink turned out to be and just how I came to fall in with fellows that worked with me for more than five years of successful crime. They were a smart crowd. In their own way they had a lot of brains.

Naturally, after all that Sailor Frink had done for me, I stuck right close to him. I could trust him with my life. Later on, when things got to popping so fast that nobody knew where he stood or how long he was going to live, I did trust him with my life. He did not fail me, ever.

As we drove away from the reform school that bright summer afternoon, I knew that he never would cross me. It was not his way. He was a crook, of course, and there are almost no crooks who are on the level with their pals, but he was one that was. He was the best friend I ever had and, as I see it, one of the swellest men that ever lived.

He piloted that car just like he might have a ship. He had laid a course and he followed it. We ran fast enough, but not too fast. When we slid through towns, we did it openly and nobody bothered us. We only passed through two towns, but that was enough.

About four in the afternoon the sailor turned into a little side road and we went through pretty country for about three miles. Then we came to a railroad crossing and the sailor stopped the car and parked it in the ditch at the side of the road.

"Here's where we shift craft, Sandy, lad," he grinned—"shift craft, we do."

I saw a water tank near at hand. We went to it and got a drink. From the back of the car Sailor Frink got some sandwiches for me. He had even thought of that. I ate them and washed them down with water that did not have the taste of purifier like they used at the reform school.

"At five o'clock," the sailor told me, "there comes a freight here fer water. It stops, so it does, an' when it starts up again we'll be on it, so we will."

And we were.

VI

THAT was how I got to be a river pirate. Sailor Frink and me rode the freight train to a good big town a long way from the reform school. Then we dropped off in the yards and the sailor found a place where we could sleep that night. This little place gave us a drink, although we paid a lot for it, and the sailor got me cigarettes and whatever else I wanted. The hardest thing for me to do was get used to having pockets of my own. Every time I looked at myself I expected to find little red stripes around my clothes.

After we got to our room, which we shared, Sailor Frink took out a lot of money and gave me one hundred dollars. It was more money than I ever had before.

"Gerber give me this, so he did," Frink explained. "Some woman what liked you, so he said, left it with him to keep fer you, she did. Here it is."

"It was the kid's mother."

"Don't be talkin' about the reform school, Sandy," Sailor Frink cut in. "Don't be talkin' about it, or thinkin', either. Better it is to fergit it, so it is."

The next day we took a train to my home town, but when we got there I never went near home. I suppose the reform school sent word to watch for me there and I knew if they ever got me back I would do plenty of time and, as the mob used to say when the guards made it hard for prisoners, do it on my ear.

Instead of going home, Sailor Frink took me to a place called Maggie's Restaurant and Bar. The sign over the door was faded out so bad that it might have been there a hundred years. Just as soon as we got near the docks—for Maggie's place was right on the docks—I got the smell of the water and of the ropes and the ships, and I liked it.

Maggie looked like an old devil. She went around the place dressed in a blue-and-white dress that often swept over the dirty floor, and she looked like a bag of grain with a tight rope around the middle of it. Her hair was a dirty white, her face brown as a sailor's and seamed with deep lines like the deck of a schooner. The lines looked as though they were calked, because they showed black against the brown of her face.

Her forehead was wrinkled like a washboard and she was always poking at it with her brown hand trying to keep her hair from falling across it. Her mouth was big and the lips were thick. Some of her teeth were gone and her gums were the same shade of blue as the belly of a young garter snake.

Around her waist she wore a little chain and on the end of it hung a leather pouch. Whenever she sold anything she stuffed the money in the leather pouch. You could always tell when she was coming, even if there were no heels on her shoes, because her knees made the leather pouch bounce around and the change inside it would rattle.

"Sandy is with me, Maggie, he is," Sailor Frink told her as she met us in the center of the floor and scowled at me. "My shipmate is Sandy. We'll be wantin' a room."

"Take your old one, Frink," she cackled in a high voice. No matter how soft she spoke, I found out, the cords in her neck would stand out as though she was hollering as loud as she could. Frink grunted and led me through the open bar with its round tables and up a narrow flight of stairs that were wood, but felt soft when you stepped on them, because they were worn rounded and not cleaned very often. We went along a dark hallway that gave us just room to walk and finally into a little front room that looked out over the wharves and the river.

"We'll billet here, we will," Sailor Frink chuckled in his husky voice. "There ain't a better place on the line, so there ain't. Old Mag is a mite of a hellion to look at, as any lubber can see, but she ain't as bad as her looks."

I never said anything to Sailor Frink, but I told myself she could not be. Compared to my cell at the reform school, Maggie's joint was a palace. It was fine to get the breath of the river and the docks again. I always have loved it and I always shall.

"You're plenty of an eater, you are," Sailor Frink told me when I asked for more stew at supper that night, "but that's a smamish matter, it is."

I looked at him and his yellow teeth were showing in a broad smile. "Sandy," he grinned, as though he was recalling the way I got that name, "aye, they named you, so they did, an' they done it passin' well, says Sailor Frink."

"A guy can't help bein' hungry when he's hungry," I told him. "Seems like I always been hungry."

"Toss your forepeak right into that stew, lad; spread it around, like, where it'll do most good. If it was gold stewed in silver, we could pay fer it, so we could."

I knew that the sailor was using that way of opening up on the big scheme he was working. I guessed I would soon know why he had worked me out of the reform school and where all the money had come from that paid Gerber and now bought meals and that room at Maggie's.

With a full stomach and the realization that I was free and had a small fortune in my kick, I felt pretty swell toward Sailor Frink. "I guess you know I'm strong fer you," I told him. "I guess you don't bother your head about me not goin' through fer you like you did fer me."

"That I don't, but we'll not be talkin' right here, we won't. I've an idea that Maggie herself does more'n run bum chow joints. We'll be walkin', we will."

We went out of the place and walked along the docks. Down in that section of town they had electric lights, but they were far apart and not very bright. The docks and the street you could hardly tell apart. During the day it was a place that had more commotion than any place in the world. But at night it was silent and great big shadows spread over the street and the walks and the docks. They seemed like blankets covering a tired and sleeping world.

Here and there were little restaurants like Maggie's. They were open, but there was very little business in them. Some of them still used gas lights and their windows cast a yellow glare against the night that somehow made me think of the big yellow lights back at the reform school.

The piers were on our left as we walked and I kept looking at them. Just great big sheds, they were, and they were built upon piling, so that the ships could run alongside them and load or unload. In the weak light of the lamps they did not show up very clear.

Some of them were dark and dingy, or painted a dead color. Those we could not see at all in the shadows. Others were for lines that carried passengers, and for advertising, I suppose, they were painted white. They stood out pretty clear. The result was that the whole river line looked like a great big mouth that was grinning at us, showing us a lot of missing teeth.

Frink took me down to a place about quarter of a mile from Maggie's and we went inside. "Here," the sailor told me, "we can git booze what is booze, an' we'll be havin' a little, says I."

Feeling a good deal like a man in the sailor's company, I agreed. I almost choked to death on the drink, but the sailor said it was good stuff and I nodded my head in agreement. I had to nod. My throat was so twisted up from the drink that I could not speak.

"Later on," the sailor explained when we were smoking and sitting at a round table under the flare of a yellow gas light, "a bunky o' mine will be around, so he will. Before he comes I'll be tellin' you a few things."

I just sat there and waited in silence. I would have been a sucker to talk when Sailor Frink was ready to do the same thing. There was that funny little squint in his eyes and I knew that he was planning on just how to tell me what the whole story was.

"You remember," he began, "back in reform university I was tellin' you about a scheme I had."

I nodded. "Boats," I said—"little ones—hundreds—thousands."

"Aye," he laughed, "that was me thought an' it has come to pass, as the Good Book says—'it is come to pass.' When I come here from the educational institute where you and me trained, I started out on that same idee, Sandy. I got it workin', so I have."

He paused to run a blunt thumb-nail between two of his yellow teeth.

"I got me a friend, Sandy—a friend that'll be here of a minute. He's a smart man an' he knows the river, so he does. Knows skippers of tugboats, an' mebbe others too. Him an' me works together."

"You mean, sailor, that you're workin' that racket about rope an' stuff?"

"Plenty, we are. He finds the places to sell, I find the places to—buy."

(Continued on Page 76)

A New Willys-K

Goal of 14 years now reached!

This announcement, we believe, will take front rank among the most important statements reaching the public in 1928 from the automobile industry.

The supremacy of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine is a matter of general knowledge—not only to more than 300,000 owners, but to leading engineers as well. Naturally, it costs more to build this superior engine. It is only today, after nearly a decade and a half of ceaseless experiments, and with greatly improved and increased manufacturing facilities, that we have reached our goal of bringing the *patented* Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine into a lower price field and making its supreme advantages available to countless new buyers.

Supreme merits of Patented Sleeve-Valve Engine

Now, for the first time, the important advantages of the exclusive Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine—its silence, its velvet smoothness, its surging power, its marked economy, its easy starting and its simple, trouble-free design—are brought to the low-priced Six field.

Willys-Knight Quality at Lower Cost

The new Willys-Knight Standard Six offers the qualities that Willys-Knight stands for in performance, luxury, economy and stamina. Presenting this distinctive car at so moderate a cost as to place it comfortably within the reach of countless new buyers, marks an achievement resulting from fourteen years' experience in developing and perfecting Knight-engined cars.

A Wealth of Fine Car Features

The Standard Six offers features you would expect only at higher cost. The 45-horsepower engine has a thermostat, air cleaner and oil rectifier. The front axle has full anti-friction bearings, for easiest steering. Positive, mechanical 4-wheel brakes are provided for utmost safety. Bodies have deeply cushioned, form-fitting seats, doors with remote controls,

Knight Six FOR $1145

f.o.b. Factory

Highest Compression with any gas

The superiority of the *patented* Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine lies in the fact that metal sleeves, sliding smoothly and silently, one within the other, in a film of oil, admit and expel gas through openings in their sides. There are no valve springs to weaken, or to collect carbon, and thereby destroy compression.

The spherical cylinder head of the Willys-Knight directs the full force of the explosion straight downward against the piston, making the most efficient use of the highly compressed gas. Such carbon as forms serves only to seal the chamber even more perfectly. The result is *highest uniform compression with any gas*, and an engine that grows smoother with use.

e now made available to countless new buyers

and an adjustable, non-breakable steering wheel of most modern type. An extra large cowl ventilator, and a windshield that opens very wide, permit perfect ventilation.

The Complete Willys-Knight Line

The Standard Six, joining the internationally famous Special Six and the luxurious Great Six, completes the distinguished Willys-Knight line. Here, in each of three price ranges, you will find the car offering the nearest approach to permanency in motoring. Be sure to see these new, finer Willys-Knights for 1928.

The Perfected Whippet for 1928

Rounding out the great Willys-Overland line, the 1928 Whippet, in the light car field, has a margin of leadership more definite today than when this remarkable automobile was introduced some twenty months ago.

Then, we predicted that Whippet's advanced design would cause other manufacturers to follow suit. This they have already done in partial degree. But Whippet remains in the lead—the most modern light car of *proved superiority*—with more than a half billion owner miles to its credit—still offering the public many features of mechanical and engineering superiority which other builders of light cars must eventually incorporate. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

(Continued from Page 73)

"Ain't you takin' chances?" I asked, glancing around me like I used to when I took a chew at the reform school.

"Mebbe yes, mebbe no. A man's takin' chances walkin' the streets, that he is."

"But this business is bad. If you git caught you'll go to state prison."

"If we gits caught," he drawled, a mock in his tone and a smile on his face. "Yeah, if we gits caught."

I kept quiet, and after a minute during which he seemed to be thinking how best to say what he wanted to say, he went on: "This here is a smart scheme, that it is, Sandy. Shark is a smart lad. He knows the skippers an' he sells at good prices, so he does. I get the stuff, I do, an' he sells it."

"What do I do, sailor?" I got the nerve to ask him at last.

"Well, you knows ropes, so you do, an' you knows the grades o' canvas. We got past the point, we has, o' just buyin' stuff an' sellin' it. We takes orders now, so we does. The skippers tell Shark what they want an' what'll be paid fer it when he gits it. Then Shark tells me an' I buy it." Every time he said buy he would smile, and I knew that he was stealing the stuff.

"That is where you come in, Sandy, lad—that is where you come in. You knows the stuff an' you'll be helpin' me. It's right easy, so it is. We use a rowboat right now, but before long we'll have a little power boat, we will. We got it picked out now.

"There's nothin' to it but strollin' round the docks an' warehouses durin' the day an' spottin' what we want. Then we go that night an' buy it, see? You'll be scoutin' fer us, you will; spottin' what places has got the stuff we got orders fer an' then helpin' me git it at night."

I nodded understanding. At that, it was a soft thing. All I had to do was walk around and look into open warehouses during the day. I would know ahead what it was that this guy Shark could sell easiest, and I would locate it and then go at night with the sailor and drag it away. Pretty easy. I never was afraid of anything as long as I was with Sailor Frink.

"I guess I could do that all right," I told him.

"You bet," he agreed. "That's why we went to the trouble o' gittin' you out o' the college o' reform. We knew we could trust you an' we are just on the lee side o' a lot o' soft money. We want to be sure. There are others along here workin' the same game, but they ain't workin' it smart an' sure, like we are. We ain't trustin' anybody we ain't mighty sure of, Sandy."

Before we could say any more this man that sailor called Shark came in. He was a smart guy and I knew it the minute I lamped him. He was dressed swell, his pants pressed and his shirt and collar fresh and clean.

"Hello, old shipmate," he smiled at Sailor Frink. "This here the kid, is it?" He held his hand out to me and I liked him right away. When he smiled his eyes seemed to light up and his whole face went to work. You kind of had to like him. His voice was steady and soft and he talked better language than Sailor Frink or me. I could see that he would be a great salesman.

"Yes," the sailor said, "this is the kid. Sandy, he is—just Sandy. Names ain't to be spoke to good purpose nohow." He smirked again and he certainly was a tough-looking guy, but I liked him and trusted him and I was sure that this Shark did too. I felt Shark's grip and it was that of a man.

"My name's really Mirn," he explained to me—"Harry Mirn—but I go by the name of Shark, and I wish you'd call me that."

"All right, Shark," I smiled. "Sailor Frink has been tellin' me a few things about the racket."

He nodded and smiled again. "I'm glad—glad you crushed out all right too. If I were you I'd just keep out of Caxton's sight for a little while—Caxton's the detective sergeant that has this territory. A good-enough guy, he is, but smart as hell and a little uncertain. There's only one thing sure about him: He can't be bought for money."

That was a little deep for me, but Sailor Frink seemed to understand, because he laughed huskily and said, "Which is a fair wind in all directions. We know our man, so we does. If we can't buy him, nobody else can, says I, an' we know nobody else has. He can't be grappled onto us by guys tryin' to drive us off the job, that he can't."

"That's what I have been thinking," Shark laughed. "An honest man is a lot easier to fight with, eh? Here," he said, by way of changing the subject, "I got four hundred for that last stuff. It was worth a little more, but I got the cash and the price ain't too bad."

He dug into his coat pocket and drew out a lot of bills. He counted them out and there was four hundred dollars.

"That's just the way I got it," he said. "I'll leave the cut to you, Sailor. Whatever you say goes with me." As he spoke he looked at me and I got wise that he was telling the sailor to use his own judgment about me and pay me whatever share of the future take that he thought I was worth.

"Bunkies is bunkies, so they are," the sailor said. "I'll go half each with you, Shark, on this one. Here's your two hun'nerd. One hun'nerd I'll give the kid, here. We're partners, that we are, an' I divides."

He threw Shark two hundred and me one hundred. Right away Shark laughed his agreement to sharing with me, but instead of waiting until the next piece of business, he threw fifty of his two hundred to Sailor Frink. He was a white guy, Shark.

"I'll cut that way," he said. "You can take all over a hundred and a half and split with the kid. Next time it's three ways from the ace. If we play, let's play straight."

We shook hands again all around and it was just like signing a contract. Through all that happened afterward; even when we had made up the biggest gang of river pirates the country ever saw, that was all the agreement we ever had or needed. I know right this minute that I was never cheated of a cent and I know I never cheated Shark or the sailor.

I am glad of that too. Now that poor Sailor Frink is dead, and recalling the way he died, I am glad I know that I always played as fair as he did. A man that can die the way he did—for his pals—is all man.

I got a few lucky breaks and had sense enough to quit the crooked game before I got nailed. But even though the sailor was a crook, he certainly was a man.

I will tell you about his death when we come to the time when it happened; that will be better. But I cannot help thinking of it every little while. Just telling you all these things brings it back pretty vivid to my mind.

We all had some pretty good beer that was sold in this place, and Shark told us that he had orders for some rope and for some fids and marlinespikes and stuff like that.

"We'll be lookin' around tomorrow," the sailor promised. "Me an' Sandy'll spot the stuff tomorrow, we will, an' tomorrow night we'll go buy it. Meet us here after midnight tomorrow night, Shark, an' we'll tell you the whole thing an' just what we got."

"Good," Shark agreed. "Try hard to get the whole works, Sandy, because the bird that is buying this batch is from a company owning seven tugs and about thirty barges. They got a city contract for garbage disposal and a Federal contract for dredge towing. It will be a big shot to satisfy them and convince them that they can get whatever they need from us. They will be good customers if we can show them something."

Sailor Frink looked over the list of stuff that Shark had written down. His lips worked as he muttered each item on the list. The scar on his face darted back and forth with each word and his big square hands trembled just a little as they held the paper. In the yellow light, with the drab wall of that joint as a background, Sailor Frink made a pretty tough picture. Just with a look he would scare anybody that did not know him out of a year's growth.

"We'll git it all, Shark, that we will," he said confidently. "Every mite o' it, lad. I think I know the right spot now, that I do. Kraft's it'll be, tomorrow night—Kraft's. We'll git all this stuff right in that one spot, hearty."

Then he looked at me and winked and grinned, and his scar twisted and he said, "Won't we, kid?"

"You bet!" I said. "You bet we will, sailor!"

I repeated my words just like he did and hardly realized it.

"We'll crash into Kraft's warehouse tomorrow night," he said again. "The kid an' me, Shark. An' we'll git all this stuff an' satisfy our customers. What'll they pay for this list?"

"Nine hundred dollars," Shark smiled in delighted satisfaction. "Nine hundred on delivery, boys! Pretty soft if you can make the grade an' get the stuff."

"If it's on the docks—an' it is—we'll have it, says I. Right, Sandy?"

"Aye," I agreed, "if it's on the docks we'll have it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AGAINST THE RULES

(Continued from Page 19)

head vehemently in the negative. "I could laugh with childish glee if he sat down on a bear trap."

"He shouldn't," said Giotto, "have dragged Pa and Ma Bellows into it. There's a rule against that in the rule book. So I guess we'll have to penalize him. . . . Did you see Graham Knox?"

"I saw and conquered. He will loan us five thousand dollars on our autographs, with our lighting-company stock as security."

"Then go," said Giotto, "and dicker with Mrs. Brock."

Young Mr. Sand straightway went to do so. Mrs. Brock invited him into the dining room, where he smiled affably and opened the conversation by saying, "I believe you own one more river-improvement company than you need."

"I don't own but one," she said, "and I cal'late to git rid of that if I kin. I hain't able to look after it now that Hank's gone."

"The Dover River Dam and Boom Company, is it not?"

"That's what Hank called it."

"It includes a charter from the state?"

"It includes everythin' needful," said Mrs. Brock.

"And how much do you want for it?"

"All I kin git."

"That," said John, "is a very proper spirit. It has animated many of our leading financiers. Now I would like to buy this aforesaid Dam and Boom Company. Nothing stands between us but the price."

"Seems as though."

"You want all you can get. Now I am averse to dicker. I will tell you promptly and courteously how much you can get out of me. It is all because it is all I've got." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and counted them out on the table in neat piles. "Five thousand dollars," he said, "no more, no less."

Mrs. Brock never had seen that quantity of currency assembled upon one dining-room table before, and the sight of it was impressive, not to say alluring. She found she could not bear to part with it now that it was actually within her dining room.

"Gimme the money," she said.

"When," said John, "you have signed these papers."

Presently the transaction was completed and John bowed himself out with the documents which made him and his partner owners of a concern born in palmier logging days, when there was an abundance of pine and spruce, and before tractors and log haulers had come into being. In that day a charter to improve a river with dams and booms so that logs might be driven down it in the spring was a property of value. Every log must pay its toll. But of late years, when, in that locality, more hardwood than soft had been cut, and when log haulers worked throughout the winter on iced roads, the profits had been so reduced that at times they were invisible. Nevertheless, the charter was of value; the dams at strategic points represented investments and the booms were in fair repair. Also the charter was perpetual, having been given in a day when legislatures were more lax in such matters, and its scope was amazingly broad.

"It gives us," Giotto pointed out, "control of the water power of that considerable stream. One day this will be plenty valuable."

"But today?"

"Today it is enough that it shall make John H. Rockwell to utter words and phrases in an irritated tone of voice."

"You'll have to deal with him, Giotto. I can't trust myself to be suave and tactful. My idea of suavity toward that gentleman is to sock him on the button."

"It would be pleasurable," admitted Giotto, "but there's no money in it."

"Look at the pugilists! Listen, in this town I could sell every seat in the opery house if I would guarantee to sock Rockwell on the button. It would be more popular than Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Maybe," said Giotto, "we can arrange it before all is said and done. . . . Now sit tight. I'm stealing away to his office. If I do not return by nightfall, or if shrill screams are heard emerging, call out the fire department."

Giotto walked down the road, upon which the great roller had packed the snow into a deep and hard pavement, until he came to the bridge which led across the river to John H. Rockwell's lumber mill. The offices occupied a building off to the left and Giotto entered the door gravely.

"Why, Mr. North," exclaimed a voice, "this is perfectly dicky! You can amuse me till papa's through. He's busy. He's always busy when I come to ask him for money. But it doesn't do any good. I always wait, no matter how long it is, just to teach him he can't get away with anything. But usually there's nobody to talk to."

"I came," said Giotto, "to see your father on business."

"There's no novelty about that," she said. "Lots of folks do. . . . By the way, do you dance?"

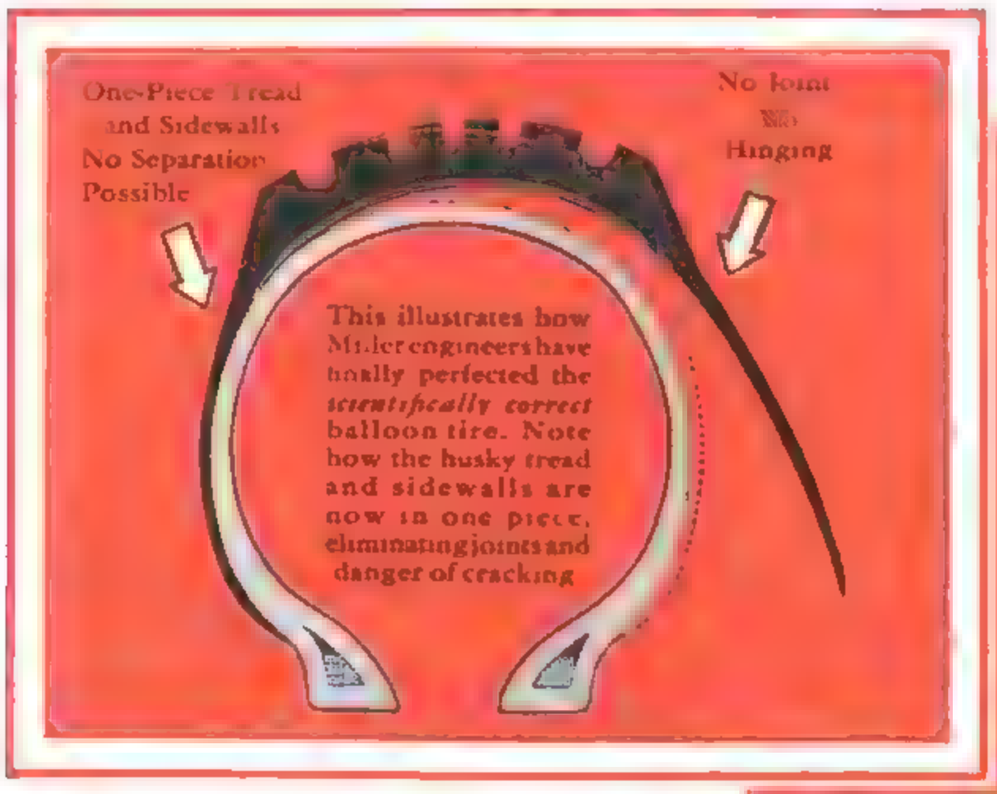
"No," said Giotto promptly.

"You said that so quickly," said Leslie, "that I couldn't believe it even if I wanted to. I'll bet you're a heavenly dancer."

"I despise dancing," said Giotto.

"A man," said Leslie, "who despises dancing has been unfortunate in his partners. Now I'm a very good dancer. It has been commented upon by a great many people. I'm sure, if you'd come to my party and dance with me—oh, a lot of times—you'd change your mind about it. You'll come, won't you?"

(Continued on Page 81)


One-Piece Tread
and Sidewalls
No Separation
Possible
No Joint
No
Hinging
This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the *scientifically correct* balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece, eliminating joints and danger of cracking

AMAZING *new* MILEAGE Records

the Result of Scientific Correctness in Tires

MILEAGE, after all, is the deciding influence in your satisfaction with tires. Scientific Correctness has established a new mileage standard.

Transportation companies by the score who use millions of tire miles a year—and who figure transportation costs to the fraction of a mile—tell us that Miller Tires are consistently leading *all tires* in mileage tests. They are piling up mileage records undreamed of even one or two years ago.

Science has always brought the amazing improvement . . . put old ways into the discard. Science has brought to Miller Tires—in three great advancements—this ability to deliver unheard-of mileage.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece Tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars proved the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Geared-to-the-Road, Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear, the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N.Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller REG U S PAT OFF *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

THE largest of the Pyramids, built by King Khufu (Cheops), is a striking example of endurance. Each side has a slant height of 568 feet and a length of 750 feet at the base, covering an area of approximately 13 acres. Over 100,000 men were employed during the 20-year period of construction. Its perfect contour, maintained for many centuries, is a monument to the precepts of skillful engineering and fine workmanship.

A reprint of this advertisement, suitable for framing, may be obtained by addressing Continental Motors Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

Powerful as the Nation

ENDURANCE

THE quality of endurance is invaluable. The athlete must have it for that winning burst of speed to the tape, the monument or building in order to withstand the ravages of time, the automobile for those extra thousands of miles which in the long run spell economy.

Deep below the surface of every Red Seal Continental motor is that rugged quality of endurance—an endurance based upon the finest of materials, machines of unerring precision and an accuracy of workmanship whose limits are as close as a watchmaker's.

During more than a score of years of existence, Continental has forged ahead, each stride resulting in invaluable contributions to the gasoline power field.

Concentrating on the manufacture of gasoline motors has led to the development of unequalled facilities for both quantity and quality production. For this reason, Continental occupies first place throughout the world as a producer of internal combustion engines.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. *Factories:* Detroit and Muskegon

Passenger
Commercial
Bus

Industrial
Marine
Airplane

Continental Motors

SENTINEL *of your baby's* PLAYGROUND

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

YOU mothers know the thrill with which you watch your baby's first clumsy attempts to creep—and the fear. For you know that from now on your baby faces a new danger—the menace of germs that lurk in rugs, waiting to be transferred on chubby fingers to an undiscriminating mouth.

You can't gamble with halfway cleaning measures when a baby's health is at stake.

There's but one thing to do—keep rugs and carpets scrupulously, thoroughly *clean.*

The Hoover will do it, for it removes more *dirt per minute.* And it gets not only the surface dirt, lint, hair and threads, but the deeply embedded, dangerous dirt—the germs that menace health.

"Positive Agitation" is responsible for this ability of the Hoover to outclean ordinary cleaning methods. "Positive Agitation" shakes loose from the bottom of the rugs the heavy, destructive dirt that usual cleaning methods fail to touch. And by its thorough dirt removal, "Positive Agitation" restores to rugs their original beauty, lifting the nap and brightening the colors.

The amazing efficiency of this exclusive Hoover cleaning principle — the outstanding ability of the Hoover to remove more *dirt per minute*—has been proved by repeated tests made under actual home conditions. We will gladly demonstrate it to you, in your own home on your own rugs. Because *d p m* represents the real gauge of electric-cleaner capacity, you should see this test, which is an accurate measure of efficiency, before purchasing *any* cleaner. Telephone your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices, Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover Dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 76)

"No," said Giotto very firmly, if not particularly graciously.

"Why?"

"It isn't polite to demand reasons," he said.

"It isn't polite to decline an invitation with a flat no," she said; and then repeated, "Why?"

"Well," said Giotto, "your father would be so enthusiastic to have me as his guest that he would break out the family shotgun in my honor."

"Why," she asked, "doesn't papa like you?"

"I think it's my hair," he said.

"Nonsense! I can't have you quarreling with papa. What have you done to him?"

"My dear young woman," he said, "whatever I may have done to him isn't a freckle on the nose of what I'm about to do."

"Besides," she said, "it's my party."

"It makes no difference."

"You mean you won't come?"

"That is what I was striving to express in my vague way."

"Then," she said, "I shan't have any party. I was just having it for you anyway."

"What?" he asked almost explosively.

"I thought," she said placidly, "if I could get you to my party, where I was the hostess and everything, you would have to be nice to me. The etiquette book says you would have to. Then, don't you see, when you had done it once, you might get to like it."

"Like what?" he asked, apprehension commencing to fight for the mastery.

"Being nice to me," she said, "and having me be nice right back again." She frowned at him. "Anybody," she said, "would think I had cross-eyes and bowlegs!"

"Oh, no," he said a bit breathlessly, "I think you are rather good looking."

"I'm very good looking," she said promptly, "and everybody knows it but you." Then she sighed. "Well," she said, "that didn't work, so I'll have to think up something else."

"Something else for what?" he asked.

"Some way of making you see how nice it would be to have me be especially nice to you," she said. "And I'm going to prove how sweet I can be right now. I'm going to let you go in to see papa first. Because I should be ever so long. The more money I want the longer I have to argue to get it." She shook her head as if puzzled at the ways of men. "He might just as well save time and give in at once, because I always get what I want."

"Do you?" he exclaimed.

She fixed him with her dancing eyes and shook her head at him determinedly.

"You might as well know it first as last," she said. "I do. So, you see, it's no use."

"What's no use?"

"Being so uppity with me," she said. "There's papa's door now. I guess he's through. Go right in."

But Giotto did not go right in; he rapped and was summoned to enter. Rockwell looked up from a paper in his hand and scowled.

"What," he demanded, "are you doing here?"

"I came," said Giotto, "to discuss causes and effects, and this and that of importance, and to lay before you a few statistics."

"If you've any business with me," said Rockwell, "have it over with and get out."

"You might," said Giotto, "send speedy messengers to call me back. I'm quite sure you would."

"Get down to brass tacks," said Rockwell.

"I will. The first brass tack is this: You are cutting something like four million of spruce up Dover way, cleaning off your last big stand."

"What of it?"

"It's just one of my statistics. Here's another: You have cut twenty thousand cords of pulp wood under contract for the Atlantic Pulp Company."

"Which is none of your business."

"Well, indirectly, I may say it is my business in an indirect and roundabout way."

"As how?"

"You have got to drive that spruce down the Dover," said Giotto. "And you've got to float those twenty thousand cords of pulp down the same stream."

"Any fool knows that."

"Yes," said Giotto, "but what any fool doesn't know is that you can't float a stick of it unless I vote in the affirmative."

"What? What's that?"

"It represents the *statu quo*—not to say the crux of the matter," said Giotto. "And it would be quite a loss to have four million spruce rot in the woods."

"You," said John H., "are crazy."

"And you've contracted to deliver that pulp wood at a certain date."

"Oh, get out!" said John H. wearily. "Close the door after you gently."

"Just as you say," said Giotto, "but the fact is John Sand and I have bought the Dover River Dam and Boom Company, with all appurtenances thereto appertaining."

John H. Rockwell knitted his brows while he digested this information. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't hold up my drive. I've rights on the river. So long as I pay the toll, I'll drive when and where I like."

"Why," said Giotto, "yes. That would seem to be the law. But you couldn't replace the dam above Checkerberry Ripe in time to drive this spring. And it's a certainty there wouldn't be time to rebuild the dam below Three-Step Rapids. With those two dams out, you might as well try to drive logs down Main Street."

"But those dams are there. I saw them last week."

"They're not going to be though. The new owners of the Dam and Boom Company have decided those dams are inadequate. They are going to replace them with newer and finer and more beautiful dams. So in"—he looked at his watch—"in less than three hours those dams cease to be."

"What?"

"We considered the quickest way to clear them out for the new work was to dynamite them."

"Do you think you can get away with that? I'll have an injunction in an hour."

"That," said Giotto, "will be too late. At the first move to get an injunction a friend starts in a sleigh for the dams. Before you can get service, there will be loud explosions and the air full of débris. As a matter of fact, we have considered all possibilities and have insured against any eventuality."

"You can't—you dassent ——"

"As I figure it," said Giotto, "that spruce stands you in about twelve dollars a thousand as it lays—maybe more. That makes about fifty thousand dollars' worth of spruce gone to rack and ruin. I don't know what you stand to lose on the pulpwood contract, but considerable. It will, as the saying goes, dent you considerably."

"I'll—I'll ——"

Giotto shook his head mildly. "You may sue for damages when it's all over," he said. "But how—I pause to ask you—how will you collect? . . . Do we talk business?"

"Yes," said Rockwell, "this time."

"Very well. We are not holdup men, Mr. Rockwell, but, on the other hand, you've been a naughty, naughty boy. That really is why I went into this deal. I'm speaking of the Bellows mortgage. We'll want a discharge of that."

"You win."

"And," said Giotto, "we want your 51 per cent of the stock in the electric-light company. The discharge of mortgage is a penalty for violating the rules; the stock is fair payment for use of our river. Er—I would decide quickly if I were you. John Sand rather hopes you decline."

"You win," said Rockwell grimly, and added, "this time."

He did not bluster, he did not threaten, but his eyes and the set of his mouth and jaw were more eloquent than any words could have been. He walked to the desk, extracted the certificates of stock, together with the record books of the company, and after indorsing, turned them over silently to Giotto. Also the mortgage on the tavern, with the discharge duly signed, witnessed and acknowledged before his stenographer, who was a notary public.

"I think that is all," he said, and then again, "for this time."

"Why, yes," said Giotto, "for all time so far as I am concerned."

III

THE net results of this transaction were far reaching. In the first place they enabled Ma Bellows to hold a celebration in the tavern at which a few old friends were present, and where, amid no inconsiderable rejoicings, the mortgage was burned in due form. It was from this result that Giotto derived his greatest satisfaction.

The second and more far-reaching result was the successful launching of the Mountain Power and Securities Company, a corporation formed for the holding, owning and managing of power, water and electric companies as they might appear. The new company dealt with and became the owner of the common stock of the Dover Waterworks Company, the Dover Electric Light Company, the Hamburg Electric Light Company and the Hempstead Electric Company—to say nothing of the valuable franchise of the Dover River Dam and Boom Company. It was a sizable transaction, carried through with discretion and diplomacy. Preferred stock paying 6 per cent, plus a bonus of common, was paid for the stock in these companies. Which, when the smoke cleared away, left Giotto and John Sand the owners of 68 per cent—and consequently the control—of the new holding company.

At last the new partnership was launched. It had completed the first loop of the chain which was destined to stretch far before the end was seen. The offices were established in Hempstead, with John Sand as president.

"But," he objected to Giotto, "you should be president."

"I," said Giotto, "never hold office."

"You're not going to hold any office?"

"None—except director."

"Then," asked Sand with some bewilderment, "what are you going to do?"

"Hang on," said Giotto, "to my job as hotel clerk. I've done pretty well with it so far. I kind of like the life."

"You'll be leaving it," said John.

"I doubt it," said Giotto.

"For a better and nobler life," said John.

"Nonsense!"

"As," said John, "one of our leading young married men. I have it on good authority."

Then Giotto fell. He asked the obvious question, and John Sand grinned.

"What authority?" Giotto asked.

"Leslie Rockwell's," said John. "I believe she's planning an announcement party."

"You can't," said Giotto, "play Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark."

"Leslie can," said John. "Watch her do it."

THE GLORY OF KINGS

(Continued from Page 33)

and by." He added argumentatively, "Not only there, but along the coast. Georgia is booming. And all along the Gulf. You don't have to believe it. I don't expect you to. But things are just starting down there, Dave."

Dave grinned. "Let's have it," he prompted.

Linnekin nodded. "Understand," he warned, his tone changing, "I told you this wasn't your dish, and I tell you so now. You don't need to expect me to pull any selling talk on you. I'm just explaining the situation so you'll know as much about it as I do."

"You haven't explained a darned thing yet," Dave reminded him.

"You're like a man protesting he doesn't want to play poker, when he's itching to get into the game."

"How much do you want us to take?" Dave grinned.

"All right," Linnekin said defiantly. "If you insist on being so wise. Here's the story. Never mind names and places; for the present that's my business. If you do make up your mind that you want a share of it, I'll give you all the dope. But here's the proposition:

"There's a development down there, or there is going to be. I'm not asking you to take my say-so, but I'll give you the names of twenty men and you can write to as many of them as you want to, and find out what they have to say. They're on the ground. This particular property is for business and residences, mind you. Sound. Not winter-resort stuff. They're financing the necessary sewers and drainage. Putting out a two-million-dollar bond issue. They've organized a drainage district. The taxable value of the land now is nearly four million, and it's subject to betterment assessments.

"These bonds are secured by that," he continued. "As far as that goes, they've got no more chance to get away from you than the land itself. But the meat in the coconut, from my point of view, is that they've got to take a licking in selling them. The development hasn't gone far enough yet to attract capital. That's why I said it wouldn't attract you. From your point of view this is a wildcat proposition. The worst that can happen, as far as I can see, is that the money will be tied up for a while. The best that can happen is a 100 per cent profit, plus interest, in five years."

"On bonds?" Dave protested incredulously.

"That's right," Linnekin exclaimed. "Laugh it off! That's the trouble with knowing a little bit; a man begins to think he knows everything. I've been down there and talked turkey to these people. I've made them understand that they've got to take a licking to get a start, and they're willing to do it.

"Here's the layout. The bonds bear 6 per cent." He added methodically, "Underlying bonds, and 6 per cent. Wholesale price is ninety; retail, anything you care to charge. If you can get par, so much the better. And—and here's where the trick comes in—with the bonds goes a five-year option on one-fifth of the land that'll be brought under development, at the present valuation.

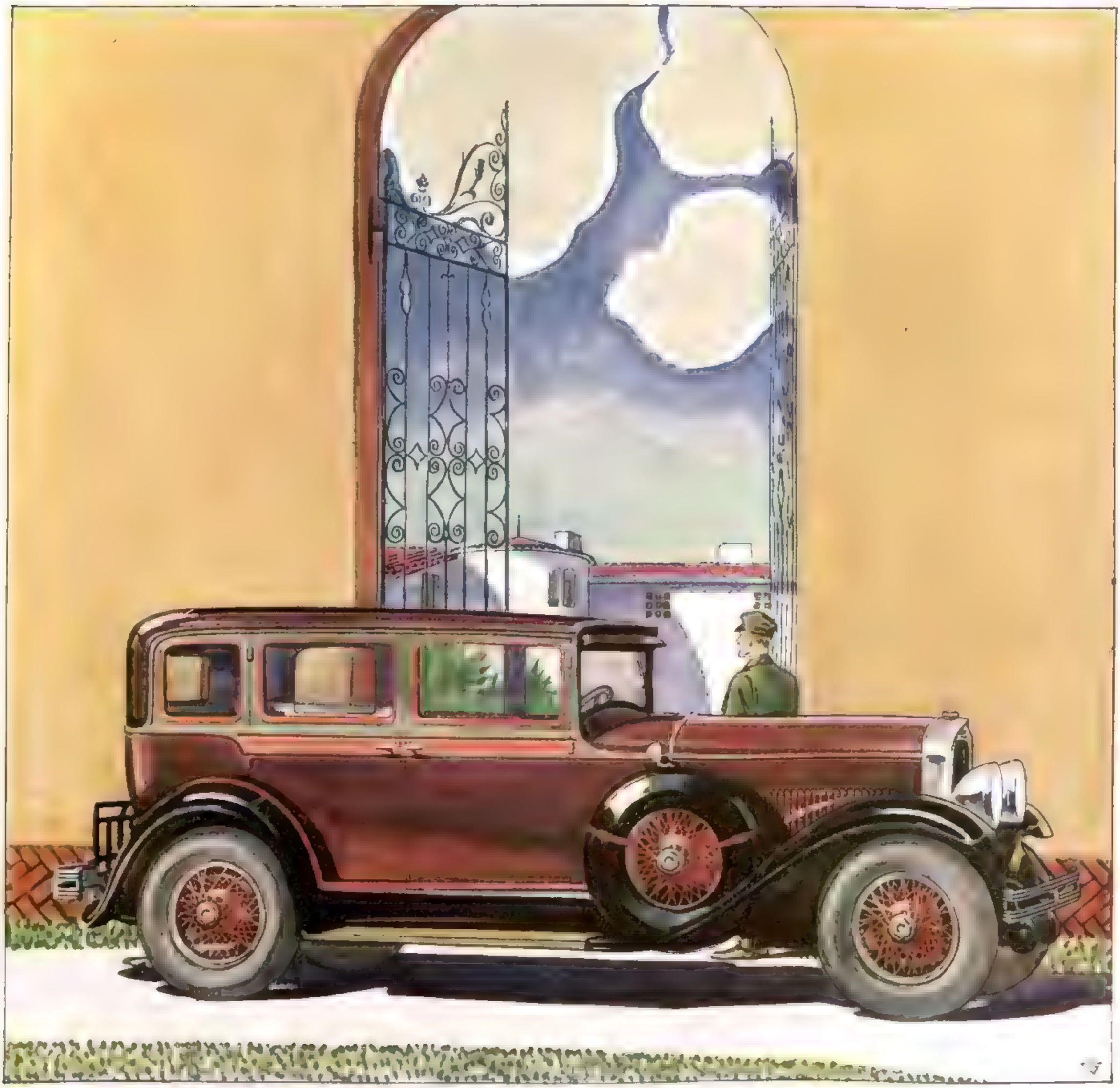
"It'll take two years to do the work, and when it's done the value will double, and it ought to increase steadily after that. But it'll double anyway. You can take your profit on the options without putting up a cent except the purchase price of the bonds."

"What's the population?" Dave asked. He was full of an increasing stir of interest and eagerness. Linnekin's very reluctance, the defiance in the other's tone served as a whet to Dave's appetite, as a spur to his resolution. "What's the population?" he repeated.

"I don't know exactly," Linnekin confessed. "And it doesn't matter. I told you that this is speculative. I'm not making

(Continued on Page 84)

T H E N E W M A R M O N 7 8



THE "78" IS AVAILABLE IN SIX BODY STYLES

Five-Passenger Sedan (illustrated above with de luxe equipment at moderate additional cost); the Victoria Coupe, for four passengers; the Two-Passenger Coupe, with rumble seat; the Two-Passenger Collapsible Coupe, with rumble seat; the Two-Passenger Roadster, with rumble seat; and the Four-Passenger Speedster ($1895 and upward, all under $2000, f. o. b. factory).

WIDE RANGE OF COLOR OPTIONS ON ALL MODELS

Based on the Jewel Colors introduced by Marmon—without parallel in the industry.

EXTERIOR FITMENTS NEW IN MOTIF

Searching good taste in even the smallest details. Particularly to be noted are: new, larger radiator, with flat type cap; new full crown fender design, high pitched type with Marmon "V" incorporated in design at front; new type headlamps and mountings which give added grace to the ensemble; cowl lamps mounted on nickel-plated cowl bar extending around to finish off the hood.

AN INTERIOR OF UNITY AND CHARM

The cushions are upholstered in the newest broadcloth patterns. Genuine walnut garnish mouldings with parquetry inlay, bronze finish hardware and silk curtains and toggle grips in color harmony are among the many delightful points of interest.

I S A S T R A I G H T E I G H T

This IS THE NEW MARMON

78

A New Finer, Faster Straight-Eight of Larger Size

THIS is the car which has stood out as being so notably new and interesting at all of the shows. This is the new finer, larger and faster Straight-Eight built by Marmon to Marmon standards of precision and care.

Power is 86 horsepower. Top speed is 70 to 80 miles per hour, depending on driving conditions. And it is effortless, *stream power* at every speed range.

Acceleration is instant—smooth—sparkling (10 to 50 miles per hour in 15⅓ seconds). On the Speedway and road in exhaustive tests it has clearly demonstrated its ability to start smoothly and quietly; to pick up in a flash; and to quickly distance the pack when high speeds are required.

In Hill Climbing we know of no car the equal of this new "78". For example, on Uniontown Hill, Pennsylvania, the "78", from a standing start at the bottom, takes this severe grade easily and smoothly in high gear—reaching a speed of 43 to 45 miles per hour at the crest in repeated hundreds of tests. But more impressive even than this speed is the ease with which this remarkable car performs the feat. Look out for the "78's" on the hills!

Luxurious Size—The "78" is not a large, bulky car; yet it is in no sense a small car. It is mobile in size—a car to park in as well as to tour in. In front compartment and rear it is roomy and luxurious—and of full five-passenger capacity. The wheelbase actually is 120 inches, but upon this chassis Marmon engineers have provided the most unusual comfort dimensions, actually comparing with cars of 130-inch wheelbase—or more.

Easiest Riding Car in the World—Marmons have always been noted for easy riding—but this quality is even more pronounced perhaps than ever before in the new "78". The chassis springs are especially long (79% of wheelbase). Springs are mounted in large rubber blocks or shock insulators, instead of ordinary metal shackles. The rebound (which every healthy spring must have) is taken up by Lovejoy Hydraulic shock absorbers.

The four-wheel brakes (mechanical type) are the very latest development, affording remarkable dependability and permanence of adjustment.

Clutch, transmission, rear axle and propeller shaft are all "extra strength" and designed for the most severe service—not merely the average.

The handling of the "78" is "as light as a feather". No struggle getting in and out of the garage or in parking—two easy flips of the wheel are enough. The steering column and pedals are adjustable to the reach of the driver—the distances measured for you in custom fashion.

The frame has been skillfully narrowed in front to give an unusually short turning radius—contributing materially to very easy handling.

The price is medium for dollars, but remarkable for value ($1895 at the factory).

The "78" is now on display at all Marmon establishments, together with its companion car—the New Marmon 68, a straight-eight at $1395, f. o. b. factory.

$1895 F. O. B. FACTORY

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 81)

any promises, but potentially the population will run to thirty or forty thousand people."

Dave asked sagaciously, "What's the amount of the betterment assessment?"

"To the face of the bonds," Linnekin replied.

"So that they're covered anyway," Dave commented.

"Don't go too fast," Willie warned. "That's the amount of the assessment, but suppose some of the owners don't pay? Where are you going to be then?"

"Well, where are you?" Dave echoed.

"That's the beauty of it," Linnekin assured him. "If the owners don't pay their assessments, the land can be sold. That's where your protection comes in. If that weren't so, and they refused to pay, you'd be stuck."

He continued, repeating and elaborating what he had said, and Dave listened for a while with no further comment. He was sufficiently experienced to perceive that—as Linnekin repeatedly pointed out—this was a speculative proposition; yet so far as he could discover, the element of risk was inconsequential and the potential profits were tremendously attractive.

Some instinctive apprehension warned him that this was not an undertaking of the character of which his father would approve, but this very feeling served rather to stimulate than to restrain his eagerness. After all, his father was not to make the decision. It was in his hands, and it seemed to him that the enterprise offered the opportunity for a spectacular stroke of business, and one which would increase the reputation of Temple & Company among its clientele.

Also, Linnekin's very reluctance acted as a challenge, and Dave had not yet learned that to accept a challenge may be a confession of cowardice as well as an evidence of courage. Yet he tried to keep a level head, to weigh the matter judicially. Something his father had said recurred to him—that it was good policy to secure all available information upon any matter which arose for decision, so that final judgment could be based upon sound and substantial grounds. He began to question Linnekin, attacking the matter from every angle which he could discover; and the more persistently Linnekin put him off, warning him to leave the affair alone, the more zealous Dave became to have a hand in it. When in the end he left the other man, Linnekin had given him a list of references—real-estate men and banks and business houses—to which he could appeal for more detailed information. Dave went back to the office, walking at a faster pace than his habit was, to set afoot the investigation he was soberly determined to make.

It occurred to him that Bugbee would disapprove of this enterprise; and he grinned at the thought.

"Ten per cent is Bugbee's idea of a big profit," he told himself. "But there are a lot of propositions that will double your money if you know where to look, and go at it sensibly."

He decided there was no use in arguing with Irv. Bugbee was set in his opinions, unlikely to be moved by anything which Dave could say; and the young man made up his mind to go ahead on his own initiative with the investigations he proposed.

"That doesn't commit us to anything," he assured himself. "Just asking questions." And the thought gave him confidence.

By the time he reached the office this projected policy of secrecy extended itself to include Miss Manter. She would be sure to feel as Irving did—that it were folly even to consider such a project.

"I'll wait," he decided, "till I've got it all ready to spring on them, and it's too late for them to argue. After all, I'm the one to decide. There's nothing they have any right to say."

The letters he must write in the course of his inquiries he would ordinarily have dictated to Miss Manter, but under the circumstances he decided not to do this. Instead, he set about the business of inditing them in long hand, and he was thus occupied all that afternoon. Yet in the end he could not resist a gesture designed to suggest to Miss Manter that something was afoot. When the letters were done and sealed, he rang for her and asked her to mail them.

She picked them up with an obvious curiosity in her eyes, and he said in a dignified tone:

"I didn't want to bother you about this. Nothing may come of it."

She nodded, and without comment, turned away.

It would be, Dave realized, some days before he could expect replies, and in the meantime he had difficulty in keeping his own counsel. He could not even discuss what was in his mind with Linnekin, for Willie had gone to New York to talk with other houses there; and Dave had to wait with what patience he could achieve for the replies to the letters he had written. Miss Manter was in the habit of opening his morning's mail, and the day after he wrote the letters he realized this, was prompted by it to direct her to leave his mail unopened until further notice.

He saw her color at his words, and he said in an explanatory tone, "You see, I'm expecting some mail about an affair that's very much in doubt, and I don't want you worrying about it."

She protested politely, "There's no explanation necessary, Mr. Temple," and he smiled and retorted:

"But I can make one if I choose."

To this proposition she neither assented nor demurred.

The replies to his letters served to confirm his feeling that Linnekin, however reluctantly, had put him in the way of a good stroke of business; and fortified by the information they contained, he went to Willie and pressed his demands with such vigor that Linnekin in the end agreed to allow him to subscribe for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the bonds.

When the formal documents had been interchanged and he knew himself committed, Dave had some fears. But he fought them down and proceeded to put into effect the machinery necessary for distributing these securities among his customers. He drafted a circular and sent it to the printers; but not until the proofs came in did he at last call Bugbee and Miss Manter into his office and tell them what he was about to do.

He spoke, not as one asking advice or counsel, but as one giving instructions. He began by giving Miss Manter the proof of the circular for her revision.

"I know you've written a good many of these," he told her. "And if there are any changes you want to make in the wording, go ahead. Have a proper number printed, and we'll send them out to the usual list."

She picked up the proof and began to scrutinize it attentively, her brow faintly furrowed; and Dave watched her for a moment and then turned to Bugbee.

"Here's the proposition, Irving," he said. "I want you to get the salesmen together and give them their instructions. Get to work with the telephone, and personally too. We want to put this out right away. The wholesale price is ninety, and they'd be attractive at a hundred; but we're not going to be hoggish about it. Ninety-four—ninety-five, say, is enough for us."

He continued, speaking rapidly to forestall the other's questions, explaining the affair in detail; and Bugbee watched him and listened attentively. Miss Manter for the moment forgot the proof in her hand and gave him her attention too. As he continued he saw the growing condemnation in their eyes; and it served as a spur, rousing him to a faint and increasing anger. He talked rapidly, seeking to forestall their interruptions; but in the end, as Bugbee's countenance grew more and more forbidding, Dave's resentment made him stubborn and he brought his discourse to an abrupt end.

"That's the whole story," he said sharply. "Here are the papers—all the information, Bugbee. You can look them over before you talk to the other men. That's all!"

And he rose in a fashion intended to warn them that the matter was closed, that on their part submission only was required.

Dave rose, but Miss Manter did not rise. She sat where she was, and she watched Bugbee; and Irving got to his feet and broke into violent protest.

"But, Dave," he said swiftly, "this is a wildcat proposition. It's apt to blow up in your face. We ought to look into this a little more."

"I've made all necessary investigations," Dave retorted.

Bugbee made a bitter gesture. "Why, the very fact that it comes from Linnekin," he said stoutly, "shows there's something wrong with it."

Dave smiled grimly.

"You needn't jump on Willie," he retorted. "Linnekin didn't want to let me in on this. I got it out of him. I know what I'm doing. There may not be any profit in it, but there isn't going to be any loss, and there may be a big profit. I want you to tell the customers so."

She: "Let's Go to the Men's Grill Where it Isn't so Smoky"

And he added more sternly, "Now mind you, Irving, I don't want any foolishness about this. You're to carry out instructions. You can give them our assurance that they won't lose anything."

Bugbee urged desperately: "But, Dave, hold it up a few days. Let me go down there and look around. Why, this sort of thing is worse than an oil development, unless there's some strength back of it. You don't want to go in blindfolded this way."

Dave said dryly: "Irv, I know you haven't any confidence in my judgment. But fortunately I don't have to submit my decisions to you. If I did, I'd never do anything. I know your disposition, and within your limitations you're a valuable man. Please be so good as to stay within them."

"But, Dave," Irving exclaimed, "I know you think you're all right. I know you think there isn't any chance that this can go wrong, but suppose the whole thing blows up?"

"If it does," Dave retorted, "the bonds are secured by the betterment assessments, and they're underlying bonds."

"I don't like to see ——" Bugbee began, but Dave broke in on him with a sudden violence which silenced the other.

"I don't give a hoot what you like to see, Irv!" he said stridently. "You're here to do what I tell you to do. Now let's not have any more talk about it."

Bugbee stood still for a moment and looked at Miss Manter as though to appeal to her for support, but that young woman made no sign. He turned at last reluctantly toward the door. When he was gone Dave swung back to where the stenographer still sat.

"You'd better get that proof to the printer this afternoon," he said quietly.

She looked up then and met his glance. "Mr. Temple," she warned him, "this is not the sort of thing your father would wish Temple & Company to involve themselves in."

"Father has turned Temple & Company over to me," he reminded her.

"I know," she agreed, almost pleadingly. "But this is frightfully dangerous. A thing like this can give a black eye to the firm that it will never get over."

Her opposition woke him to a final truculent burst of anger.

He said crisply:

"I did not ask your advice. I'll take all the responsibility."

She came at that swiftly to her feet, and her eyes were flaming. "Responsibility!" she echoed. "You don't know the meaning of the word!"

That he had been able to rouse her to anger had the curious effect of quieting his own irritation, so that he smiled faintly. "If you disapprove," he said in a challenging tone, "I suppose you're going to threaten to resign."

"Resign?" she echoed scornfully. "That's the sort of thing a rat does. No. No, I'm not going to resign." She made a reckless gesture. "I'll stick now till the ship goes down!"

And turned abruptly toward the door and disappeared, closing it behind her. Left him standing by his desk there.

Dave, alone, had for a moment a terrifying realization of the fact that they might after all be right, these two; that their warnings, based upon experience more extensive than his own, might be justified. But in the end he shook his head, sought to reassure himself.

"They've been here so long," he argued, "that they've forgotten how to take a chance. It's time there was new blood in these old bones."

And he remembered her final words. "Sinking ship!" he echoed, and laughed defiantly. "It will be a long time till Temple & Company goes down, as long as I'm around."

Yet he could not wholly stifle an aching twinge of fear.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

CANDY *for a* Valentine

Sweet Innocence, demure and young,
Greeted Sir Chivalry;
Heart spoke to heart, yet lips were shy
Of love's dear courtesy.

But Cupid prompted Chivalry
To further his design,
And true love voiced its message
In a Candy Valentine.

Make Candy YOUR Valentine

Candy is always the appropriate St. Valentine's gift. It bespeaks with a rich eloquence the message of the lover or husband ❧ And don't forget the happiness that lies in a Valentine gift of candy to the children—and grown-ups, too. Candy is the messenger of sentiment

Lovergan

National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries
Educational Department, 1617 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
© N. C. A. 1917

Rubber-locked inner strength

Goodrich Silvertowns are bonded together by Water-Cured rubber —toughened to remarkable uniformity by application of heat from outside and inside both, instead of from outside only. Added to this extra toughening process, there is the equalized strength of 5,000 stretch-matched cords. Three vital features combine to give you long and carefree mileage.

Goodrich

"BEST IN THE

The plate-glass test—This glass was pressed against a Goodrich Silvertown till the tread flattened as it would flatten against the road. Note how the center grooves can close up, when the tire is under load.

See What Happens
when Goodrich Silvertowns meet the Road

BALLOON tires are soft. They yield. Their tread flattens against the road. The center compresses, letting the "shoulders" of the tread come down to the ground.

Simple facts—but what a tremendous effect they have on mileage! Suppose the center could not yield. Suppose it had bulky masses of rubber where it should be flexible. Then it would crowd the surrounding rubber out of shape. It would distort the shoulder rubber. And uneven, choppy, wasteful wear would be the result.

But Goodrich rubber is molded to the shape of the successful hinge-center tread design. Triple-grooved, easy-flexing center. Massive "shoulders." No crowding. No distortion. No "piling up" of rubber can cause premature wear. You get the full service, the last long mile which skillful curing and toughening have put into Goodrich Silvertowns.

The public has discovered this difference. Millions of new users have swung to Goodrich Silvertowns—because, in these tires, they have found extra economy, noiseless traction, longer wear, which mean Quality in tangible and measurable form.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

Silvertowns

L O N G R U N ''

Listen In every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network.

COLORFUL wall-tiling at surprisingly low cost

NOW every home can afford a cheerful tiled kitchen

COLOR—the magic key to a *cheerful* home!

Cheerful color for the kitchen—where the average woman spends a third of her day.

Bright, joyous, delightful colors for the nursery, laundry, the bath, rooms so often neglected heretofore.

Now Upson Fibre-Tile will bring you those colorful tiled walls so much in vogue—and at surprisingly low cost—only about 1/10th as much as ceramic tiling.

Upson Fibre-Tile is a companion product of famous *Blue* Center Upson Board. It comes in big, sturdy unfinished wall-sections that go right over the old wall surface. Then you simply enamel it in plain or harmonious stippled colors to suit your individual preference.

Right now—when carpenters have more leisure—is a good time to Upsonize your whole house.

Use Upson Fibre-Tile for tile-like washable wainscotings—Upson Board for attractive paneled walls and ceilings.

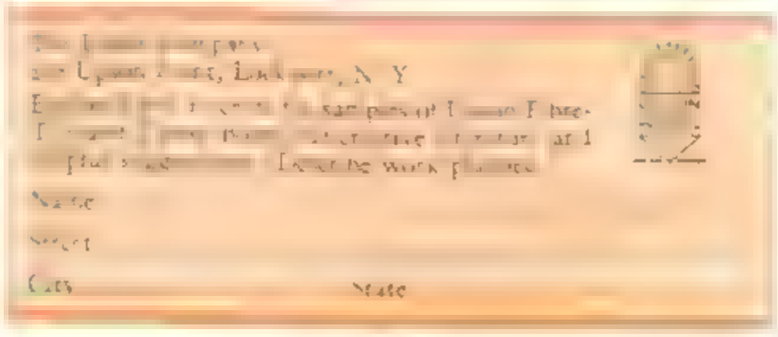
Reclaim cracked ceilings with Upson Board

Because of its remarkable strength, there is *nothing better* than Upson Board for re-covering cracked ceilings. And there's so little muss or dirt. Try Upson Board for one room—you will want its lasting beauty all through the house.

CONTRACTORS USE IT!
Up-to-the-minute carpenters recommend and install Upson Tile for kitchens, baths, laundries, barber shops, wherever tile-like walls are desired

LUMBER DEALERS SELL IT!
Alert lumber dealers everywhere are selling Upson Tile. If you are a lumber dealer and do not stock it, write today for our interesting proposition

SEND FOR COLORED SAMPLES AND APPLICATION DETAILS



UPSON
BOARD and FIBRE TILE

© The Upson Company, Lockport, New York, 1928

AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT'S CONFESSIONS

(Continued from Page 25)

was synchronized with a clock so that the film could later be run through slowly and every motion studied with regard to its time. His is the only accurate system of time study, but the cost of the film and the study will commonly exceed the savings on the man; and this even if he stays on his job for some years and methods do not change. And in addition there is always the danger that the enthusiastic timer will insist on a higher speed than is consistent with continued good work or good health.

Men are not machines and they cannot be trained to act like machines. The best workers have some individualism and they become poor workers if forced into a common mold. This does not mean that a worker should be left to shift for himself, but more profit is to be had by providing the man with proper tools and delivering the work to him conveniently than by insisting that he work according to a rigidly set plan. And if you do put in a rigid plan, it is ten to one that by the time you have everyone trained the perfected workers will be looking about for new jobs and finding them. And they are right, although their reasons are usually wrong.

It is nonsense to expect human beings to drill in perfect formation through their lives with never a rest or a furlough. A parade stops at intervals to give the soldiers a rest. An army on review tries to look like a machine, but an army marching to battle walks and carries its rifles as it likes.

"Efficiency" has become a hateful word because it usually stands for taking the joy out of living, and thus it defeats itself. Economy, for instance, is something of a virtue. But when it exists for itself it becomes parsimony, which is a vice. A miser giving his sole thought to money seldom becomes a rich man. A certain amount of waste, we have learned, is natural. Most people are better off for a little play, although play is time taken from production and hence, from the efficiency standpoint, is time wasted.

In business one must earn money or quit. Therefore every operation must be judged by its influence upon the eventual earning of more profit or steadier profits or both. Anything which does not contribute to this end is waste, and so a deal of what masquerades as efficiency is really waste. But it took me some years to find that out.

Worked Out of a Job

One of the hobbies of the efficiency expert is the collection of information which seems to be useful but is not. For instance, a company which derived two products from the same raw material needed to keep tab on the sales of each product in order to hold its production in balance. What may be called the A Product was sold directly to consumers through branches, while the B Product went out through jobbers and was a way of converting what the A customers did not take, for the primary product was perishable. So the company had each of the branches make a full daily report, the form being designed by an expert. It contained a lot of items the officers had not thought of but which the expert said might be valuable. Then a whole department grew up just to tabulate the information.

The expert discovered that he could get even more information than he at first imagined, and before long the company had twenty-four people tabulating and making charts and reports. It was all very pretty, but a careful investigation showed that the executives looked at only one item and had no need to look at any more. Going a little farther, it was found that this item had been for years daily compiled at each branch by the manager for his own information. The head office required only the grand total of the branch totals. Now the branches send in their totals each day and a clerk makes up the report in less than an hour. The whole statistical department has gone. When the executives want a complete survey of the business they call in outside help and have it made—and save some thousands of dollars a year that had been spent compiling information that had no meaning.

Another large company with many branches maintained an office employing more than 200 people just to centralize its accounting. I was asked to look into its methods. There was nothing at all the matter with its methods. But going into its operations a little deeper, it appeared that every record which it made was really a duplication of a record that was being made and had to be made at a branch. There was no reason at all for the existence of the central office—and it cost around $500,000 a year to maintain. The office had been started to meet a temporary need for some information by the heads of the company. That need had long since vanished, but the office had grown and grown, because it was well managed and its work seemed valuable. It became a matter of course and so no executive ever questioned its right to existence—what it was contributing to the business.

Waste Through Saving Methods

Accounting, and especially cost accounting, easily runs away and is hard to stop. If a board of directors asks for some particular information, the department not only collects the figures but keeps on collecting them so that it can always be ready to give an answer on the spot, even though those figures may never be asked for again, or, if they were, could be made up in a day.

The old-fashioned bookkeeper who sat on a stool and had such wonderfully neat red-lined books took it as an article of faith that an account must be opened for every firm from whom his company bought. That, indeed, was part of the double-entry system and was founded on the fact that it might be useful to know how much you had bought from Smith & Company that year. Every item required one entry and two postings, so a concern making 300 purchases a month had also the expense of 900 bookkeeping operations, with a big chance of error.

In modern bookkeeping the bill simply goes through a charge register, which also has columns to distribute the payments to their proper accounts. If anyone wants to know how much has been bought from Smith & Company it is a matter of a few minutes to take their bills out of the files and run off the totals on an adding machine. The charge register, which was developed to save time and does save it, can, in solemn expert hands, be made absurdly time-wasting.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission first started to tell the railroads how to keep accounts, its experts compiled a charge register with 130 columns. They insisted on its use until the railways pleaded for time to breed a special kind of clerk who could walk twenty or thirty miles a day and also keep books. For their clerks at the end of a day looked like the tail of a Marathon race.

The Federal Government and—following its lead—all the state governments have during the past ten or fifteen years gone in ardently for the collecting of useless information. The departments collecting figures are all protected by the civil service. Each reform administration adds a few lines of inquiry, for reformers are passionately devoted to statistics. The old-line parties, while in, are afraid to disturb anything definitely labeled scientific, and so departmental work snowballs.

Systems, too, run riot in large companies. They start out well enough, and then the executives forget about them and before long the system, for all its look of efficiency, is causing several times as much waste as it was designed to prevent. Every office and factory has trouble keeping track of its supplies, and hundreds of requisition systems have been developed so that no supplies may go out without a record of how, why and to whom. It is sometimes convenient to have the articles designated by symbols instead of by their common names, because the combination of letters in the symbol may correspond to the shelf and bin arrangement of the storeroom and show the storekeeper exactly the location of the article asked for; or may indicate how the account is to be handled or do many other things –most of which do not need to be done.

The theory is excellent, but not long since in a large office I came across a dictionary of the symbols which the clerks had to use in ordering from the stock room. It was about the size of a New York telephone directory, and to provide the necessary copies and keep them all up to date must have run into money. I casually turned the pages, and here are a few of the things I found in five minutes:

If a clerk wanted blotting paper he got a requisition form and, turning to the book, dug out that the symbol for blotting paper was SKVVP19x24S2OW. Black ink grew in the book to be FVZS12R34T66L, while letter-size carbon paper developed into FKVVC38BOO7G. One sort of typewriter ribbon was FV24P36AOO2W, while another sort was SFRUTRUK(RL). If by any chance someone in the office wanted green wrapping paper, it was easily to be had by simply writing down FP4-3 1604-3/16C9/16G.

The mere ordering of these articles cost more than the articles! The book had always to be consulted, for a normal memory cannot carry such symbols, and getting a letter or a digit out of order might end with the clerk who wanted blotting paper receiving a pink elephant, or the maiden who wanted a new typewriter ribbon having placed on her desk a sack of charcoal, which was FFRUTRUK(RL), or even a fiber cuspidor, which was FMBZ24Z3OR.

Each requisition had to be signed by a department head, both the original and the duplicate stamped in the storeroom, both copies had to be receipted by whoever got the stuff, and then one copy went to the accounting department while the other was filed in the storeroom. I roughly calculated that it must have cost about a dollar to withdraw and record the withdrawal of an article from that storeroom.

This company was most efficiently guarding against the waste of its supplies by putting in a big waste. And yet the system would have worked very well for the withdrawal of valuable tools and supplies. It was a case of a good thing carried too far—carried beyond the common-sense line.

An Efficiency Enthusiast

Unless a man in business knows his costs he will land in the bankruptcy courts. Without exact knowledge he will either price too high and lose out to competitors or sell too low and not be able to pay his bills. The finding of costs is very difficult at the best. The refinements can be endless, and some concerns have made them endless, with the result that they have found themselves in the business of discovering what their products cost instead of in the business of making these products at a profit.

One good-sized company, under loose management, had made money when it was alone in its field. Then came competition which took away business, and then a new management that decided to be as unlike its predecessors as possible and go the limit on being scientific. It engaged an able cost accountant to give it a system. I say "able" because the man was able; but he needed watching, for he was both a theorist and an enthusiast. He put in the most elaborate cost system I have ever seen,

The world-famous
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON
now a cabin ship
$150 and up

THE same fine accommodations, service, and cuisine that made this ship so popular as a first class liner will be maintained on the *George Washington*, now the largest American Cabin ship. From New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen.

And a new service
to the Mediterranean

The fast sister ships, ***President Roosevelt*** and ***President Harding***, are maintaining a new American flag service this winter to Algiers (12 hour stop-over privilege), Naples, Genoa and return. First class rates from $253 up, one way.

To Europe, of course

Regular sailings by the famous United States Liners, *S. S. Leviathan*, *S. S. George Washington*, *S. S. Republic*, and *S. S. America*. The *S. S. America* has been entirely re-conditioned and will make her first sailing on March 21 to Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen.

WRITE FOR NEW BOOKLET
ON TOURIST THIRD CABIN

See your nearest steamship agent at once about reservations, sailings, rates, and ports of call, or write to—

United States Lines

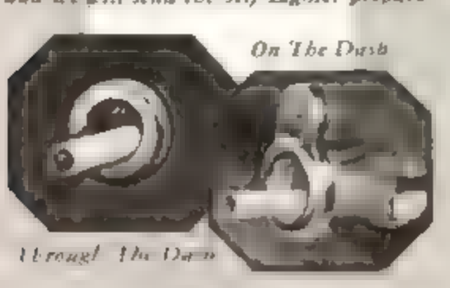
45 Broadway
New York City

'Phone
Whitehall 2800

Lights
while You Drive!

With no cords to pull and without puffing—without a flame in your eyes or sparks flying—it lights a "smoke" *while your hands are on the wheel, and your eyes are on the road.* Slowing down is not necessary, for the Self Lighter actually lights without puffing, while the entire attention is on driving. A ready light—electric—automatic. Easily installed on or through the dash.

If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in the coupon and we will send the Self Lighter prepaid



Self
LIGHTER

THE SELF LIGHTER COMPANY
[illegible]
Enclosed please find $[illegible] for which please send me one Self Lighter postpaid
Name
Street
City
Dealer's Name
[illegible]

What's a CAPON and Why.

CAPON-GOLD, a book that explains why capons are the most profitable part of the poultry business. Tells everything you will ever want to know about Capons. 50 pictures from life that show each step in the operation. List of Capon Dealers' Addresses. Tells how to prevent "Slips," where to get the best and cheapest Capon Tools. Capons are immense eating. Big profits realized. Get wise. This book tells how. Copyrighted new and revised edition. Regular 50c copy, prepaid to your address, a short time only, for a Dime in coin or stamps.
Geo. Beuoy, No. 3, Cedar Vale, Kans.

DOUBLE YOUR INCOME
PIONEER
All Wool Tailoring
Make $12 a Day from Start
Part time men $5 an hour selling famous Pioneer tailored-to-measure all-woolsuits at $21.50 Commissions Paid in advance.
Cash Paid Daily
Pioneer Tailoring Co. Congress & Throop Sts. Dept. P 185 Chicago

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

and every time he went back to inspect his work he added some refinement. He had costs to several decimal points and they were right.

But the concern kept on losing money, and the reason was eventually found in the cost system. Several hundred people, some of them very high-priced, did nothing but compile costs. They were a heavy burden, but in addition was the burden of keeping records at every step of production. This slowed its progress and cost a sum which could not be calculated. Cost figures are of use only as they serve to fix selling prices or point the way to better methods. Further costs only put sand in the bearings.

Here is another: The managers of a small factory decided that not only must they find their costs but also they would read books and put in their own system. They concocted a scheme by which an envelope traveled through the factory with each part in fabrication. The time slips of each man on each operation, and also the material charges, went into the envelope. The theory was that thus no charges could be overlooked; the envelope would have the whole story.

Not Worth the Cost

In a week the place was a sea of envelopes. The officers put on extra clerks, but the billows of envelopes welled in and broke over them. They could not get at the slips to figure out the amounts due the workers on their piece rates, and for a couple of weeks they had to pay wages provisionally, pending the exact count. This brought a rumpus—every man claimed he was underpaid. Instead of paying wages and fixing prices with the easy certainty they had planned, they found they had just had to guess until the final figures came in. Finally, when the accounting lagged six weeks behind production, with small chance of ever catching it, the executives one night shoveled all the envelopes into several trucks, drove to a field, had a big bonfire and let it go at that. The president told me that he has not since been able to look at a yellow manila envelope without a shudder.

On the other hand, many a concern has made its way by the intelligent use of good costing methods. One striking case comes to mind. This company made an automobile part—call it steering gear, which it was not. The engineering staffs of each of the various automobile companies to which it sold had ideas about design and the company had to manufacture a dozen different types.

Planning work and keeping costs under such a program is troublesome, and the company, after losing a deal of money, hired a competent engineer to revise methods. This engineer succeeded in reducing the force by about 100 men, adding here and cutting out there. He increased the production more than 60 per cent—which resulted in a saving of nearly $1,000,000 a year—which took the company out of red.

The officers of that company were intelligent men. They watched the new costs figures and then did some thinking and comparing. They found that their big expense came in the changing of tools, dies, and so on, from one design to another. They made a design which was a compromise of all the designs they had been making and calculated that if they made only this model they could earn a profit selling it at forty-five dollars against an average of eighty dollars for the special designs. The president submitted the new design and price to the engineers. Each one concluded that, although his own design was, of course, superior, it was not thirty-five dollars better than the standard—no automobile company will lightly pass up a saving per car of that amount. The company has now a very large business and is preeminent in its field. Working on a single model, it has been able further to reduce costs and also to take out most of the cost-and-planning system which gave the lead to its present methods. For no elaborate controls are necessary when only a single model is going through the works day after day and month after month.

Among the many great savings which are incident to a factory turning out a single product, not the least is the ability to keep a finger constantly on costs without a lot of cumbersome bookkeeping. Take the whole question of wages. It is a truism that wages must be based on production, else they will be profitable neither to the employe nor to the employer. But getting down to brass tacks and basing them on production is no open-and-shut affair. The older thought in time study was to discover the ideal output of an ideal man and then to fix a piece rate on these ideal costs.

The workers bitterly fought most of these systems, because at times they were stupidly used to speed production beyond the safe human limit. They defeated themselves, for no man can run a mile at the pace of the hundred-yard dash. Also, keeping track of each man's production involved an immense amount of clerical work in making up the pay rolls. Some of the savings in the shop were lost in the office, and the ideals were realized nowhere. Now we have learned that it is not speeding up the man but arranging his work that really counts, and that the managers cannot pass the buck to the workmen.

In a factory which complained that it could not get good men, I found that about half the time of dollar-and-a-half-an-hour mechanics was spent in walking about the plant. They had to go to the tool room for their own tools. They trucked their own work to their benches, and the arrangements were so clever that each workman seemed to have been located at the exact mathematical point which would force him to truck the longest distance for anything he wanted. It was rather a simple matter to rearrange the order of work and to have the materials and supplies brought to the men instead of having them go after them. Within a few months half the mechanics formerly employed were turning out double the old production and not working so hard as they had been. The total production costs per unit were reduced by a third.

This company had been dragging along at 60 per cent capacity, in spite of excellent advertising and a staff of good salesmen, and it could not make ends meet on such a volume. The company put some of its savings into lowering prices, with the result that it has been running to capacity ever since, and that capacity, without any additional capital investment, is around twice the old capacity. The managers who formerly were well satisfied with themselves are now on the job and have ceased pinning roses on their chests.

More Speed Through Management

The making of a single product permits the splitting up of work so that no worker does more than a part of a single operation, and then by delivering the work at exactly the right height on a moving belt or other conveyor, the speed at which he will work and also his wages are determined.

The best practice is to fix through time study just how long each operation should take and then to make a standard not at the ideal but at the capacity of a fair worker and pay a flat wage with a bonus for production above the standard. This arrangement gives the security of a minimum wage with a bonus inducement for more work. All the jobs in a group will never require the same amount of skill and therefore all do not get the same wage or the same bonus. But only the group output has to be noted for pay-roll purposes. This entirely does away with keeping count of the work of individuals which in a big factory requires many clerks. Costs are checked all the while by recording how much material is delivered to the group and how much finished stuff it turns out.

This shifts the responsibility for output from the men to the management, and when more is required of a group than they can reasonably give, good managements do not rail at the men for being indolent, but look to see whether it is the men or themselves who are at fault.

When power looms first came into use, it took all a man's time to tend one loom. Gradually it was worked out so that a good man could under some circumstances tend as many as eight looms. A modern loom is practically automatic, but threads will break and it is the business of the attendant to repair the broken threads. If he is looking after more than eight looms, then the loss through the stopping of the machinery until he gets around to tie the threads amounts to more than his time. Now in experiments, although not in actual practice, one man has looked after more than 100 looms. No amount of speeding could enable a man to tend 100 looms. Engineering and management had to step in to make any real accomplishment—and always have to.

That is why it is simply not worth while to bother trying to train men to be ideally efficient. They cannot be so trained, but even if they could, it would not pay. But because a method is good in one place does not say that it will work in another. The fundamental principles are universal, but methods have to be modified according to circumstances. That is why the people with rules and systems often cause so much trouble.

The dividing of work looks easy, but often dividing at what seems to be a natural point makes for both waste and hardship. Some men have too little work allotted to them, while others have too much.

A Matter of Seconds

In a plating plant the work of two men was unsatisfactory. The flow of production was continually held up by them, and almost every day they had to put in an hour or two overtime in order to be clear for the next day. Both were hard, conscientious workers who could not be accused of stalling, yet they did not get through what it seemed they should. Apparently each had about the same number of operations to perform, and the one did not noticeably get ahead of the other, although Number 1 man was always dead tired at the end of the day.

This is where the stop watch performed a real service. The men had been at their jobs for a long time and did them almost mechanically. The timing showed that Number 1 took six seconds more for each operation than the Number 2 man, who immediately followed him. The pace of Number 1 might have been increased, but increasing the pace is always dangerous unless the men are patently soldiering. Forcing a man is fake efficiency. The thing here was to analyze and time all the motions in the two operations.

The final operation of Number 1 was rinsing the piece in water. This took exactly three seconds, and it had always been taken for granted that it was part of his work. His first operation was to pick up the piece from where it was delivered to him—on the floor. By changing the method of delivery so that he did not have to stoop or even move his feet, three seconds were saved for Number 1. It does not take much of a stoop to use up three seconds.

After a number of experiments it was demonstrated that his final operation could be shifted to the second man. This operation fitted so nicely into the second man's series of motions that it did not add three seconds to his time, and some other changes in his work permitted a full six seconds per piece to be saved on the joint operations of the two men, reducing their total time from forty-two seconds to thirty-six seconds. Such a saving seems trivial, but it is 14 per cent and it was enough to permit the easy flow of production and to wipe out the former overtime.

Because the great automobile plants have subdivided their operations most minutely, it is not efficiency for everyone to divide operation. It is as wasteful to divide some as it is profitable to divide others.

(Continued on Page 93)

An old friend long before it is an old shoe

YOUR very first step in a Smith Smart Shoe is like a friendly handclasp from a man you have long wanted to know.

You realize pleasantly that this is a companionable shoe, that it will be an old friend long before it is an old shoe. Teetering and tip-toeing to enjoy its fit, you reflect that it certainly measures up to all you have heard, or read, about it.

Smooth your palm over the honest lustre of leather cut from the heart of select hides. Feel the neat smoothness of hand-tailored- and -fitted lining, counter, and insole.

No wonder Smith Smart Shoes hold their shape. No wonder just a few whisks of a soft cloth make them shine like new day after day.

Isn't such satisfaction worth while?

TEN DOLLARS

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

Your Smith Smart Shoe dealer has this handsome oxford—the Varsity—in Tan or Black Hickory Calf. You'll like it!

Smith Smart Shoes

The quality mark of the J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, Illinois, makers of

Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women—Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

Greater Pickup

Always out in front—the car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons!

Any morning on any boulevard you see certain cars shoot out in front. Their snappier, positive, peppier pickup is envied by everyone—often by you.

Do you know what the answer is? Nine times out of ten you will find it the result of using a superior piston—a piston called the Nelson Bohnalite Piston.

The leading car manufacturers in all price classes have adopted this piston. They know it to be a remarkable new development in both scientific piston construction and a lighter piston metal.

The adoption of Nelson Bohnalite Pistons lightens up all reciprocating parts in a motor, and the grand and glorious results are greater pickup—greater speed—greater comfort—greater power—an infinitely greater smoothness and longer life.

More and more the leading makers are adopting this advanced product. If you would have your next car one of the best performers, by all means see that it comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Also makers of the famous Bohn Ring True Bearings

To Manufacturers—Write for information on Bohnalite the newest development in metals

NELSON BOHNALITE PISTONS

Special alloy steel Bohnalite are cast in to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearance

(Continued from Page 90)

In a small forging operation the work had been divided between a high-priced mechanic and a low-priced laborer. The laborer loaded the furnace with sixteen bars of iron. These took four and a half minutes to heat. He then unloaded, passed the bars to the mechanic and put in another load. A time study showed that the mechanic could himself load, unload, reload and forge the bars in 4.1 minutes. This gave him .4 of a minute's rest on each charge, which was an ample fatigue allowance. The laborer had been entirely unnecessary, and part of his wages was added to those of the mechanic, while the other part lowered the cost of the operation.

Substituting a machine for a man is axiomatic, and especially putting in conveyors of some type which will cut out hand trucking or deliver the work immediately to the workers. In a small paper mill a roll of paper came off about every hour. It was the duty of one man to cut the paper and on a hand truck to push the finished roll over to the warehouse, about 200 feet away. This at the most took him not more than fifteen minutes, so he spent most of his time doing nothing at all.

The owner of the mill, knowing hand trucking can be wasteful, put in a moving platform conveyor at a cost of about $4000 and abolished the wasteful hand trucking. The man who had formerly cut and delivered the roll now only cut the roll, and the conveyor took it over to the warehouse, but there had to be another man over there to take it off. So the net result of this mechanical improvement was to substitute two men working about five minutes each hour for one man who had worked fifteen minutes an hour, and in addition was the interest and upkeep of the machine. But in another case where one man put in all his time trucking light articles from one set of machines to another, the same kind of conveyor entirely saved his wages, for the workmen at one end could as easily put their finished work on the conveyor as in a tray, and the same held true in taking it off at the other end.

Less Handling and Fewer Chips

In the making of enameled kitchen ware, the final inspection is very important, for imperfect pieces which get out as firsts cause a lot of trouble with the final purchaser and therefore with the retailers. A small company manufacturing a high grade of enameled kitchen ware had the pieces brought by truck to a long table at which sat the inspectors. As each girl passed a piece, she marked it and put it on a table behind her. Another truck gathered the inspected pieces and took them on for wrapping and packing. This made several handlings after inspection, and of course a lot of pots and pans got chipped and came back from the trade.

If the factory had been larger, a belt conveyor would have been logical and the pieces would have been passed by the inspectors at one end of the line and emerged at the other all wrapped and in cartons ready for shipment. The output was not large enough to justify this expense, so the plan was hit upon of splitting up the big tables into a series of smaller ones. As the articles came from the factory they were placed in order upon these tables. The inspectors passed from table to table, followed by the wrappers, who were in turn followed by the trucker, who also placed the articles in their cartons. The squads were so balanced that each finished at the same time and moved on.

This simple, unpretentious arrangement proved to be extraordinarily efficient and not only saved several operators but created goodwill by lowering the percentage of returned goods to almost nothing. The reputation which that company has gained for selling good stuff has so increased their business that they have now been able to put in an inspection line with a conveyor.

Sometimes little savings run into great savings, but sometimes what would seem to be savings are really wastes. Expensive and highly specialized machinery pays if it be kept going on long runs, but it is very expensive unless the owner arranges his business so that the runs can be kept long.

Because a machine may be designed is not reason enough for designing it. Neglecting this fact has thrown many a man into bankruptcy, and it is likewise with quantity production. Going into quantity production before the article has been accepted by the market is only a way of committing financial suicide. Sometimes it is not even cheap to put things through in quantities.

A factory which had been making cotton underwear added a line of silk underwear. It had cut the cotton in quantities and it seemed reasonable to cut the silk in the same fashion. The silk cloth they used at that time cost about three dollars a pound, but it had a scrap value of only twenty-five cents a pound. The silk scrap averaged 2000 pounds a month, which was rather a serious item. They tried out having the individual garments cut to pattern and found it reduced the scrap by about 10 per cent, in addition to giving a much better-fitting garment. The hand cutting required two more girls, but the saving in scrap less the wages of the girls gave a net saving of $400 a month. The case was quite different with cotton, for there the extra labor was more than the value of the scrap saved.

A shirt manufacturer found that his cutters tended to be liberal and for safety's sake often cut the tail of the shirt a quarter of an inch or so over standard. He had read somewhere about the millions saved by not dotting i's or crossing t's, and offered a bonus for accurate cutting. He got the accurate cutting and he paid the bonus, and he saved the material.

But it so happened that the widths of cloth from which the shirts were cut made the saved end just large enough to be good for nothing at all. If he had been a large enough manufacturer he would have had his pieces of cloth woven to the required width and then he would have made a saving, but as it was he just increased his costs of production by giving a bonus, which he found he could not get off without causing trouble. He had no need for the accuracy he forced on himself.

But usually one will often catch dollars while chasing pennies. In a canning factory the cans were soldered by a gang of first-class workmen, each using whatever amount of solder he thought right. An engineer, much against the wishes of the foreman, tested to discover the minimum amount of solder absolutely necessary securely to seal a can. He found that an average of 5.5 ounces per 100 cans ought to be enough. The average actually being used was 17.6 ounces. These operators were turning out some 8000 cans a week and the solder they used was then worth more than thirty cents a pound.

It was proposed to pay a bonus to the men on their economy in the use of solder. The immediate objection came up that they would surely use too little solder and the cans would leak, but since the sealed cans were inspected anyway, this objection did not seem serious. Within four months those men were averaging eight ounces per 100 cans, and a few were making the standard minimum. This may seem trivial, but the net saving, after paying the bonus, ran to upward of $20,900 a year

The shirt manufacturer mentioned was on the right track in trying to save a quarter of an inch on each shirt, but the cards were stacked against him. A hat manufacturer, following the same thought, saved around 6000 yards of ribbon a year, which was an item, for some of the ribbon was fairly expensive. A man's hat is always decorated with a band and a bow. It had been the custom in this plant for the operator to wind ribbon around the hat, measure with her eye how much more was required for the bow and then clip it. The judgment of these operators was uncommonly accurate, but naturally they always clipped an eighth or a quarter of an inch over size, for if they clipped under size then the ribbon was wasted. The new procedure, which made the saving, was to adopt a standard ribbon length according to the hat size and put the cutting in the charge of an operator who did nothing else.

Every one of the instances may be multiplied, but none of them goes according to rule or statistics. Some very great savings are perfectly patent to the experienced eye, while others turn up most unexpectedly in the course of investigation. A company could not understand why its profits were always less than they calculated them to be on the quantity of goods manufactured. Not to identify the company, it may be said that an important part of the process was coating cloth with a substance something like rubber and then passing it between great hot rollers, which both pressed the compound into the cloth and also gave a presumably even surface. So many pounds of compound ought to coat so many square yards of cloth, but it never did. Invariably it coated about 8 per cent less than it should, and no one could find out why.

Favoring Common Sense

Then an engineer with accurate calipers took to measuring the depth of the coating on the finished product. He found that on every piece the coating was just a little thicker in the center than at the edges, from which he deduced that these big rolls, mounted in their powerful frames and seemingly rigid, actually sprang a little under pressure. Probably new machines could have been built which would not have sprung, but a complete new equipment would have cost several hundred thousand dollars and would have taken the better part of a year to make and install. The rollers had to be resurfaced every little while, and so he tried making a set slightly convex, on the theory that this would take up the spring under pressure and produce a level surface. He proved to be right, and this company, which has a very large production, has been saving more than $150,000 a year in its coating compound.

The dislike for efficiency and all the thousands of jokes about efficiency engineers do not spring from any opposition to methods which get the day's work through more conveniently. That is what we are all trying to do. They spring from a natural opposition to the introduction of any method which involves rigmarole and goes counter to common sense, and I have learned that no method which offends common sense can ever be right. Fortunately, the efficiency engineer with a box of tricks and no common sense is on his way to join the dodo.

Paradise River, Pinnacle Peak, Mount Rainier National Park

THE POLICY of PROGRESS

A STATEMENT BY GENERAL MOTORS

IN the past thirty days General Motors has introduced three new automobiles—the new Pontiac, the new Oldsmobile, the new Chevrolet.

In the past twelve months the new Buick has appeared, as well as the new Oakland and the new Cadillac; while the LaSalle, a wholly new creation, has taken its place in the General Motors line.

Such a year's record, accomplished with no interruption in production, furnishes a fitting occasion for re-affirming General Motors' fundamental policy—*leadership in quality through continuous improvement.*

In the working out of this policy, which involves passing on to the public the benefits of advanced engineering as soon as perfected, General Motors has

expanded its activities until it has become an important factor in the prosperity of the entire nation.

In the north and south it logs and mills its own lumber. In the east it makes its own ball bearings and radiators. In the middle west it produces its own plate glass. All over the country its plants are busy, for manufacturing operations are carried on in 33 cities.

From almost 5,000 suppliers, each one a specialist, its materials are obtained—steel by the hundreds of thousands of tons—wire by the tens of thousands of miles—upholstery by the acre—nuts, bolts and washers by the millions. The sale and service of its products take place through 33,000 dealers. All told, more than 275,000 families look directly to General Motors for their livelihood—almost a million and a half men, women and children, in every walk of life, in every community in the land.

Meaning so much to so many people, General Motors has felt a supreme obligation to look ahead with an open mind.

Are there methods by which General Motors cars can be better built to better serve?

Are there new ideas which can increase the utility and pleasure and safety of motoring?

Are there new materials which can add to owner satisfaction?

Such are the questions that all General Motors engineers have always asked. The answers have made it possible, year after year, to offer an increasing measure of beauty in design, modern performance, riding comfort and distinct style. Thus in every price class, from Cadillac to Chevrolet, purchasers of automobiles are constantly benefiting from the General Motors policy of progress.

◆

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE

OAKLAND · BUICK · LaSALLE

CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

YELLOW CABS and COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plant

◆

Lift Corns Off!

Don't suffer another day! Drop a little "Freezone" on any corn and instantly it stops hurting and soon the corn comes right off. Doesn't hurt one bit.

"Freezone" ends every kind of corn, hard and soft, and foot calluses, without soreness or irritation. Get a bottle today at your druggist's.

Test Your Art Ability FREE

If you like to draw test your natural sense of design proportion, color, perspective, etc. Write for Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing and how much training you will need. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Many Federal Students are making $3,500, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal Course is recognized everywhere by art employers and buyers of commercial art. Learn at home in spare time, without previous training. **Personal, individual criticisms on your work.** Get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire

Federal School of Commercial Designing
Room 46, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—52 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musicals, Comedies, Revues, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs, Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free.
PLAYS
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 155, CHICAGO

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Wilson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

POOR BUT PROUD

(Continued from Page 13)

talking about leaving the service, but he's too much of a prima donna. Fenton's looking for a place, but he's a boozer."

Andy was sitting upon the lawn, tumbler clamped between his two feet, while his hands plucked blades of grass and rolled them into balls. His face was drawn into an expression that was nearly a scowl, brows contracted, lips pressed into a severe line. George Morrison knew what was coming before he said it.

"I'll take the job on again."

"How about Ann? She'll raise the roof."

"Flying is my profession," answered Andy coldly. "She accepted it when she married me and she's got to accept it now. We've had a truce on account of the baby, but that's over now—the kid is graduated to a bottle. There's going to be no more fooling about it. I'm tired of being a poodle. I never was cut out to be a kept man anyhow."

"Well," said George slowly, "I can't see that it's worth having an unholy row about."

"I can."

"Got your ears pinned back, eh?"

"Sewed back! I can be just as onery as need be. Do you know what Ann's latest plot is? She's trying to work me—me! in as manager of her estate. Can you beat it, George? Me! I've never owned more than one Liberty Bond in my life, and I had to hock that. I'm supposed to tell the bankers how to handle money. Catch me making a jackass of myself!"

"She's just trying to keep you busy."

"That's all. She doesn't give a hoot if I lose a million or so, just so long as she can run the works. I'm going to wear the trousers in this family!"

"If any woman loved me a million dollars' worth," said George, "I'd 'yes, dear' her all over the place."

"You would not!" disputed Andy gloomily. "You'd get fed up to the teeth, just as I am. Probably it'd be different if I'd been born to do nothing but play polo. Ann doesn't understand that. Sometimes it seems to me that people ought to stick to their own kind when they get married." He added a hurried explanation: "I don't mean that I don't love Ann. It's just that we have a hard time trying to understand each other's point of view."

"H'm!" said George in his most solemn manner. "Never heard of a man and woman having trouble that way before."

Andy glanced at him suspiciously. "Go chase yourself!"

There was a silence and then Andy muttered: "Be hanged if I can understand the way a woman's mind works. They're plotters and schemers." He leaned toward Morrison and gave him a dark look. "You know, George, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Ann had the youngster just because she knew she could keep me on the ground. She's never said as much, but I have a sneaking, low-down suspicion that she had it all figured out."

"I wouldn't doubt it," said George. He added: "I was going to get married once, but it didn't take. Sometimes I'm sorry, sometimes I'm not. I dunno—guess it all depends on how my liver's working. But if Ann's going to start warfare, why not pass up the flying? Take it easy. Have a good time."

"And live on Ann's money? Not a chance!"

"You're the one who's off his nut on the subject of money. Ann isn't. You're just plain dollar crazy. Hell's bells, Andy, money isn't anything to fall down in front of an' worship. Money is something to use."

"Listen, sweetheart, and I'll tell you something." He pointed solemnly toward the house. "I rank there between the ham-handed Swede *masseuse* and the butler. Only they work. I'm the spare part. I'm the guest of honor. Me—my name is Useless. If it wasn't for the fact that Ann insisted on opening a joint account at the bank, I'd have to hold out my hand every time I wanted a nickel. That was another bright scheme of Ann's. She knew I was busted and that I wouldn't ask for money, so she asked me if I please—pretty please wouldn't attend to the household checks. Then she opened a joint account."

"If you ask me," said George, "I'd say that Ann has been mighty decent about it."

"She always is—when she gets her own way. And when she doesn't—stand from under! You've never seen Ann mad." He smiled at the recollection. "Well," he added, "it isn't when Ann is good and sore that I get the wind up; it's when she pretends to agree with me and starts working on a plot. Then I don't know what's going to drop on me next. . . . Here she comes now."

George glanced toward the house. Ann, in a grayish-blue frock, paused for a moment on the veranda, waved to them and started across the lawn.

"She's a pretty youngster!" said Morrison.

"She's been working mighty hard getting herself into shape again. The Swede puts her through exercises twice a day." His voice lowered. "Better not say anything about flying yet. I'll bust the news when the busting's good."

Morrison smiled. "She hasn't got you bluffed out, or anything like that."

"No, she hasn't," answered Andy. "But when you've been married as long as I have, you'll know that the only way to get along with a woman is to yes her and kiss her and then do as you please. I'm learning."

"Hello, George!" called Ann as she came up to them. "Mighty nice to see you!" They shook hands and she beamed up at him, the corners of her mouth reaching toward the points of dark hair that curved over her temples. "Better be getting dressed, sonny," she reminded Andy.

He left them talking about the baby, hit the springboard a resounding smack and arched over into the water. When he came out they walked back toward the house. Guests were arriving. Ann went to meet them and Andy steered Morrison upstairs to keep him company while he dressed. The valet was laying out his clothes.

"Which shirt, sir?"

"Oh-h—go get us something to drink." When the man had gone, Andy remarked, more to himself than to George Morrison: "Anyhow, it's settled. I'm going back on the job again."

"I don't think it's worth the shindy you'll stir up with Ann. It isn't as though we couldn't find another pilot."

"That isn't the point. I'm not going to be supported by my wife. Flying is the one way I know how to make some money, and I'm at least going to go through some of the motions of paying my own freight." His face set obdurately.

"Poor but proud, eh?"

"Yep, that's me—poor but proud. Damned if I'm not!"

He went into the bathroom and his voice, rising in song, boomed through the doorway:

"Wanta die easy when I die,
Wanta die easy when I die,
Wanta die easy when I die,
Shout salvation while I fly,
Wanta die easy when I die."

The valet returned with the drinks.

III

LUNCHEON at Ann's house was a most informal affair. Her friends came without invitation, drifted in with their guests from riding, golf or tennis. On the north porch, coolly tiled in green and sheltered from the sun, there was a long table which could be extended to banquet length, warming pans with round-bellied, silver lids which servants lifted to disclose food within—bowls of salad, platters of hors d'œuvre and sweating pitchers of cold drinks. There was no precedence; it was customary, even for the hostess, to take the first vacant place; and generally one didn't sit beside the person with whom one had come. For a stranger, on his first visit, luncheon was likely to be bewildering. Most of the people had known one another since infancy; they knew one another's games, idiosyncrasies, prejudices and history.

Conversation was kaleidoscopic; it might leap blithely from horses to hair nets and the price of fish; it might take in everyone at the table, split into groups, become a cross fire and dissolve into a general discussion again before a stranger knew what it was all about, if he ever knew. Eavesdropping and interruptions were allowed; any preposterous statement was likely to be greeted by a loud chorus, "Oh, my! What a dir-rty lie!" Or, perhaps, just by an "Oh, my!" The rest of the line was understood. They horsed one another unmercifully. They were, in fact, comfortably unmannerly. Sometimes there were hurt feelings, but the same faces were about the luncheon table day after day every summer.

"But, Andy," persisted a blond girl—Peggy Stevens—who had made leg pulling a career, "if flying is so utterly safe, why couldn't Byrd land his plane in France, instead of wrecking it? Doesn't sound safe to me."

"For the same reason you couldn't drive your car blindfolded. He was in a fog and he couldn't see."

"But ships go through fog," she protested.

"And sometimes wreck. A thing is safe only within its limitations. A locomotive isn't safe off the tracks. Flying is perfectly safe ——"

He was interrupted with a rousing "Oh, my!"

"If you dumb heads would shut up and let me finish, you might accidentally learn something! Flying is safe within its own limitations."

"Safe when the ground doesn't come up and smack you," commented Peggy.

He ignored her. "Don't expect a locomotive to be a boat; don't expect a boat to be an aeroplane, or an aeroplane to be a merry-go-round, for the love o' Mike! There's Fred Chase, for example," he continued with an impatient show of patience. "Fred followed me as chief pilot at the Umpty works. He's been flying for years and never hurt himself. Yesterday afternoon he was riding a motorcycle, a kid ran in front of him, he dodged the kid and bumped a dog, and ended up wrapped around a fire hydrant. So it isn't safe to be a motorcyclist, a child or a dog."

"Andy," exclaimed Ann, peering around the people who were between them, "you didn't tell me! Did Fred hurt himself badly?"

"Bashed his shoulder in. He'll be laid up for three or four months."

Alice Clay, never noted for her tact, asked "Does that mean you're going back to flying?"

Ann played her hand quickly, before Andy had a chance to speak. She laughed amusedly. "Why should Andy go back to flying? The engine he's working on means much more to aviation than just batting around in a plane. Anybody can fly."

"I wouldn't say that anybody can fly as Andy can," said George Morrison, putting himself up as a lightning rod. He could see Andy laying his ears back.

"As a matter of fact," said Andy, "I'll have to take charge of the flying until Fred is out again." He didn't risk a glance at Ann. "The factory is working overtime—mail planes, army planes and private orders—and this cripples us. Just any old pilot won't do."

"But, angel face," protested Ann sweetly, and flashing a beguiling smile down the

(Continued on Page 99)

KEEP YOUR OIL *where it belongs*

CLOUDS of oily, murky smoke spouting from your exhaust pipe tell the world you have an "oil-pumper" on your hands. It means your motor is burning oil—*wasting* it instead of using it.

Oil costs money—but that's only part of it. When oil gets away from its real job of lubricating your motor, it actually *harms* it. Plugs and valves are fouled—carbon is formed—and the all-'round efficiency of your motor is impaired.

PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings—which any good repairman can install in your motor—will put a stop to this excessive oil-consumption and the evils that accompany it. They make possible one thousand or more miles to the gallon of oil, and insure thorough cylinder lubrication. Today, PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings are being used by more car manufacturers as original equipment than ever before. And they have been used by the winner of every major automobile race for more than five years.

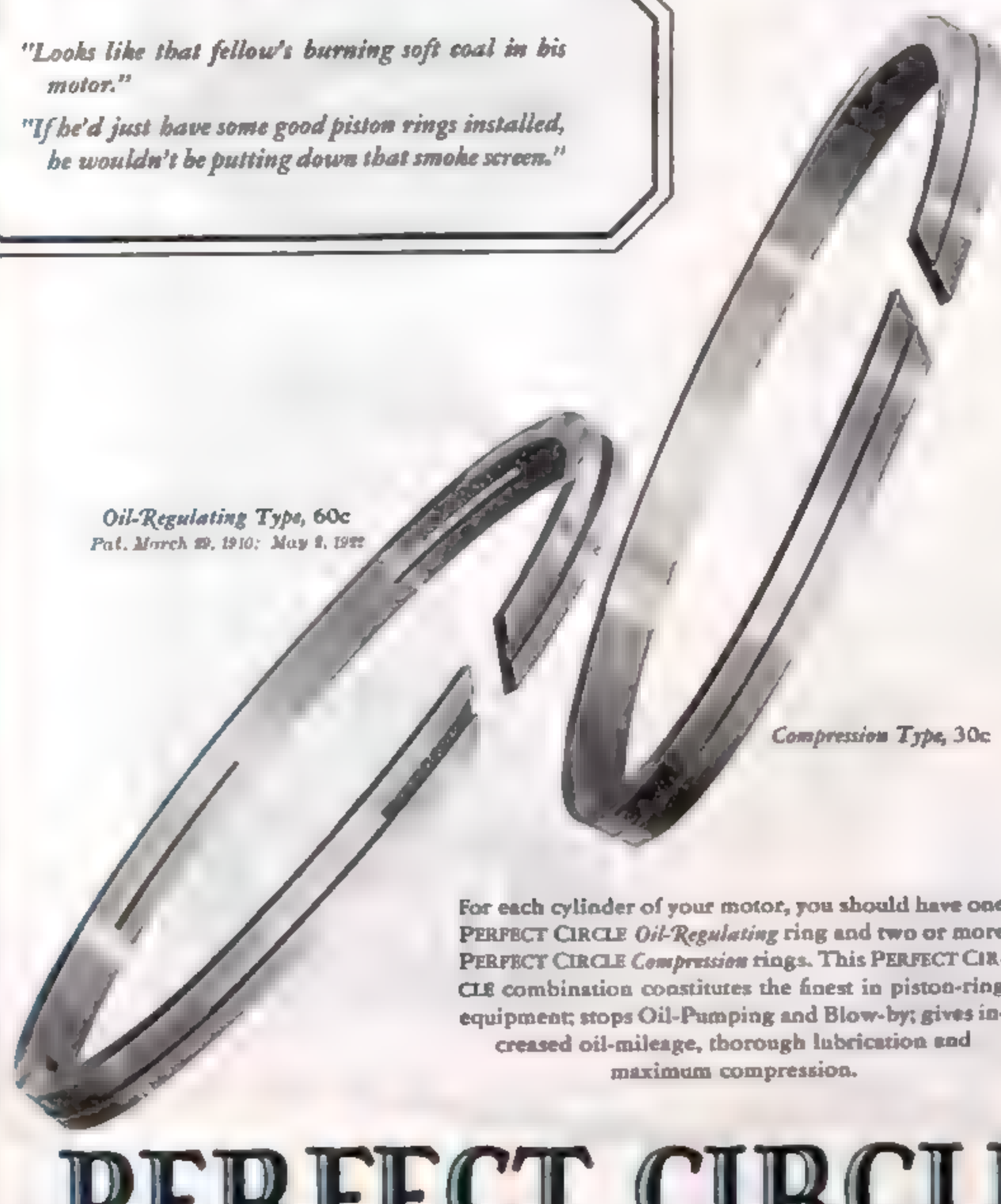
Have a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings installed in your car. The *Compression* rings stop Blow-by* and give maximum compression. But make sure they are PERFECT CIRCLES—for only PERFECT CIRCLES can give the results you anticipate.

**Blow-by* is caused by inferior or worn-out piston rings which permit explosion gases to blow past pistons and into the crankcase. From there they penetrate the body of the car, bringing smarting eyes and headaches. Cases where 5 000 or more cubic inches of gas blow by the pistons every minute are common.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY
HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
Export Sales Department
149 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings

"Looks like that fellow's burning soft coal in his motor."

"If he'd just have some good piston rings installed, he wouldn't be putting down that smoke screen."



Oil-Regulating Type, 60c
Pat. March 29, 1910; May 9, 1922

Compression Type, 30c

For each cylinder of your motor, you should have one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring and two or more PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings. This PERFECT CIRCLE combination constitutes the finest in piston-ring equipment; stops Oil-Pumping and Blow-by; gives increased oil-mileage, thorough lubrication and maximum compression.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

A FEW DROPS *on a* MOIST TOOTH BRUSH *Will Kill* GERMS

ASTRINGOSOL is more than just a mouth wash. It is a germ-killer as well. Powerful. Harmless. Delightful to taste. Refreshing. Economical. A few dashes on a moist tooth-brush will kill the germs which are constantly lurking between the teeth and around the gum tissues, causing pyorrhea, receding gums, bad breath . . . As a mouth wash nothing is just like ASTRINGOSOL —dilute it to suit your taste. Breath-purifying. Invigorating. Fine for dandruff-ridden scalps, too. A bottle will last many times as long as ordinary mouth wash.

Fill in the Coupon for a Three-day Sample FREE

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY
Established 1855

WINDSOR Canada — DETROIT U. S. A. — SYDNEY Australia

For a free three-day sample of Astringosol write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 33, Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, Mich.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

(Continued from Page 96)

table to him, "I really didn't mean that just any old pilot could take your place. I meant that the most important thing you can do, if you have the interests of aviation at heart, is to perfect the turbine. Don't you think so, George?"

She had turned it neatly, made it a no-decision round with a shade in her favor.

George hedged. "Yes, most important in the long run."

"You've lost all your interest in flying, haven't you, Ann?" asked one of the girls.

"I'd just as soon sit on top of a church steeple in a windstorm," admitted Ann. "But it was rather thrilling at first." She smiled naughtily. "And amusing to have a husband who; so to speak, wore bespangled tights and leaped from one trapeze to another."

That got under Andy's skin. "You lost your nerve when you saw Mike Cobey get bumped off," he said.

"I did not lose my nerve!" replied Ann stoutly. "I simply don't get any more kick out of flying than I do out of getting on a train. They are just different ways of getting some place. Flying's noisier and less comfortable, that's all. As a matter of fact, you land right back where you started in most flights." She shrugged. "What's the use?"

"Come on up with me this afternoon in George's crate and see if you don't get a kick out of it."

"No, thanks."

Clive Hubbard switched the conversation to polo. As they left the table, Ann's eyes—they sometimes had flecks of green in them—met Andy's for an instant and looked straight through his head. He linked arms with George.

"She's hopping mad," he said in an undertone. "Wish Peggy'd keep her face shut."

"You didn't expect the show-down so soon, did you?"

"No; but it's just as well. Get it over with. She couldn't jump my frame with all those people around."

"You're a brave man!" said George admiringly.

"Lay off, mister. I class men who haven't been married with pacifists. Wait until you've met the enemy face to face, then talk. . . . Let's wrap ourselves around a drink."

"You're hoisting quite a few these days, aren't you, Andy? You never used to."

Andy scowled.

"Guess I haven't much else to do. Play polo, swim and feed my face. A man oughtn't to be sticking around the house all the time. Hell, even a dog has fleas to keep him busy!"

"Maybe you're right, Andy," said George thoughtfully. "Maybe you'll be better off on the job again. I hope Ann'll understand."

Andy sighed. "There'll be a row. . . . Say when. . . . I think I'll take the crate and give myself an airing."

"Not if you're going to get tight."

"Oh, hush your mouth. You're getting to be more of a grandmother every day."

"When! When! Pour some of that back."

"I'll take it. Here, pour your own." He slid the bottle and glass across the table, and Morrison prepared a mildly flavored drink of water.

"I suppose that Ann'll be on your trail just as soon as these people clear out."

"No, she won't—not Ann. She'll be busy thinking up some heathen Chinee scheme. She won't say a word about flying until she gets ready to jerk the trap. Oh, I know Ann."

"Sh-h-h!" hissed Morrison. . . . "Hello, Ann. Join us?"

She was standing in the doorway, frowning. "What are you two conspirators up to?" she asked and advanced toward the table. "You know, I don't like this idea of Andy going back as Umpty pilot again. We might just as well put our cards on the table. I don't like it—not at all!"

"Must be done, Ann," said Andy.

"Why must it?" she demanded impatiently. "You know perfectly well, George, that there are plenty of other pilots."

George Morrison put his hands up in surrender, waved them. "This is something you'll have to settle between yourselves. Andy is vice president of Umpty and it's up to him to choose the man to take Fred's place. If he wants to choose himself, it's all right with me." He started for the door.

"But, George," she insisted, "there are other pilots who could handle the job, aren't there?"

"Of course. For the love o' Pete, Ann, don't get it in your head that I'm insisting on Andy coming back. I didn't even suggest such a thing. He can do as he pleases. Settle it your own way. I'm out!" He disappeared through the door.

Andy's face was set in a hard mask. "No use arguing about this, Ann. You ought to know me better by this time than to think I'll stick around here for the rest of my life living on your money. I've paid my own freight since I was a kid and I'll go on paying it."

"On a couple of hundred a week?" she asked bitterly.

"I can live on that. I don't ask you to live on it."

"Aren't all these noble resolutions rather sudden?"

His jaw stuck out at her belligerently. "You know I quit flying because you were going to have the youngster. That excuse is worn out now."

"And I'm to sit at home all day worrying while you go cloud chasing! I'm to give up Hillcrest for the summer and live on Long Island, just because of your pride and a measly little salary that wouldn't pay even the food bill for the house!"

Andy Torrey was rigid with anger. "I'm not saying that you must," he answered coldly. "Merely that you can take your choice. If you're going to be with me, you'll be on Long Island."

Her arms were straight down at her sides, hands clenched, and her head was flung back. Their eyes battled furiously, greenish-blue and smoldering black foils that clashed.

"I intend to stay here!" she announced.

His head inclined slightly. "That settles it then!" He turned abruptly, left the room and went out to the porch. A game of bridge had commenced. Several people, among them George Morrison, were loitering about, smoking.

"Well?" asked George.

"I'm going back to the field with you. When do you want to shove?" He touched a bell for a servant.

"About four."

"I'll have a hop first. Plenty of gas?"

George nodded. The servant came; Andy directed him to have the valet pack a small suitcase.

"Was she sore?" asked George.

"Sore enough," admitted Andy.

"And you're still poor but proud?"

"You're right I am! Where're your goggles?"

"In the bus. Don't pull any circus stuff."

"I know how to fly!" snapped Andy. He strode across the lawn, picked up a chauffeur to sit in the plane and hold the stick while he turned the propeller, and disappeared into the woods.

IV

ANN PATON TORREY had a withering contempt for anyone who made a public display of emotions. It simply wasn't done. If one must emote, it was better to do it in private. After sober second thought she carefully replaced upon the table the glass bowl of ice cubes which she had intended to dash to the floor, and took the shortest route to her room. The headlong rush up the stairs sapped her desire for violence.

Still tense with anger, she stood in the center of her room and declared to all the gods that she never wanted to cast an eye upon Andrew Torrey again. The illusion was dispelled, the charm broken. The man upon whom she had been so unselfishly willing to lavish her life had proved himself to be the commonest of clay. The dream that they should go down the bright lane of the years hand in hand together had become a tawdry recollection. All that was left to her of that bright dream was her baby; she would snuggle him close to her heart, never let him know what a dastard his father had turned out to be, and find a new fulfillment of her broken life in raising him to be a real man.

In fact, she felt so completely sorry for herself that she had to wrench her mind away from such tragic thoughts. Otherwise, she knew, she would have a fit of wrathful weeping. That would make her eyes puffy, and she certainly didn't intend to give Andy—not that she was going to see him again, ever—the satisfaction of knowing that he had made her cry.

"I ha-a-te you!" she exclaimed passionately.

The crackling roar of an aeroplane engine made her heart skip, and she went to the window. A faint cloud of dust, flung up by the propeller blast, rose above the trees. The roar subsided to a purr, a gentle, pulsating drone, while the engine heated. Then it thundered out its full two hundred horse power. She knew what that meant: Andy, with the joy stick clutched to his stomach, eyes on the tach, while the plane shuddered and struggled against the chocks, was seeing what the motor would rev. Silence again. That meant the chocks were being drawn from before the wheels.

Another full-throated roar. The plane jumped up vertically from behind the trees and climbed in a breathlessly long zoom. Andy laid her nose down to gain speed, whipped into another zoom, put her on her ear and came earthward, wires howling, in a wing slip. Another zoom—this one prolonged beyond the limit of flight—the plane toppled over, did a full turn of a spin and came out so close to the ground that he rolled the wheels across the lawn, gathering speed to clear the trees. Instead of jumping them, he put the plane on its wing's end and knifed though the narrow interval of branches.

Those who were downstairs abandoned their bridge and conversation, went out on the lawn. Ann saw them and stepped back from the window. She was too angry and too frightened to be capable of expressing an emotion. Her knees felt weak, and she sat down, automatically took up a book. She opened it and her eyes groped for the title. Ludwig's Napoleon. ". . . during this night when an emperor was offering his brother a choice among the thrones of Europe . . ." It didn't mean anything. Just words—nothing meant anything. Of course Andy wouldn't kill himself. She had seen him do these stunts so many, many times—not so close to the ground, not so desperately, not with such a crazy determination to paralyze everyone who was watching him.

The awful thought struck her that if Andy killed himself she would be more or less to blame. Perhaps she hadn't been as sympathetic as she might have been; perhaps she had been too absorbed in the baby; perhaps she had been neglectful and domineering. She was ready to admit almost any fault, if only the menacing whine of that motor would stop. Her ears followed every change in its note as the throttle opened and shut. She gazed blindly at the book in her lap. Napoleon was such a funny-looking little man. Andy was so handsome. Everyone said so. When he smiled —— The door crashed open and Ann jumped. It was her French maid, Marthe.

"Oh, *madame—madame!* Have you see what Mr. Torrey do? He fly, fly!" Her hands waved hysterically. "He ess like a beerd! Oh, come! Look, *madame!* Oh, la! *Mais vraiment! C'est incroyable! Épouvantable!*"

"Marthe, you are interrupting my reading! Please go away and leave me alone!"

The Frenchwoman gripped her head in her hands, uttered a hoarse "*Bon Dieu!*" and fled muttering imprecations upon cold-blooded Americans. Such people were

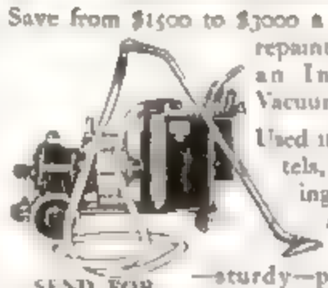
BUSINESS STIMULATING TICKETS

LIVE retailers in all lines find the use of merchandise tickets and coupons very beneficial in increasing their sales and profits. We print them with any form of wording—either unnumbered or duplicate numbered. We also serve many of the larger stores that operate restaurants by printing their cafe checks and coupon books. Samples and prices will be sent on request. Write us on your letterhead.

WELDON, WILLIAMS & LICK
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS
EST. 1908
SPECIALISTS IN NUMBERED PRINTING
TICKETS—COUPON BOOKS—CAFE CHECKS

REDUCE CLEANING COSTS in YOUR Business

Save from $1500 to $3000 a year in cleaning and repainting costs by using an Invincible Portable Vacuum Cleaner.



Used in the world's best hotels, theatres, office buildings, factories, schools and dept. stores. Portable—easy to handle—sturdy—powerful—long-lived. Complete facts and information in free illustrated catalog.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG TODAY!

INVINCIBLE VACUUM CLEANER MFG. CO.
DOVER, OHIO, U. S. A.

25th Year

AGENTS: $14 a Day

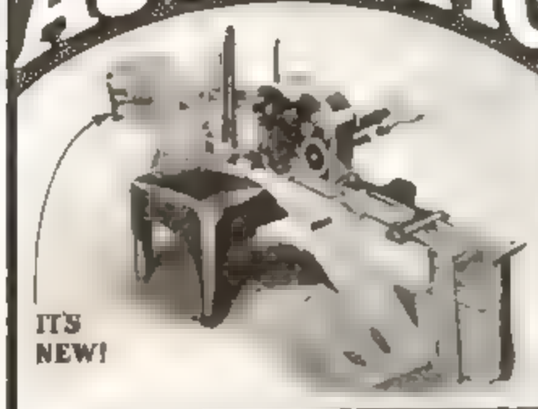
Our wonderful new plan will put you in the $5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big profits in every home. Repeat business. Start at once.

New Plan—Big Profits

We show you new way to ... Work at ... time or ... Write now

American Products Co.,
100 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AUTOMATIC



NO more slow hand-feeding of envelopes into an addressing machine one by one!—Get a demonstration of this wonderful new popular-priced addresser.—It automatically feeds envelopes into itself as fast as you can turn the crank.

DOES A DAY'S WORK IN 5 MINUTES

Four times faster than other addressing machines of similar size and price.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct-Mail Advertising, pin this ad. to your business letterhead and mail to us.

ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
148 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

SUNNY ARIZONA at its best!

TUCSON

Weather Bureau says "Tucson, Southern Arizona, only spot in United States having more than 80% possible sunshine." Ideal climate—warm, dry, invigorating. Ideal vacation place. Outdoor sports. Rent or play the year 'round.

Get details and holiday suggestions from the "Sunshine Club"—*for 6 years a leading bureau of information on Southern Arizona climate, accommodations, etc.*

Rock Island or Southern Pacific Winter rates. Free stopovers all tickets.

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

708 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona

Please send me the "SUNSHINE BOOKLET"

Name

Address

CUT COUPON AND MAIL

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

$2 and it's yours

All late models, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Guaranteed for ten Years. Free Trial

International Typewriter Exch. ... Chicago

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

LaSalle Extension University Dept. 271-H, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Will You Risk One Cent

to learn how to make extra money NOW? Your name and address on a postal card will bring full details of our offer to subscription representatives.

Curtis Publishing Company 387 Independence Sq., Phila. Pa.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Aircraft Studios, Dept. J, 3900 Sheridan Road Chicago

SALESMAN WANTED

Trango Exp. Co., 3544 N. Kimball Ave., Chicago, Ill.

devoid of feeling. While *monsieur* flirted with the most horrible destruction, *madame*, who supposedly loved him, indifferently read a book.

The Umpty-Five continued to wallow convulsively in the sky. Through the side window Ann caught a glimpse of its white belly as it flashed over in a loop, but she didn't stir. Presently the motor cut off and didn't come on again. She found the silence painful, cast the book to one side and went to the window.

Andy was making a dead-stick landing; with his engine cut off, he was drifting toward earth in giant pendulum swings, back and forth. Then, at last, a sharp hairpin turn and he slid down behind the trees.

Scraps of conversation, ejaculations drifted up from the lawn. They thought it was wonderful flying. Wonderful! Wrath surged back through her. Wonderful! To risk his life and all the happiness they could have together, just because he was annoyed that he couldn't always have his own way! Just because he wanted to show off to people and let them know that he would fly whether she liked it or not! Just his silly, infantile pride! The same stupid, stiff-necked pride that made him ashamed to use her money. And he came sauntering idly, unconcernedly, through the woods, swinging the goggles about his forefinger.

Never had she felt so much like attacking anyone with her fists. She resented, hated, the limitations that civilization had fraudulently put upon her. Oh, to be able to hit, kick, scratch and bite! Oh, for the lethal punch of a Dempsey!

Andy had stopped at the garage, and George Morrison was going out to meet him. She paused for a moment in indecision, then dabbed powder upon her nose and started swiftly downstairs. On the porch the bridge game was trying to form itself again, but Elsie Baldridge was pleading an engagement and the others were calling for a fourth.

"I'll play," offered Ann.

"Did you see Andy?" asked Elsie.

"Yes; I was upstairs. The lad can fly, can't he? Of course, he'll break his crazy neck one of these days, but that's to be expected." She took her place at the table and the cards were dealt.

Andy and George were coming toward the house. She caught a glimpse of the valet going across the lawn with the little suitcase that Andy used on flights. That meant he really was going! Her heart thumped and her palms became so wet that she surreptitiously mopped them with her handkerchief.

Andy waited until the hand had been played.

"George and I are shoving off for Long Island now," he announced.

"Oh!" She gave him her hand over her shoulder and flashed a bright smile which, even at that close range, missed him by yards. "Have a nice time. Good-by, George."

Andy looked at the back of her head with the expression of a man who has just had a flash of neuralgia between the eyes.

V

"SHE didn't take it too hard," observed George as they went toward the field.

"Nope," responded Andy in a way that cut conversation short.

One of the chauffeurs had just finished fueling the plane.

"You fly her," said Andy. "I'll sandbag." He went to the propeller, balanced it several times against compression. "Contact!"

"Contact!"

Andy threw his weight on the blade, spun it over and the engine caught. He stood at the wing tip, eyes looking back at the fringe of trees which hid the house, until George gave him the signal to draw away the chocks; then he swung aboard, settled himself in the passenger's cockpit. The plane waddled down the field into the wind, took off gently and with neither frills nor fuss headed into the bee-line course for New York.

The droning of the motor, the idleness of being passenger, and the rush of air made him drowsy. Well, if Ann could be so indifferent as to play bridge, he could take a nap. He hitched about in his seat, slumped down comfortably, braced his feet against the fuselage and slept until the bumpiness of the air over New York City woke him. Long Island, and presently the familiar big oblong of the Umpty field. Tomorrow the old grind would start—planes on the line waiting to be tested, youngsters keen for flying instruction, prospective customers.

Benson, Andy's own mechanic, was the first to reach them, grease-smeared face in a grin of welcome.

"Where're you putting up, Andy?" asked George. "At the house?" He meant Ann's house, the one at Burnt Rock which she had bought when they were first married, so that they could live close to the field. Those were the days when she was enthusiastic about flying.

"No, I'll go over to the Shack."

"Afraid you'll find it pretty bad."

"I'll live through it."

They went to the office building. Same old barn, same old smell in the chief pilot's office—stale tobacco, leather coats, tracing paper—same old pictures, with a few additions by Fred Chase, stuck on the wall with thumb tacks; same old maps.

He went into George's office.

"George," he said bluntly, "you might as well know that Ann and I are on the bust-up. She's going her way and I'm going mine. *Finito!*"

George looked him over coolly. "You're crazy, both of you!"

"No, we're not. We were crazy to think that either of us could lead the other's life. It can't be done. I'm here for keeps."

"Don't forget we've got a contract with Fred. He'll be back on the job before long."

"The way things are moving there'll be enough to keep us all busy. Anyhow, now you know how things stand. I'm not telling anyone else—so, under your hat."

"Better wait a few days and there won't be anything to tell."

"Don't fool yourself! I'm serious about this."

"Sure!" agreed Morrison. He turned to the letters his secretary had left stacked on the desk, and Andy went back to his own office, where he went over the flight reports for the past three months. Fred had been keeping things on the jump.

Morrison stopped at his door on the way out. "I have an engagement for dinner, but I'll be back at nine o'clock with Siebert. Like to have you look over his monoplane plans."

"I'll be here," said Andy.

After George had left he took up his suitcase and walked slowly through the dusk to the Shack. Ma McCready greeted him with effusive wonderment and pleasure, asked after Ann and the baby, and told him in her own downright fashion that he was "crazy to go flyin' around" when he could live "that way." Ma had no illusions about pilots; she had run her boarding house at the Umpty field for ten years, nursed them through hangovers and accidents, and appropriated their baggage when they didn't pay their bills.

His room—the only one vacant—was on the top floor. He had lived in it before. The red-striped wall paper was faded; there was the ancient brewery calendar, long since calendarless, of a buxom wench in the days when figures were figures and skirts were ankle length; an iron bed with all but one of its brass knobs gone—used for throwing purposes undoubtedly; a bureau with a pock-marked mirror; a straight chair, and a small table burned by neglected cigarettes.

"I hope you'll be comfortable, Andy," said Ma, a little dubiously. "But I don't know. You've been used to such grand things."

"I'll be all right."

He took a skimpy towel from the foot of his bed and went to the bathroom, washed in a weak drizzle of lukewarm water. The dinner bell sounded and he went downstairs to the dining room, found he knew only two of the twelve men. They weren't flyers. The student pilots treated him with an awe that silenced the table. The tablecloth was spotted, the soup wasn't anything that a cook would boast about, pork chops, mashed potatoes and gravy, a salad that was vinegary, and cabinet pudding.

He was glad to escape and get back to the office, unwilling to return to the hot, depressing little room. He had forgotten about the bed; the mattress was bumpy and the springs sagged so much that it was like sleeping in a hammock. At Hillcrest there was a cool breeze blowing over his vacant bed. The Beckfords and Iris Lane had been invited for dinner; probably they were sitting on the porch having cold drinks after a round of bridge.

Ma called him at 6:30. He dressed, ate breakfast as rapidly as he could, and got out. At Hillcrest, Ann and he always had breakfast in her room—pee-jays and negligee—and it was served in water-heated dishes, with shining silver, glittering glass, crisp linen. Ma McCready's eggs and bacon skidded about in grease as the thick platter was passed from hand to hand. Andy decided to move to the hotel. It was expensive, but the Shack had lost its old atmosphere.

There were six planes on the line ready for him to test. Some air-mail officials were due at ten o'clock. Three old Umpty-Fives, trade-ins, had to be examined and appraised. The would-be pilots were waiting for instruction.

By night he was tired—too tired to move to the hotel. But he ate there, alone, tried a movie and left before the end of the show, went back to the Shack and to bed. Perhaps, he told himself, he should have telephoned Ann. He didn't want her to think that he was weakening, giving way an inch, but she couldn't blame him for wanting news of the youngster. He sighed and fell asleep. Just before noon he was summoned to the hangar telephone.

"Oh, Andy!" came Ann's wailing response to his "Hello."

"Yes, Ann!" There flashed through his mind a horrible panorama of fire, disaster and death. "Is anything wrong?" he demanded anxiously.

"Everything! I can't stand it a minute longer. I've missed you so terribly, Andy dear!"

"But you're all right? And the baby's all right?"

"Yes, except that we're both miserable without you! Will you please forgive me for being so horrid, Andy?"

"Of course I will," he said magnanimously. "Lord, you had me scared! I thought something had happened."

"Well, something has happened," she admitted. "One car has just shoved off with some of the servants, and I'm getting ready to leave in the limousine with the baby and nurse. We're moving back to Burnt Rock. Are you glad?"

"Glad!" he shouted. "Glad! You're howling right I'm glad! What time will you be here?"

"Sixish."

"I'll be there." He put his mouth close to the telephone, cupped his hand over it. "I love you, dearest."

"Oh, Andy, I'll be ter-r-ibly good! I won't be such a little beast ever again!"

His mechanic, Benson, tried to talk with him about the rigging of a plane as he started for the office, but the only answer he got was a broad grin and a dig in the ribs. Andy slammed into George's office, closed the door behind him.

"What's up?" asked George.

"Ann's moving back to Burnt Rock! I've just been talking with her over the telephone! Everything's squared!"

"That's fine! Am I supposed to look surprised?"

"Look any way you please. Lord, these last few days have been awful! That blankety-blank hash house of Ma's!"

"Got a bellyful of it, eh?"

Continued on Page 105

From a drawing by L. V. A. Guild

Copyright 1928, P&L

Color Comes into the Kitchen!

AND now, a kitchen as beautiful as the rest of the house! — bright and cheerful with Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, in any tint desired.

Why, in these decorative days, should the kitchen lack color? Every other room in the house has not only its touch of color but walls and woodwork are often finished in color. And there is no reason why color should not give the same joy and cheer in the kitchen as in the other rooms. Of course, the popular White will always have its admirers.

Not only are the lovely pastel Vitralite tints ideal where an enamel finish in color is wanted, but your painter or decorator can secure *any* shade by tinting the White.

Perhaps you are not ready to do over your kitchen or prefer it in White. In that case you can add a delightful touch of color by using Leaf Green or Chinese Blue Vitralite on tables, shelves, chairs, refrigerators, bread boxes, tea caddies, spice boxes and numerous other articles.

Designed, not for kitchens, but for the finest interior architecture in residences and public buildings, Vitralite is, however, a genuine economy, whether used in the most prosaic kitchen or the decorators' latest drawing room.

Vitralite
The Long-Life Enamel

Vitralite spreads so much farther, covers better and flows so smoothly that the final result is the ultimate in beauty at no greater cost than that of inferior enamel. To this, add the longer life, saving frequent renewal expense.

So durable is Vitralite that it is guaranteed for three years when used inside or *outside*. Indoors it lasts so long that a guarantee actually seems unnecessary.

Vitralite is made in White, Ivory, Cream, Pearl Gray, Putty Gray, all in Gloss and Eggshell finish; Chinese Blue and Leaf Green in Gloss only.

FREE SAMPLE PANEL finished with Vitralite, will be sent you on request. Color card and names of dealers in your vicinity will also be sent.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give complete satisfaction you may have your money back.

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N.Y. Canadian address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

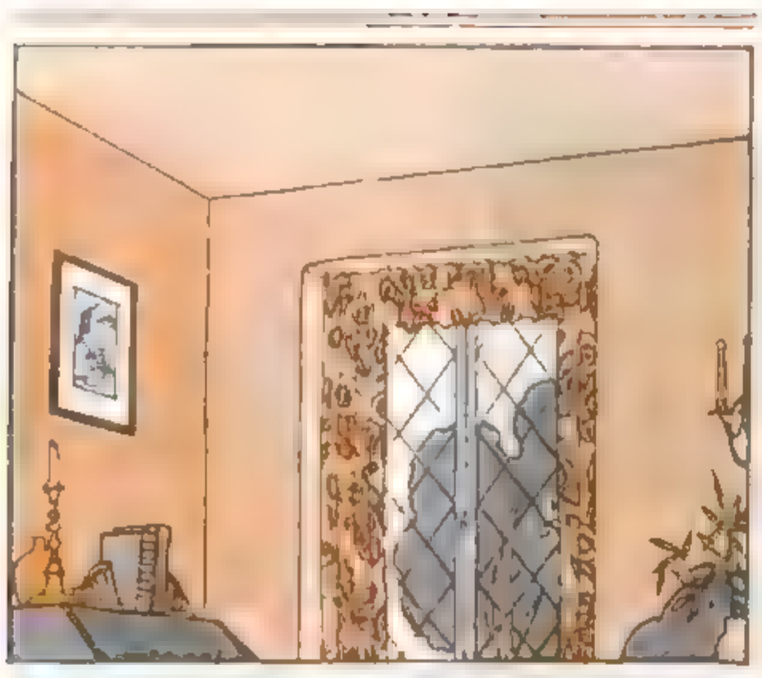
For Your Automobile

When your motor car needs refinishing, ask your automobile painter to use Vitralite Automobile Enamel — the quick, modern finish. It remains elastic and adheres to the metal, defying sun, rain, snow, sleet and mud.

"Save the surface and you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Now *plaster* is exactly like



1 *STEELTEX* Reinforces plaster

Steel is built right into the plaster to reinforce against cracks just as concrete is reinforced. The whole home is strengthened by steel wrapped around each room.

2 *STEELTEX* Insulates

The heavy STEELTEX backing gives insulation with economy—because it's part of a STEELTEX plaster job, without extra material or labor. Comfort—winter and summer—less fuel.

Eliminate "PLASTER LIGHTNING"

Think of the strength of a great reinforced concrete bridge! Think of the heavy loads it carries without cracking! Then think of the many plaster walls and ceilings you have seen.

Now your plaster can be reinforced exactly like concrete, with *steel*—when you use STEELTEX as your plaster base instead of lath. But that is only part of it! What else does STEELTEX do? It makes your home warm in winter and cool in summer—makes it dry, healthful, and quiet the year round.

And the cost of this fourfold protection? No greater than for a first-class plaster job over any other material—it may even be less. That's the amazing thing about STEELTEX! You get four results, using one material, in one operation, and with a single labor cost!

The secret of STEELTEX protection

STEELTEX is a sturdy network of fabricated steel locked to a double waterproof backing. The steel gives strength to the plaster. The backing seals it.

You don't want "plaster lightning" to ruin decorations with ugly cracks! You don't want plaster subject to the whims of warping wood lath! You don't want streaky lath marks! Use rigid steel actually built into the plaster! Strength? Yes! Not a cure-all—not a substitute for firm foundations and framework—but reserve strength that reduces the crack hazard to the minimum.

And the STEELTEX backing throws a double blanket of insulation around each room—around the entire home! You'll want this solid comfort—this protection from dampness, cold, heat, and noise.

STEELTEX

THREE TYPES—SAME PRINCIPLE—SAME PROTECTION

for plaster . . . for stucco . . . for floors and roofs (concrete and gypsum)

reinforced – concrete

3 STEELTEX Damp-proofs

And you shut out dangerous dampness with the waterproof STEELTEX backing and special mastic compound. Your walls and ceilings are tight-sealed—every room dry and healthful!

4 STEELTEX Deadens sound

Today, thanks to the double backing, you build quiet, restful rooms when the plaster goes on the walls over STEELTEX! Inside noises greatly minimized—street noises kept out.

STEELTEX is nailed to the framework in sheets. The plaster is spread on, without trouble, exactly as over any other base. Your plasterer likes it—because it gives plaster the kind of anchorage he wants for his skilled work—and for your satisfaction.

Ask your architect, contractor, and building supply dealer about homes protected with STEELTEX. Since 1922 over 110,000 buildings have proved the lasting benefits of this method of construction.

FREE BOOK—Send coupon below

No one who plans to build should be without this valuable book. Send the coupon at bottom of this page for a copy of *Better Walls for Better Homes*. It will be mailed to your address without charge.

Section showing STEELTEX and how it is used

① Waterproof backing
② Waterproof compound
③ Second tough backing
④ Furring device
⑤ Rust-proofed steel reinforcing fabric
A Scratch coat of plaster
B Straightening coat
C Finishing coat

Two other important types

For a new stucco house or "overcoating" an old one use STEELTEX for Stucco for its fourfold value. For a concrete or gypsum floor or roof use STEELTEX for Floors and Roofs. Same principle—same protection. Use NATIONAL REINFORCING for all other concrete construction.

NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC COMPANY

DIVISION OF
[illegible]

101 Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me without charge, a copy of *Better Walls for Better Homes*.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WELDED STEEL FABRIC

For 100% Radio Reception Use

"B" Battery Power

"B" battery power means *true direct current*—smooth, quiet, dependable—unaffected by outside factors—never subject to sudden cut-off. Battery power is economical in first cost and last. Get from your radio the fullest measure of pure tone value and radio enjoyment. Use battery power.

For 100% "B" Battery Power

Use Ray-O-Vacs

The widely-discussed Ray-O-Vac "Cell-Pocket Construction" is Ray-O-Vac's own patented feature—an unprecedented forward step in "B" battery design—each cell encased in its own insulated pocket. You can *feel* the difference in Ray-O-Vac's lighter weight. You can *see* the difference in Ray-O-Vac's pitchless top. You can *record* the difference in Ray-O-Vac's longer life. The next time, ask by name for Ray-O-Vac "B" Batteries. They cost no more, but they give you much more in service.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY, Madison, Wisconsin

Makers also of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries.

RADIO IS BETTER WITH BATTERY POWER

(Continued from Page 100)

"Yes, but it was worth it. Ann and I had to have a show-down." He became confidential. "George, there's only one way for a man to get along with a woman, and that's to run the works. If he doesn't say what's what and stick to it, come hell's fire or flood, he's finished!"

"Uh-huh," said George.

"Ann's learned her lesson now, and I don't think we'll have any more trouble."

"That's fine!"

"Let's go over to the hotel and get some chow," suggested Andy.

"All right, brain storm," replied George, reaching for his hat. "And you can give me some more lessons about handling women."

"Talk as much as you like, but the fact remains—a man has to wear the trousers! No two ways about it, George."

"That's right," agreed George laconically. "And are you still poor but proud? Or did Ma McCready cure you?"

"Well, I'll earn enough to buy my own cigarettes at least. But deliver me from another meal at the Shack!"

After luncheon, Andy went down the field whistling. The sky was blue, there were two Seventeen-A's waiting for their final tests—and Ann was coming back! In another three hours he would see her. From a distance he swung his arm in a circle as a signal to Benson to get a motor turning over.

He checked the load of sandbags in the mail compartment, put a clean sheet in the barograph and swung aboard. For forty-five minutes he worked with the plane, climbing it under full power, under reduced power, trying it for straight-away speed, scribbling a record of engine revolutions in the log. A great day for flying and a great plane to fly—and Ann was coming home!

"Handles like a dream!" he announced when he got out.

The other plane was equally satisfactory. When he had completed the tests above the field, he went joy riding, sauntered toward Burnt Rock. Ann's big open car was standing before the house, which meant that the first detachment of servants had arrived. Probably the cook was already at work in the kitchen preparing a small feast.

He circled about slowly, let the plane drift close to the ground and finally pointed its nose toward the field.

An engine usually gives warning before it fails—revs drop off, temperature goes climbing, or it begins to sputter—but sometimes there is no warning at all. Andy's engine stopped as though the switch had been cut.

It had been throbbing along lustily, roaring out a song of well-being; then silence—silence that seemed as noisy and ear-straining as gunfire. Every nerve in his body jerked into action and he nosed the plane down into a glide.

His altitude was scarcely four hundred feet. Beneath him, behind him and to either side lay scrub woods; ahead of him were railroad tracks, with a train of box cars upon a siding, a road lined by deep ditches and wire fences, and a small clearing on the other side. His plane was loaded with sandbags that represented sacks of mail. Those elements of his situation, all vitally important, flashed through his mind, were weighed and balanced instantly.

The heavily laden plane seemed to be sinking like a dead weight, rather than gliding. If he could drag over the box cars he would hit the road. That would be a pretty mess, he told himself. A dirty pile-up—one that would land him, at the very best, in the hospital. And Ann was coming home!

He cut the switch, yanked the dump valve of the fuel tank and put the plane in a steeper glide, heading for the flat top of a box car.

VI

IT WAS Sunday. Ann, in green-chiffon negligee, was sprawled upon the bed, face down, surrounded by a litter of newspapers, and Andy was taking a shower. Through the half-open door there came the noise of splashing, slapping of thighs and chest and a breathless "Hi-yi!" as the full stream of cold water struck him; then silence except for little grunts of satisfaction as he dug at himself with a coarse towel. He emerged just as breakfast arrived.

Ann always looked at the photographic sections of the Sunday papers first, then the society pages, and last of all—a mere glimpse to see if anything exciting had happened—the news section. She started to get up, and Andy saw her pounce back upon the paper.

"But Andy!" she exclaimed. "You didn't tell me!"

"What?"

"This! That you had an accident!" She read the headline aloud: "'Torrey, Patterson Cup Winner, Escapes Plane Crash by Stunt.' Oh, Andy!"

"That's the bunk!" he said angrily. "I wish those reporters would stop taking hop!" He leaned over her and shared the paper. It read:

Andrew Torrey, permanent holder of the Patterson Cup and acting chief pilot of the M.P.T. Aircraft Corporation, saved himself from what undoubtedly would have been a fatal crash yesterday afternoon near Burnt Rock, Long Island, by bouncing his aeroplane, the engine of which had failed him, from the top of a moving freight train ——

"Idiots!" he wailed. "The train was standing still."

"But you did have a wreck?" she asked.

He lifted his right hand heavenward. "Ann, I'll swear that I scarcely even scratched the paint on that bus. The man who wrote that was all ginned up. . . . Come on, let's eat breakfast, and I'll tell you all about it."

He took possession of the paper and guided her to the table.

"It wasn't anything at all, Ann," he assured her. "I was flying along, pretty as could be, when the engine conked out, all in a bunch. The drive shaft of the magneto broke. Well, I had to land, of course, and there wasn't much of a place around there—just a dinky little field on the other side of the tracks. The crate was heavy with sand—one of those Seventeen-A's I was testing—and I couldn't get a decent glide out of her. A freight train was standing there on the siding. It wasn't moving at all. I had to jump the road to keep from going in a ditch, so I just came down and took a little bounce off the roof of a box car—caught it with my wheels—just a little bounce." He illustrated with the butt of his hand upon the table. "And that shot me right over the road. I caught the top wire of the fence with my landing gear, but that was all right. It acted as a drag. So I pancaked her, right smack in the field. That's all. And then they write such rot as that!"

Ann nodded. "I see," she said. Her face brightened and she put her hand across the table to press his.

So far as he could judge, he had managed to get away with it. At least Ann didn't mention it again. He spirited away the news section of the papers. Presently the truck arrived with their trunks, and that kept her busy until noon.

"I have to run over to the field and see George for about an hour," he said as they finished dinner. "Would you like to come?"

"No, I'd better stay here and get things arranged. Bring George for supper if he can come."

"Right-o. See you later."

He took up his hat, started out, and she went upstairs. He paused, remembering a blue print which he wanted to take to the office, went into his workroom off the library. It wasn't there. Perhaps Ann had seen it. So he went upstairs. He heard Ann talking over the telephone and the import of the one-sided conversation, coming through the inch-wide opening of the door, arrested him.

"Perfectly fine, Doctor Richards," she was saying. Doctor Richards had been her physician since she was a baby; he had assisted Andy, Junior, into the world. "I've never felt better in my life. . . . Yes, exercises every day. . . . There was something I wanted to ask you about. . . . Yes, but it's so much nicer to have them while we're young. Then we're still young while they are growing up." She gave a gurgling laugh. "Oh, I'd like to have five or six. . . . Well, I'm married to one of the wildest wild Indians in America, you know, doctor. I'm trying to get him to stop flying. . . . It was successful with the first one. Did you read about him in the papers this morning? . . . Oh, just bouncing aeroplanes off freight trains, that's all! He was funny about it, trying to explain to me that it wasn't anything out of the ordinary. I had a terrible time trying to keep a straight face. . . . Well, it isn't just that. I really want 'em! Honestly! . . . All right, I'll be at your office at three o'clock."

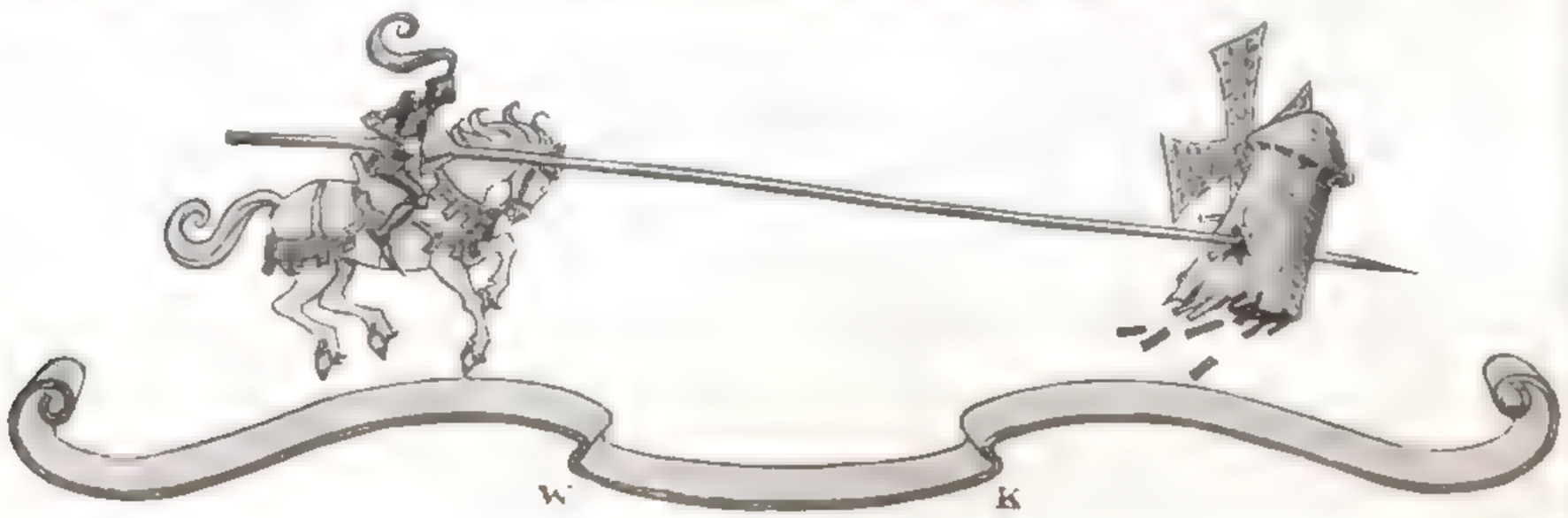
Andy turned and crept silently down the stairs. "Well," he breathed, "can you beat that!"

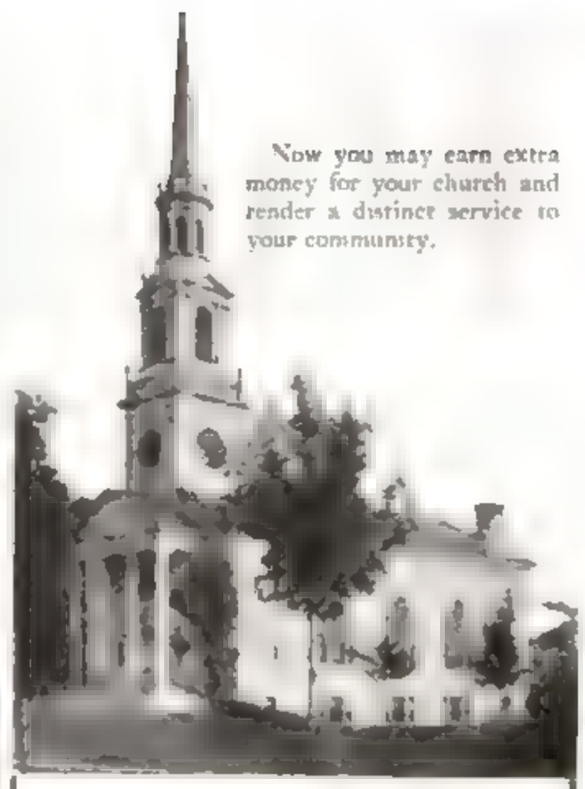
By the time he reached the office his mind was made up. "George," he said, "I think we can get Harry Lockerman for this flying job. Good man too!"

"Why, what's happened? Has Ann got you salted down already?"

"No, not exactly." He smiled. "But she's been wanting to go to Europe for a long time. It'd be a good idea, I think. Give her a change. And I can take a look-see at what they're doing in aviation over there."

"Hum-m! Well, I'm certainly going to miss your lectures on how to handle women!"





Now you may earn extra money for your church and render a distinct service to your community.

$100.00 Extra for your Church!

More and more churches and organizations affiliated with the church are taking advantage of a pleasant, easy way to earn extra funds for regular expenses or for special purposes.

By our plans, hundreds of churches—large and small, in busy cities and in isolated rural communities—have earned as much as $100.00 extra, often more. Still other churches are now taking up the work—because a hundred extra dollars can always be put to good use!

Why You Can Succeed

Without a doubt, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are popular in your community—probably many of your own membership already read them. How easy it would be to forward to us new and renewal subscriptions for these publications!

That is all your church is asked to do in order to make money. For every subscription thus forwarded to us, whether new or renewal, we pay a liberal cash commission—and it doesn't take many subscriptions to 'mount up into real money!

Why not send the coupon today for complete details? It places you under no obligation whatever. On the other hand, it will bring you most interesting details.

Write Today

The Curtis Publishing Company
389 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how my church can make extra money

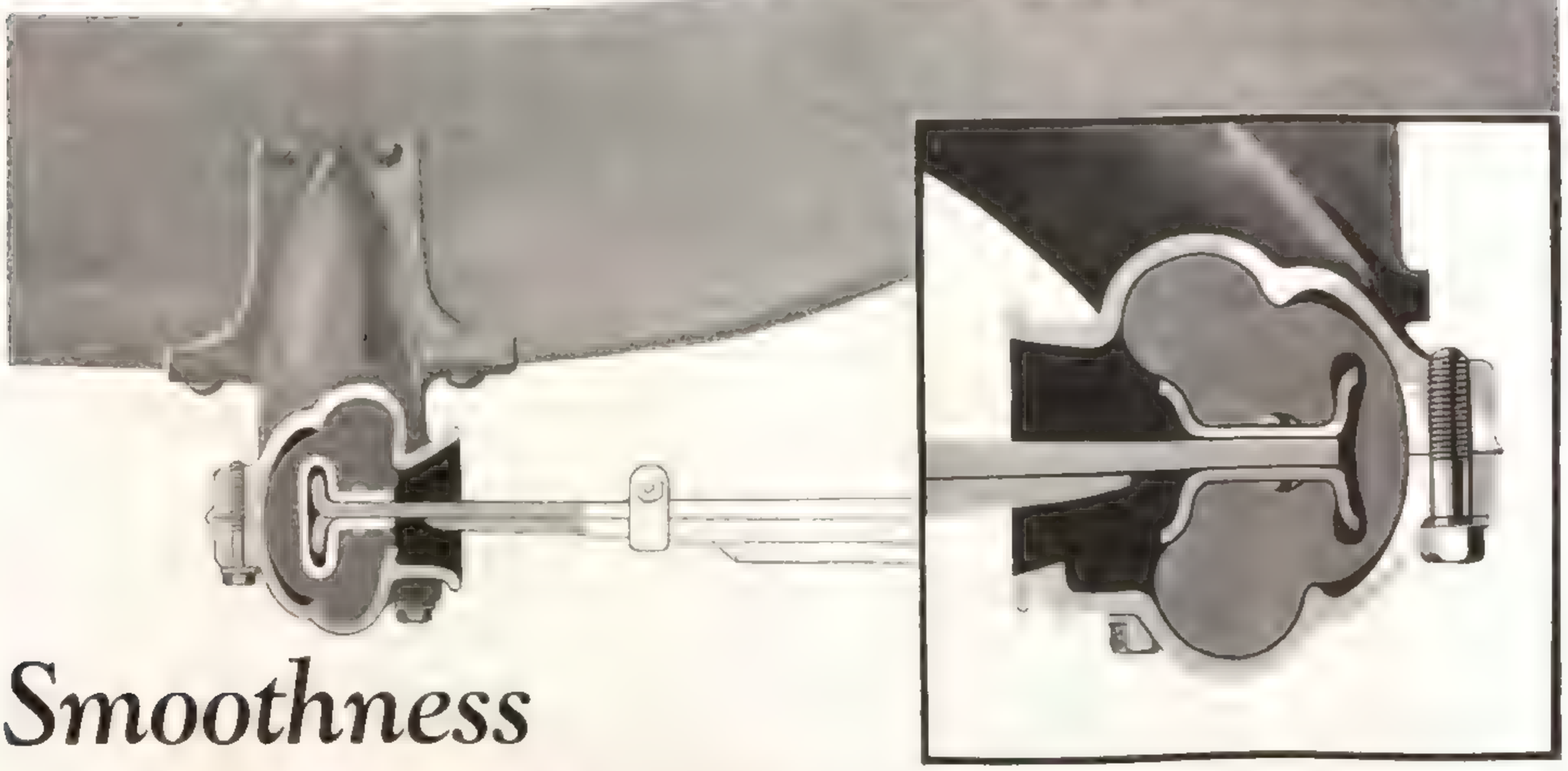
Your Name
Please Print Name and Address

Name of Church

Street

City *State*

Rubber Shock



Smoothness and Riding Luxury Associated Only with Cars of Higher Price, Available for *First Time at* $1065

Chrysler now adds rubber shock insulators to the Great New Chrysler "62." *And at no increase in price!*

For the first time this great engineering feature is included in a car selling at $1065.

Thus Chrysler becomes the one manufacturer to offer a complete line of six-cylinder models, priced from $1065 to $6795, giving the entirely new and modern conception of riding ease and quiet *that only this specially engineered device can provide.*

In these three Chrysler models Chrysler engineers have done away with the metal shackles, spring bolts and bushings of the ordinary car—eliminated 36 working joints which require frequent attention.

Spring ends on the 112 h. p. Imperial "80," Illustrious New "72" and now the Great New "62" are ingeniously anchored in specially moulded, specially selected blocks of live rubber.

In turn, these are securely held under compression in malleable brackets at the frame ends. These live rubber blocks effectively insulate the springs from the frame and thus dampen and cushion out vibration.

Floating in space—with not the slightest sense of mechanical effort—is the effect to which rubber shock insulators contribute. Gone are all the road shocks and road sounds. Gone are all the squeaks and rattles. Gone is the need of the greater part of chassis lubrication.

And this is but one of more than 40 features of the three Chrysler models which give leadership in the field of six-cylinder engineering to Chrysler.

Rubber shock insulators are one more of the great engineering developments contributed by Chrysler to the industry and which include the seven-bearing crankshaft, invar steel strut pistons with tung-tite rings, impulse neutralizers, rubber engine mountings, oil filter, air cleaner, no-sidesway springs, smaller and balanced wheels, four-wheel hydraulic brakes, and scores of others.

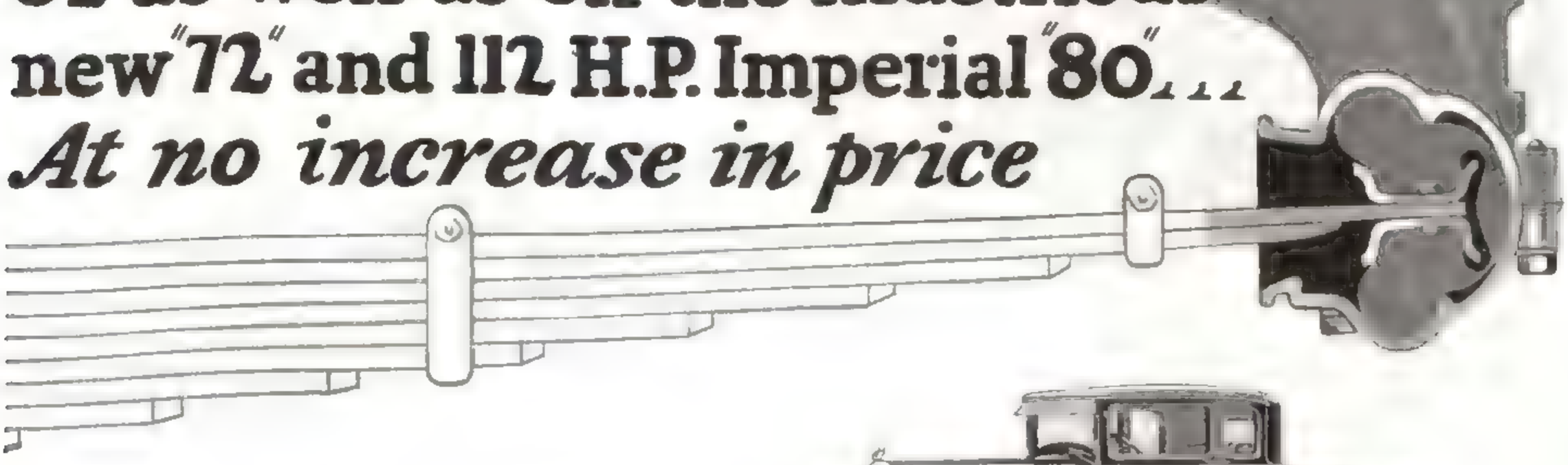
By making possible this *greatest riding luxury at no increase in price* in the Great New "62," Chrysler again shows conclusively how its Standardized Quality of engineering and manufacturing gives extra value to Chrysler buyers.

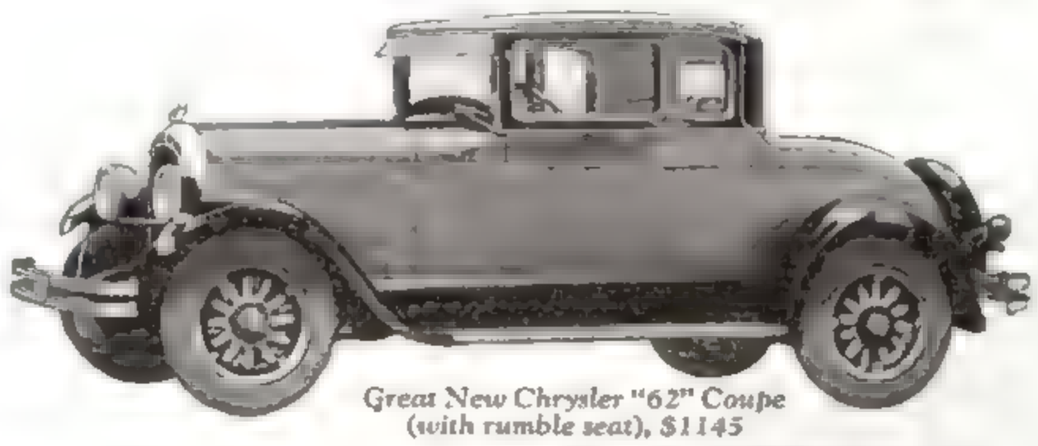
For there can be no more powerful example of the way in which Chrysler Standardized Quality makes available to Chrysler cars of lower price the improvements pioneered and developed for Chrysler cars of higher price.

Insulators

Now added to the great new Chrysler "62" as well as on the Illustrious new "72" and 112 H.P. Imperial "80"...

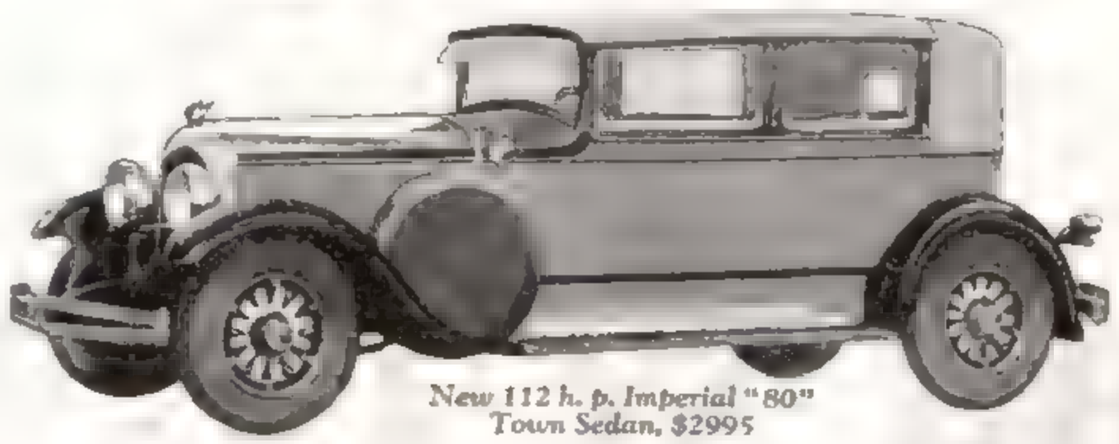
At no increase in price





Great New Chrysler "62" Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145

Illustrious New Chrysler "72" Royal Sedan, $1595



New 112 h. p. Imperial "80" Town Sedan, $2995

Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles, $1065 to $1235. Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Ten body styles, $1545 to $1795. New 112 h. p. Chrysler Imperial "80"—Fourteen custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron, $2795 to $6795. New Chrysler "52"—Seven body styles, $670 to $790.

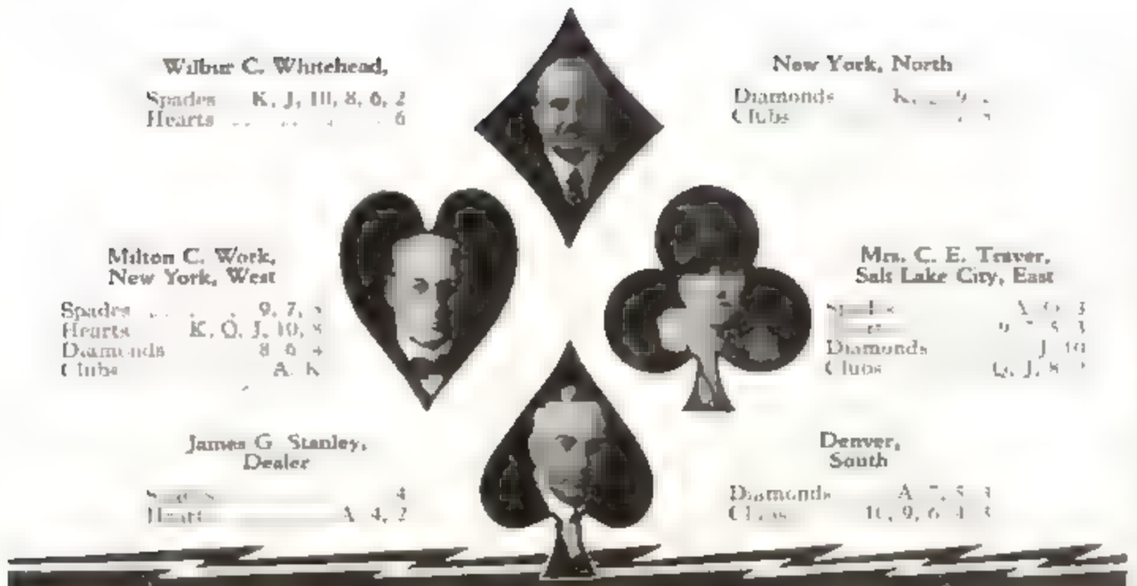
* * * *

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

* * * *

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving greater speed, power and hill-climbing ability, with increased fuel economy, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and all models of the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.*

CHRYSLER



Week of February 6th

IN the Radio Bridge hand above, the Dealer, South, holds two quick tricks. Has he a bid? If so, what? West finally becomes Declarer with Hearts trump. North leads the King of Diamonds. How do North and South keep Declarer from making game? Try this hand your way now; then compare your bidding and play with the expert game by radio.

Tues., Feb. 7, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ

Tues., Feb. 7, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

Big indexes, easy on the eyes.
Ivory or air-cushion finish, easy to deal.
Artistic back designs, pleasing to all.
Lasting quality, good for game after game.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co	Phoenix
KFAU	[illegible]	[illegible]
KFVR	[illegible]	[illegible]
KGBX	[illegible]	[illegible]
KGFA	[illegible]	[illegible]
KGU	[illegible]	[illegible]
KPRC	Post [illegible]	[illegible]
KSL	Radio Service [illegible]	[illegible]
KTHS	Arlington [illegible]	[illegible]
KVOO	Southwestern [illegible]	[illegible]
WCAE	[illegible]	Pittsburgh, Pa.
WDAY	[illegible]	Fargo
WDRC	[illegible]	[illegible]
WFAA	[illegible]	[illegible]
WHAM	[illegible]	[illegible]
WHEC	[illegible]	[illegible]
WIAX	Municipal Station	[illegible]
WJBO	Times-Picayune	New Orleans
WKY	[illegible]	Oklahoma City
WNOX	[illegible]	Knoxville
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
WRVA	[illegible]	Richmond, Va.
WSAZ	McKellar Elec. Co	Huntington, W. Va.
WSUN	Municipal Station	St. Petersburg, Fla.
WWNC	Chamber of Commerce	[illegible]
CFAC	Herald	[illegible]
CFLC	Radio Ass'n	[illegible]
CFCR	Electric [illegible]	[illegible]
CHNS	Northern Elec. Co	[illegible]
CJCA	Journal	[illegible]
CJGC	Free Press	[illegible]
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	[illegible]
CKAC	La Presse	[illegible]
CKCD	Daily Province	[illegible]
CKCL	Le Soleil	[illegible]
CKCO	Radio Ass'n	[illegible]
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co	[illegible]
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	[illegible]

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada
Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York

BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

AN AMERICAN BANKER

(Continued from Page 5)

Lynchburg. Judsonville, seven hours from New York City, was a country village of perhaps 3000, trim and prosperous in comparison with the communities I had known in the South. There were two blocks of brick stores on Main Street, with wide flagstone sidewalks in front and stone hitching posts with iron rings where the farmers tied their teams. Main Street was paved with cobblestones not only in the business section but for some distance east and west, where the finer residences were located. My Uncle Maury Allen's home was on West Main. The Nelson Bank, of which he was cashier, stood on the corner of Main and Oak streets, a two-story brick building, painted white, with the banking room on the street floor and offices above. It had been established in 1832 by Dwight P. Nelson, a general merchant and trader, and there was a local legend that in rare moments of geniality Mr. Nelson would explain how he came to start his financial institution.

"I thought we ought to have a bank in the village," he would say, "and so one day I put up a sign over the desk in my store announcing that I would receive deposits. The first day a couple of fellows deposited some money. During the following week some other people did the same. After a while I got confidence enough to put in some of my own money!"

I have no idea this story was literally true, but it came pretty close to describing how informally a good many of our present-day institutions had their birth.

I think I could not have learned the trade of banking under a better instructor than my Uncle Maury Allen, for in many ways he was an outstanding man and could easily have filled a more important position than that of cashier of the Nelson Bank in Judsonville. He had had a peculiar career. As a boy he worked in a bank in Richmond, leaving it to take a position in Philadelphia. By some means he made the acquaintance of old Dwight P. Nelson, the big man of Judsonville, who induced him to go to that village and take charge of his bank. In Judsonville he married my Aunt Marian, a local girl. This was three or four years before the break between the North and South.

During the war Uncle Maury was in a most uncomfortable position. Although he was a strong Unionist, hardly anyone in Judsonville would believe it, and prejudice was so strong that in justice to his employer, Dwight P. Nelson, he felt he ought to resign. He could not bring himself to go into the Union Army as a soldier and run the chance that he might kill some member of his own family on the Southern side. He did, however, offer his services to the Washington Government and was assigned to duties dangerous enough to relieve his conscience of the odium of being a slacker. For a time he was in secret-service work in Missouri and Southern Illinois, and later acted as a sort of government messenger. On one occasion when the Treasury Department had to make a transfer of currency from Washington to Chicago, and on account of the general lawlessness it was considered unsafe to send it by express, Uncle Maury was sent with the money—$1,000,000—which he carried in an ordinary canvas telescope. He arrived in Chicago on a Sunday and went to the old Tremont Hotel. Believing he was being shadowed, he went to the room assigned him by the clerk and then slipped out of a rear entrance and took a train to Rockford, where he stayed overnight. Monday morning he came back to Chicago and delivered his currency to the bank for which it was intended. Sometime during Sunday night the door of the hotel room that he was supposed to occupy had been forced open.

He continued in the service of the Treasury Department after the war, and when, in 1866, the National Banking Act was passed that gave the Federal Government jurisdiction over national banks, he was appointed one of the first six bank examiners. I have the official document, written in beautiful Spencerian style upon a sheet of foolscap paper with the words TREASURY DEPARTMENT printed at the top and the seal of the United States at the bottom:

> Maury Allen Esq., the bearer, is hereby appointed Examiner of National Banks in the States of Kansas and Nebraska, and is authorized to make the examinations contemplated by Section 54 of the National Currency Act. The officers of the banks located in said States will please afford Mr. Allen such facilities and render him such assistance as he may require in the discharge of his duties.
>
> H. R. HULBURD,
> *Comptroller of the Treasury*

I imagine his work as bank examiner at first consisted largely in telling bankers what they were expected to do under the new government régime. I have his book in which he kept copies of all his reports to Washington, and some of the entries seem a bit humorous judged from the present-day standpoint. Each report described the examined bank's facilities for safeguarding its deposits: "Good fireproof safe with burglarproof chest," or, "Bank has large safe, fairly modern, but is preparing to build vault." Bank officers, too, were described as to their qualifications for the banking trade. In Topeka, Kansas, for instance, he wrote: "President of bank formerly lawyer. Has had some experience as banker. Of good means."

In nearly all his early reports there was comment on faulty and insufficient records. As late as 1869 his report on a banking institution of Omaha contained this: "Records: Very little has been done. Organization papers not yet copied, but the president promises to make the entries."

I suppose that in the early days of bank examinations there was about the same attitude toward the examiners that a great many business men had toward the government income-tax inspectors when the present income-tax law was new. In the somewhat lawless years following the Civil War bank examiners had to watch their steps pretty closely. Uncle Maury used to tell of an instance where, on his first visit in a Kansas town, he was received rather coldly by the two brothers who owned the local bank. He attributed the manifest lack of cordiality to the natural distaste of business men to having their affairs pried into by a stranger, and went on with his work in the usual way, finishing the job without any complications. On his next visit he managed to get on a more human basis with the banker brothers, and upon parting the elder brother confided:

"I guess, Mr. Allen, you thought we weren't very friendly that first time you came. Well, we weren't. We didn't know but that you were trying to work some new kind of a burglary dodge. All the time you were fussing around the bank my brother and I were watching you, each with a gun in hand. We had agreed that if you made one false move we were going to shoot."

During his career as bank examiner Uncle Maury made his home in Omaha. In 1871 he came back to Judsonville to take his former place as cashier of the Nelson Bank; partly, I think because my Aunt Marian wanted to live near her relatives and partly from a sense of loyalty toward old Dwight P. Nelson, who was getting along in life and who had a problem on his hands in the shape of his only son, Herbert.

Both Mr. Nelson, senior, and his wife were gone years before I went to Judsonville, but during all the time I was in the employ of the Nelson Bank I came in daily contact with Herbert, a curious character and rather typical of the rich man's son of that period

Herbert never went to school in Judsonville; as a little boy he had a private tutor, after which he was sent to some fashionable preparatory school near New York City. Then there were four years at Harvard and

(Continued on Page 110

OUT OF THE WEST COMES MARLAND

831

WITH ALL THE SMOOTHNESS AND SILENCE OF THE SOARING EAGLE

ONE of the difficulties in convincing the average motorist regarding the qualities of motor oil is the fact that results, good or bad, are not immediately noticeable.

With the Ford motor using *Marland Super Motor Oil,* the reverse is true. Results are *immediately* noticeable.

Marland Super Motor Oil for Fords is an "oilier" oil. It penetrates more quickly and thoroughly. The effect on transmission and brake bands is to quickly, thoroughly and permanently lubricate them. They become, and remain, soft and pliable. Starting and stopping are gentle but positive. Jolts and jars are eliminated.

The oiling system of the Ford motor is so designed that, in addition to this important phase of lubrication, the same oil, operating on the splash system, must also lubricate all other motor parts. This requires a relatively light-bodied oil that can find its way between the ends of bearings and crank cheeks through very small clearances.

Marland Super Motor Oil for Fords is expressly designed and refined from only select Mid-Continent paraffin-base crude, under patents exclusive to the Marland Company for this specific double-duty lubrication.

If there is difficulty in starting and stopping—if there is a jolting and jerking, indicating that bands are hard and glazy—drain your crank case, refill with *Marland Super Motor Oil* for Fords and you will immediately experience a freedom from these conditions.

Jobbers and Dealers are requested to write for specifications and complete details. Ford owners are requested to write for leaflet, "For Fords Only," graphically illustrating the advantages of *Marland Super Motor Oil* for Fords.

MARLAND SUPER MOTOR OIL
FOR FORDS

For the New Ford
Use
MARLAND SUPER
MOTOR OIL
MEDIUM

MARLAND REFINING COMPANY

Subsidiary of MARLAND OIL COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICES AND REFINERY: PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA
Division Sales Offices: New York City Boston Chicago Kansas City Denver Memphis St. Paul-Minneapolis
Export Terminal: Texas City, Texas

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE

"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, East Orange, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 108)

a couple of years in a German university. Before coming back to the United States he spent considerable time in London, living the life of a young man of fashion.

Naturally this was not quite the sort of training to fit a man for the life of a country banker, and it was probably a realization of the situation that impelled old Dwight P. to ask Uncle Maury to come back to Judsonville and take charge of the Nelson Bank. It was always whispered about town that Herbert had had some kind of early disappointment. Particularly among the ladies there was a pleasant belief that somewhere in his travels Herbert had been crossed in love. After his father's death he lived alone in the great house on East Main Street, having practically nothing to do with local people and attended by the old family housekeeper and two or three servants. Eventually he took to hard drinking, but even in that he was not socially inclined. When sober he would come to the bank. One thing to his credit was the fact that he never interfered with Uncle Maury's management of the bank or the other details of the estate.

As I came to understand him, Herbert's life was wrecked, not by disappointed love but by disappointed vanity. All his early training had led him to believe himself superior to the common run of Judsonville people, and his European experience had confirmed him in that belief. He thought, when he came back to America, that he could live the life of the English country squire, with the citizens of Judsonville furnishing the background of a humble and respectful peasantry. But the farmers and storekeepers of Judsonville refused absolutely to fall in with such plans. As a little boy they had called him "Herb," and as a man they saw no reason for addressing him differently although he was worth $500,000, the owner of the Nelson Bank, the three-story Nelson Block on Main Street, and with mortgages on every fourth farm in the township. The country-squire idea fell flat against the background of small-town America. Even his bachelorhood was a hindrance to his ambition. If he had married it might have been different, but as a single man he was to Judsonville only "Dwight Nelson's boy" to the end of his days.

When I went to work in the Nelson Bank, in 1894, Herbert was in his middle fifties and still rather handsome, though his eyes were beginning to take on an alcoholic bleariness. On days when he came to the bank he could be quite charming for an hour or two, conversing with my uncle in the crisp, well-modulated tones of English polite society. After a while he would pay a visit to the Eagle Hotel, just across Main Street, and have a few drinks, and from then on it was merely a case of becoming drunk for the day. He always wore an English walking coat with tails; and when beginning to get under the influence of his liquor he would pace about the bank with his hands clasped behind him, jiggling his coat tails up and down and speaking sarcastically of various citizens whom he especially disliked, frequently using words like "canaille," or "yokel."

Later in the day, when more ripely drunk, he was inclined to be abusive; though when in that condition he nearly always left the bank and went over to the Eagle Hotel bar. Frequently he got into fights with traveling men, and it was no unusual thing for Ben Lewis, the proprietor of the hotel, to send for Uncle Maury to come and take Herbert home. My uncle never refused, though it must have been terribly distasteful to him, the most dignified of men, to be seen piloting drunken Herbert past the stores and out to the Nelson mansion on East Main Street. I think he accepted it as a part of his duty to old Dwight P., for whom he always retained a great admiration. Yet with it all my uncle never sacrificed one iota of his own dignity. Sometimes the following day Herbert would apologize; in which case Uncle Maury received the apology courteously, but never with a condoning attitude. In the language of the day, Herbert was never allowed to laugh off his offense.

The foregoing explains somewhat the situation that existed in the Nelson Bank during the time I spent in its service. I have dwelt at some length on the career of Herbert Nelson because to me it has always had great significance. Herbert's trouble, doubtless, was disappointed vanity. He craved admiration, but did not get it. If he had been willing to work for the admiration he wanted so badly he could have had it, for he was naturally a brilliant man. But his upbringing, and particularly the European part of it, made him believe he was entitled to the admiration of people as a part of his heritage.

Right there, it seems to me, is explained one of the differences between European and American civilization. In Europe you can inherit honors. In America you have got to earn your honors by your actual accomplishments. Each succeeding generation starts at scratch. It seems to me this somewhat explains the tremendous energy here displayed that so astonishes the rest of the world.

During my first year at the Nelson Bank of Judsonville I drew a salary of five dollars a week, which was above average for a beginner; and as Uncle Maury would not let me pay anything for room and board at his home, I was quite on Easy Street financially. Aside from Herbert Nelson, who did no actual work, there were three of us who attended to the business of the bank. My uncle was the real head of the institution and the man to whom the merchants and farmers of the community looked as their banker. His salary as cashier and general supervisor of the Nelson estate was $2400 a year. His first assistant was Mr. Virtulin Peck, a timid little man of sixty who had been in the bank thirty-five years and who received seventy dollars a month, on which he had paid for a house and lot and raised a family of eight sons. In the bank Mr. Peck had the vague title of teller, though he would never assume the least responsibility. When my uncle was away he waited on customers, but always in a scared, uneasy fashion. The balance of the time he spent standing at a high desk working on his books, with a square of carpet under his feet.

The Nelson Bank had a capital of $50,000 and deposits averaging around $150,000. The bulk of our business came from the merchants. The leading industry of the community was the Judsonville Milling Company, which kept a balance with us for pay-roll purposes, but at certain seasons the company had requirements for more cash than we were able to furnish, and for that reason it kept its principal account with a New York City bank. Our farmer business was at a low ebb in the middle 90's. Wheat was bringing around seventy cents a bushel, potatoes twenty cents, and other produce was proportionately low. Very few farmers, in fact, were considered good for loans of any considerable size. At one time things were in such a state that some fire-insurance companies were declining to issue policies on farm buildings or stored crops.

Yet because things were at such a low ebb, Judsonville was a good place to learn the trade of banking. A commercial banker, constantly making unsecured loans, absolutely makes or breaks his career on his judgment of human nature. And you learn more about human nature in times of stress than in times of roaring prosperity.

Like most beginners in small banks, I had to go out among the merchants every morning to present notes and drafts sent to us by out-of-town firms for collection. During my first week I had a lesson in business psychology that I have never forgotten.

There was a druggist in town by the name of Henry Watling, who had a store called the Ideal Pharmacy at the upper end of Main Street beyond the Baptist church, and one of the items in my wallet was a draft drawn on him by a wholesale drug house in Philadelphia. The draft was for something like forty dollars. The Ideal Pharmacy was in a frame building with two

(Continued on Page 113)

Trained watchers in 1800 towers guide these swift trains

Through a maze of 26,000 miles of track, the fast trains pass and repass, quickly, safely—manoeuvered by unseen hands in distant towers.

UP the steps of an "interlocking station." Into a room overlooking a stretch of six-track road. Facing the window sits the signalman, telephone receivers over his ears. Behind him, his assistant stands by a row of miniature levers.

Out of the telephone comes a rapid-fire message from division headquarters. "Twenty-nine on three."

Cryptic words. Train number twenty-nine must be shifted to track number three.

The operator glances at his indicating lights. He sees track three is clear.

"Twenty-nine on three" he repeats to the leverman. A touch of tiny levers. Half a mile away the switch to track three moves into position—and the signal clears.

A steadily growing hum in the distance swells to thunder. A streak of Tuscan red—and the majestic Broadway Limited, leader of America's largest fleet of trains, rushes into view.

In the driver's cab of the engine, sturdy figures, ever vigilant, call the signals to each other in check. Speed drops—to thirty miles an hour. And so, over a switch controlled from a distant tower, one of the world's famous trains is guided safely through a maze of tracks with even less effort than a helmsman uses in shifting the wheel.

* * *

GUARDIANS of the Pennsylvania's fleet of 6700 trains—so these operators and levermen might be called. Over six thousand in number, they form a notable part of that corps of 185,000 employees whose unflagging efforts, united in a common aim, have made possible the magnitude of the Pennsylvania's operations.

A FLASH of cars by day, a glitter of windows by night—trains for a hundred cities whir down the singing rails. Guiding these trains—halting them—shifting them from track to track as the need may be, unseen operators and levermen in nearly two thousand towers are ever on the alert.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

The average reading time of this advertisement is only 39 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets

There comes a time . . . when *The Devil* Indifference . . *laughs and says "shovel"!*

The Devil Indifference urges you to take a chance on wet and snow-covered roads. He tells you that you can pull through without WEED Chains (with just a little luck).

But soon he laughs when he says "shovel" . . . when you stall in snow and tractionless wheels spin around. He also gloats with glee if you sideslip or skid and skew off the road into the ditch.

Don't let devilish deceit mislead you. Put on WEED Chains before you start out. Then you will be sure of traction and a *safe* return.

Be sure you insist on the *genuine* WEED Chains.

You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass-plated cross chains with the name "WEED" stamped on every hook.

Use

WEED CHAINS

for pulling power in snow, mud and on ice

(Continued from Page 110)

show windows, and in each window was a three-story bottle, each story containing a different colored liquid. At the left as you entered the door there was a square marble soda fountain with "sarsaparilla," "ginger," and so on, in enamel letters over the various faucets. On the opposite side were showcases with curved glass fronts and nickeled trimmings, filled with combs and brushes, toilet soaps, and the like. At the rear was the high prescription counter, and as I entered the front door Mr. Watling stuck his head out from one side to see who his visitor was.

He was a man of perhaps forty, a bachelor, rather short, with a heavy black mustache that made him look like Gen. John A. Logan, a resemblance, I think, that he rather fancied. He started to come forward to wait on me. I had the draft in my hand ready to give him. The weekly newspaper had carried an item to the effect that Mr. Maury Allen's nephew had entered the employ of the Nelson Bank; and when Mr. Watling saw the slip of white paper in my hand he evidently put two and two together, for he stopped short, and with an elaborate pantomime of having forgotten something, darted back of his prescription counter again.

I waited, but he did not come out. After a while two girls came in and sat down at the little stools before the soda fountain. There was a pause of a couple of minutes and then Mr. Watling scurried to the front and waited on them, entirely ignoring my presence, and dashed back to the prescription counter as soon as he had collected their nickels.

Other customers entered, with similar actions on Mr. Watling's part. Once or twice as he bustled past me I waved the slip of paper at him, but to no purpose. There came a long wait during which no customers came in and I heard him washing some bottles at the sink in the back room. Finally he emerged, wiping his hands on a towel, and in the politest manner said he was sorry to have kept me waiting, but that it had been a terribly busy morning. I handed him my slip of paper, which he looked at intently, quite as though he had never seen anything like it before. After he inspected it front and back he said he believed it was all right, but he would have to verify the amount. Then he got a ledger out from under one of the counters, brushed off the dust, and elaborately thumbed the pages. Finally he closed the book and handed me back the draft.

"There appears to be a mistake," he said earnestly. "The amount of the draft doesn't quite tally with my books. Tell Mr. Allen at the bank to send the paper back. I'll probably mail a check to Philadelphia this afternoon for the correct amount."

Inexperienced as I was, I assumed Mr. Watling really intended to do as he said; but when I delivered the message to my uncle at the bank he smiled grimly.

"Henry Watling's credit would be a lot stronger," was his comment, "if he wouldn't shilly-shally the way he does. He has no more intention of mailing a check this afternoon than I have. People will wait on a man who is hard up and has the courage to say so. But one of these days some firm may get tired of Henry's vague promises and send the sheriff to do its collecting."

This prediction was actually fulfilled some months later, when the Ideal Pharmacy ceased to exist. I wasn't in the bank many months before I sensed the credit standing of most of the Main Street merchants simply by the way they received the collection documents I presented. It was not, especially, whether or not they paid the items, for in the middle 90's some of the best business men had to string out their disbursements. It was, rather, whether they tried to cover up; whether they endeavored to give the impression that things were different from what they really were.

There was a furniture dealer named Amos Currie whose method of turning down a collection item was to pretend a tremendous indignation that anyone should ask him for money. His store was quite a sizable establishment, with two floors full of household goods and an annex at the back for his undertaking department. His office was a railed-in space at the archway where his stock of bureaus and bedsteads left off and his stock of coffins began. The first time I called on him in a banking capacity I found him there in company with his bookkeeper going over a stack of accounts that they were preparing to send out to customers, and I fancy Mr. Currie was already a bit out of sorts, for as I waited to get his attention I heard him growling at the delinquency of certain of his clients. The draft I had come to present was from a chair-manufacturing concern in Cincinnati; and when I handed it to Mr. Currie he glared at it for a long moment through his spectacles and then broke out into a violent tirade against the wholesale furniture and undertaking trade in general. Then he seized a pen, turned to his desk and scribbled something across the face of the draft, which he thrust at me with instructions that I should send it back whence it had come. When I got out on the street I looked at what he had written. It was: "I never pay drafts. A. Currie."

Even as a boy I thought there was one weak point about the drafts I used to present. Most of them had printed at one end, for the attention of the bank charged with the collection, this notice: "No protest. Tear off before presenting."

But in the old Nelson Bank we never tore off the notice, and I think few banks do so today. Yet, the moment the debtor saw it, he knew he could refuse to pay and there would be no penalty. In such a case it was easy to get into the habit of refusing. Often a man would let an item go back simply because he was not in the mood for paying.

Perhaps the banks are to blame for negligence in carrying out instructions, but to me it seems there is a little lack of ethics on the part of firms who expect the banks to enter into what amounts to mild trickery. If a draft is really to be protested in case of nonpayment, well and good. But if it is not to be protested, then the firm that sends the draft is asking the bank to connive in a mere bluff; and though bluffing may be legitimate in a certain game of chance, it is not quite legitimate in business.

Judsonville was not what one would call a good business town in the 1890's. For one thing, its trading radius did not extend more than five miles in any one direction, because a round trip of that distance was about as much as an average farm horse could negotiate. Wages were low; farm hands got twenty dollars a month and board, and there were plenty of able-bodied men in the village earning less than two dollars a day. I do not remember any working people who had bank accounts, and even among the more well-to-do classes it was very seldom that a woman was a bank customer. Few people paid their bills with checks.

I often think of these things nowadays when I hear someone bewailing the good old times and predicting that America is going to the dogs because the country districts are losing out in competition with the cities. I usually get out to Judsonville once a year to visit with some of my old friends, and what I see is enough to fortify my faith in my country. The village hasn't grown much—there are possibly 4000 people in place of the 3000 of thirty years ago—but in everything else the progress has been tremendous. The Nelson Bank is no more, but in its place are two others with aggregate deposits of more than $3,000,000. Where my uncle, Mr. Peck and I alone used to be able to do the actual bank work for the community, the two new institutions now employ twenty people.

Where does all the money come from? No one seems to know, but it is there. For one thing, automobiles have quadrupled the trading radius of the village. On my last visit the Main Street merchants were planning a dollar-day sale and were sending their advertising bulletins to towns and villages fifteen and twenty miles away, seemingly sure of bringing customers to their

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION
··defies road wear··

COOPER Tires take the roads as they come . . . and ask no quarter!

For Coopers are armored to meet the road on its own terms. Each individual cord in Cooper Tires is armored with a protecting cushion of live, resilient rubber . . . thoroughly impregnated, completely surrounded with this tough rubber armor.

Armored Cord Construction is exclusively a Cooper feature. It has built into Cooper Tires a new standard of tire strength . . . a new standard of high quality. This superior strength can best be proved by the ever-increasing number of fine cars equipped with Coopers.

There is a Cooper dealer in your town who specializes in quality tires. Let him tell you more of this marvelous new Cooper construction.

[DEALERS: Some splendid territory is still available to good distributors on an exclusive basis. Write for particulars.]

Cooper
TIRES
ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1914
General Offices, Cincinnati, O. Factories: Findlay and Cincinnati, O.

A villa from Elysian Park, Los Angeles

Thrills of a lifetime await you *next summer*

EVERY vacation hour spent in Southern California is a glorious, inspiring adventure. Temperate *rainless* days, cool nights [sleep under blankets!], new sights and customs, uncommon things to do—all urge you to come next summer to play and relax in this strangely different land of surprises.

Los Angeles is the outdoor Sports Capital of the Nation—every day in the year! Mile-high mountains, bridle paths, ocean—lake—brook fishing, 65 *ever* green golf courses, tennis at every turn, a 271-mile "Riviera" for yachting, swimming and boating [or just plain "loafing" on the broad, sloping beaches of the blue Pacific], Old Spanish Missions, cosmopolitan cities affording every metropolitan comfort, and every other interest point are quickly accessible over the 5,000 miles of paved boulevards and 1,100 miles of interlocking trolleys, even to summits of giant mountains!

You will marvel at the varied character of Los Angeles County industries and the wealth of its natural resources. Last year agricultural products alone approximated $95,000,000 while its oil fields are rated at a billion dollars. Hollywood is movie-land supreme. Film stars live in beautiful, close-by Beverly Hills. "Symphonies under the Stars" at Hollywood Bowl and the Pilgrimage Play are unforgettable. And, all about you in this Pacific Coast metropolis, are luxurious theatres, and some of America's finest resort hotels—or the simple life supreme—just what your preference dictates.

Here is the new gateway to Hawaii and the Orient, and the gateway to the many wonders clustered about San Diego, Riverside, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Orange and Ventura.

From May 15 until Oct. 31 low round-trip fares are in effect on all railroads. See your nearest ticket agent. Mail the coupon today for a 52-page illustrated vacation book that tells what you can see and do in Southern California's summer play ground.

Southern California

"A trip abroad in your own America!"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. B-2, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ San Diego
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Riverside
☐ Orange ☐ Ventura

Name

Street

City State

stores from those places that in the old times were distinctly foreign territory. At the same time one of the manufacturing plants was announcing a bonus of $25,000 that was to be distributed among its employes, a proceeding practically unheard of in the business world of the 1890's. The dollar-and-a-half-a-day laborers I knew as a boy are five-dollar-a-day men now, and go to work in their flivvers.

I sometimes wonder if the work of the old-time village bankers like my Uncle Maury Allen and thousands of others like him has been properly appreciated. In the 1890's America was beginning its change from an agricultural to an industrial country; and in one case at least I can trace the beginnings of a present-day Judsonville enterprise directly to my uncle's far-sighted business judgment and understanding of human nature.

Among the small depositors of the Nelson Bank there was a young Italian-American named Joe Lenzi who had a little machine-and-repair shop in an old stable back of the Eagle Hotel, and one day after I had been in the bank a couple of years I took my bicycle to him for some repairs. Joe and I were on fairly good terms, and while I was waiting for the job to be done he told me he wished he could borrow $200. It seemed he was ambitious to buy a lathe that would enable him to do certain work he thought would be profitable. I asked him why he didn't come to the bank and talk with my uncle about it. He answered that he was afraid to do anything like that.

"I'm just a mechanic, Boyd," he explained. "The bank is for business men and merchants. Mr. Allen would laugh at me if I should ask him to borrow money."

Later I reported the conversation to my uncle and he told me to have Joe come to the bank, which, after some urging, I induced him to do. He appeared one morning, dressed in his black Sunday suit and gray fedora hat that he took off as soon as he entered the front door. It was evident he had tried to make himself look as much like a business man as possible, for his hair was wet and slicked back and he wore a high standing collar with wings, and a clergyman's white bow necktie. My uncle usually transacted business with customers across the counter, but on this occasion he invited Joe behind the inclosure, and that was where their conversation took place, Uncle Maury at his flat-topped desk and Joe opposite him, sitting uneasily on the edge of his chair and leaning forward to catch every word, his gray fedora hat crushed between his legs. After some questions as to the amount of business Joe was doing and his home expenses, my uncle asked him when he believed he could pay back the two hundred dollars if the bank should grant the loan. Joe said he would like to sign a note for four months.

"I can't do that, Joe," my uncle said, "but here is what I will do: I will handle ten of your notes, at twenty dollars apiece, one of them payable each month. But if I do this, I want you to promise me that you will come in yourself with the money. You mustn't even send your wife with it. And if anything happens that you can't pay one of the notes, I want you to come in and sit right in that chair where you are sitting now and explain to me exactly why you can't pay. I shan't be angry if you can't pay, but I shall be angry if you don't come in to see me and tell me all about it."

Joe agreed to these conditions and got his money. It seemed strange to me that my uncle had taken such an intricate method of loaning $200; the bookkeeping alone on the handling of ten twenty-dollar notes would, I knew, amount to more than the profit on the whole transaction. I asked why he didn't have Joe sign a four months' note for the entire sum and then, if he couldn't pay it all, renew it from time to time until it was wiped off the books.

I think my uncle's reply showed what a really constructive banker he was.

"You must remember, Boyd," he said, "that Joe Lenzi is at present a mechanic, and nothing else. Yet from what I know of him and from my talk with him today I have an idea he can be developed into a business man. Now a mechanic, and especially a mechanic of his race, is apt to be temperamental. He showed that when he told you he was afraid to come to the bank and ask for a loan.

"If I had let him sign a note for the entire $200 here is what might happen: The mere size of it would weigh on his mind. Very likely as the time drew near when it would fall due he would be thinking so much about it that he wouldn't be able to attend to his business. It is even possible that with his temperamental attitude of mind he might throw up his hands in a panic and come running in here some day to tell us we would have to take over his machine shop if we wanted our money.

"But the way it is fixed now, Joe doesn't realize that he owes $200. He thinks of it only as a twenty-dollar debt, and he knows if he works a little harder and cuts the corners a little closer he can easily make that. Besides, I want him to get over that scared feeling about the bank. That is why I insisted that he come himself to pay off his monthly note instead of sending his wife or someone else. Of course it's going to be more trouble to us than the little interest money we get, but if it helps to develop Joe Lenzi into a real business man we'll profit eventually."

The transaction worked out quite as Uncle Maury had planned. I think Joe picked up each of his notes as they fell due, so he never had to sit down behind the inclosure to offer explanations; but each time he came in my uncle took time to visit with him a little and it was easy to see that he soon lost his fear of banks and bankers. It chanced, too, that we began to get quite a volume of deposits from other Italians who were working around town and who had previously deposited their savings in bedticks and cellars.

This is intended as no wonderful success story, and I admit freely that Joe Lenzi might have developed into a business man without my uncle's coöperation, but it is a fact that he did so develop. The repair shop grew into a plant and is now Judsonville's largest single industry. I have mentioned that when I was last in Judsonville a certain enterprise was paying out $25,000 in bonuses to its employes, and the concern I mentioned is the Joseph Lenzi Machine and Supply Company, Incorporated. I know Joseph Lenzi has an idea as to the beginnings of his expansion, for on the wall in his private office hangs a picture of my Uncle Maury Allen, dressed in the style of the 1890's and looking just as he did on that day when he and Joe faced each other across the desk behind the inclosure of the Nelson Bank.

A thousand times, since I got out into the world, I have thought of this incident. Particularly when I have been on some chamber-of-commerce committee appointed for the purpose of bringing new manufacturing enterprises to a community. Nearly always there seems to be the impression that it is necessary to pay out money in one form or another to get factories, or to entice them away from other communities by high-pressure tactics. But more often than not, the factory that is brought in by high-powered methods turns out to be a dud. It is safer, though not so spectacular, to try to develop the enterprises that you have.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Explanation

IN HIS article, This New World and the Undergraduate, published in the December 17th issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Dean Gauss of Princeton University in commenting on student publications of the present day referred to the Bean Pot of Boston College. This is a mistake, as the Bean Pot is published, not by the students of Boston College, but by the students of Boston University, an entirely distinct educational institution.

Ranks in Performance with the finest in the world

Moderate statement is impossible for those who drive Dodge Brothers Senior Six.

Experienced fine car owners everywhere are voluntarily expressing to Dodge Brothers the unqualified enthusiasm they sincerely feel.

The Senior ranks in performance with the finest motor cars in the world, and hundreds of letters in our files emphatically state this to be a fact.

The unprecedented smoothness and power of the great Senior motor have astonished those who previously associated this character of performance only with cars far higher in cost.

$1495
SEDAN F.O.B. DETROIT

DODGE BROTHERS
Senior Six

ALSO THE VICTORY SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

Your clothes how to buy them

IF I could take the men of America through Tailorcrest, I could sell every one of them a suit. I can't do this, so I'm doing the next best thing: taking Tailorcrest to the men of America thru this national medium.

Back in 1913 my father and I had a big idea. That was all. Today we own Tailorcrest—a beautiful, glass-walled, sun-flooded plant crowning Style Hill in Cincinnati, with kitchen, cafeteria, washed air system and every comfort for the happiest family of workers in America.

What was this idea? To give men custom clothes at the price of ready-mades or less, through volume production and selling direct to the wearer. It was a knotty problem, but we solved it.

Better Clothes for Less

Today, at Tailorcrest—which is a thousand custom tailorshops in one—every suit and overcoat is hand cut, with shears, to your measure—hand sewed with silk in every vital part. It reflects the wearer's personal choice in every detail, and he gets it at the maker's price—$29.50, $34.75 and $42.50.

Now you may be a Davis customer. But if not, I want you to try a Davis suit—at my expense, if you are not perfectly satisfied. We make it very easy. Our trained representative will call at your home, office or shop. He will help you choose from a greater selection of fabrics, patterns and styles than you'd find in the biggest store on Broadway, and he will carefully take your measure.

You to be the Judge

We will give your order a 6-day service at Tailorcrest. When it reaches you, in a sealed, dust-proof carton, take it home for a 24-hour examination. Then, if you do not regard it as the greatest clothes value you ever received—if you are not perfectly satisfied—you will not be out one penny.

Meanwhile, I want you to read an illuminating booklet—*Your Clothes and How to Buy Them*. It will help you to dress correctly, for less money. Just send me your name—today, if convenient.

P. H. Davis, President

The P·H·Davis Tailoring Company
Tailorcrest . . . . . Cincinnati

BRAVE DOINGS

(Continued from Page 15)

get away with. You had it delivered down on that stinking street where you used to sell newspapers when you were a kid, and then you and the dear old white-haired mother were photographed stepping into it. Good stuff, Danny. Instead of getting razzed for putting on airs, you gave the tabloid public a maudlin tear of joy. Good stuff. Older than Egypt, but it never has failed and probably never will. The genius of democracy is in you; and it's something men don't seem to be able to learn.

"This equality thing, Danny—up from newsboy to mayor or President or what not—it doesn't make for the most efficient government I can imagine, but it's a marvelous theory for industry, business and sane social intercourse. And why? Because it opens the way for youngsters with the real ability that you haven't got to come up from newsboy to railroad builder, great manufacturer, banker, publisher—that sort of thing. That's what makes democracy important, Danny. That's what makes it the greatest idea we've got. That's what made this country. The fact that a boy like you can rise to be mayor of his city doesn't amount to much. You're just a symbol. The mayor's office is a punk job at best. A fellow ought to get something out of it besides the pay. Either he's entitled to get a swelled head on account of the honor, if that's what he craves, or a happy, boyish, good time such as you're having. When people honor a man as they've honored you, they want him to enjoy it. They appreciate his enjoying it. They think that's what they'd do if they had it.

"Who was more popular in our time than President Theodore Roosevelt? People loved him because he enjoyed his job. Absolutely sound politics. Any fellow who does that is good for the country, even if he hasn't got any more on the ball than you're showing.

"Well, I've talked too long, Danny, without coming to the point. Announce for reelection in a few days. That puts the buck up to the organization and they've just about got to come through because you're popular. Meanwhile I'll go to work on your little budget of woe and see what I can do."

"You're actually going to stand by me, Weaver?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, old man."

"Don't mention it, Danny. I'll see you again soon. Meanwhile, good luck."

The big door opened and Weaver walked out. Tommy Blake rose quickly and dashed for the telephone. The last edition of the News forecast that the mayor would within five days announce himself a candidate for reelection, and there were angry rumblings in not less than two hundred limousines as they sped homeward, carrying business men, lawyers, property owners and corporation executives to their evening meals.

"We'll show him!" was the muttered consensus of opinion. "We can put up a candidate too."

II

JAMES J. PURDY, vice president and general manager of the Commerce Street Railway Company, turned a startled and uneasy countenance toward his secretary when she came into the office in answer to his ring.

"Which Weaver is it?" he asked. "I didn't get the first name."

"Forrest Weaver," she repeated.

"Lord, Lord!" sighed Mr. Purdy. "All right, show him in." Then he mopped his brow, which was not damp, and composed himself for approaching trouble. However, when the door again opened Mr. Purdy boomed merrily: "Well, well, Weaver! Delighted to see you! How's every little thing? Have a cigar? That's right. What's on your mind?"

"I came in to help you with this difficulty about the street-car fares," Weaver announced in his drawling voice. Then he sat down and lighted his cigar, while Mr. Purdy tried vainly to peer through his mask.

"You think you might be able to help us?" he queried, sparring for time.

"Yes, I think I've got the answer."

"Really? If you have, friend Weaver, you certainly bring a ray of sunshine. Tell me all about it."

"That's what I came to do. I've been looking at the certified accountant's last report to your bondholders and I think I see what we can do."

"Shoot, friend Weaver! My attention is at the boiling point."

"It appears that your main line gives a net return of 17 per cent ——"

"But the other two!" Purdy interrupted. "The other two!"

"I know," Weaver agreed; "the other two are rotten. You lose on both of them. Now if you cut down the service about 25 per cent on the North Side line, you ought to break even there."

"But, Weaver, we can't!"

"Why not?"

"Why, the franchise would be endangered. Service is stipulated in the franchise. We can't cut down without permission, and we can't get anything out of little Danny one way or the other. He just looks at us and grins."

"All right, Mr. Purdy, what I propose is that you just go ahead and cut down anyway. The business doesn't justify the service your company is giving, therefore those people can get along with less service. No sense in your being robbed. You and I are practical men; we can handle a thing like that."

"How, friend Weaver?"

"Just do what I said—cut down the service."

"And suppose the mayor gives us blue blazes."

"He won't."

"Why not? Doesn't he already say nasty things about us? Doesn't he call me Jesse James Purdy instead of James J. Purdy?"

"Of course he does. That's good politics. You're the chief executive of a big public utilities corporation, therefore your rôle politically is precisely the same as that of the bull in a bullfight. You mustn't take it to heart—means nothing at all."

"All right, friend Weaver, assuming that we cut down the service 25 per cent and the mayor makes no complaint, what if some of the patrons should?"

"Do you think it very probable that they would?"

"That's hard to say. They'd still be getting pretty good service, but one can't be sure what might happen. We have to deal with it from the point of view of safety first for the franchise. What if they should complain?"

"Well, in that case Mayor Danny would do nothing for a long, long time."

"But suppose the complaints persisted."

"In that event he would investigate the matter, carefully, minutely, laboriously—nothing precipitate, you understand—and eventually it would end in conflicting testimony. Or if political events were propitious, he would find that the service complied with the franchise requirements."

"You are authorized to make that proposal?"

"No."

"Then what is the use of talking about it?"

"I seldom go wrong on forecasts of this kind."

And Weaver stared thoughtfully at a smoke ring he had just blown.

"But you have gone wrong a few times—eh?"

"Just between ourselves, Mr. Purdy, no, I never have."

"But you are not authorized by ——"

"No, and I don't intend to be."

Again Mr. Purdy studied Weaver's placid countenance. Uncertain, he turned the subject by asking, "What of the other line?"

"I own property at the end of that line," Weaver answered. "I'm going to develop it. I'll form a company. Good substantial houses, cheap apartments. I own fourteen acres. We can put lots of people on fourteen acres. Houses like that are needed too. You ought to get in on the deal. We can make a modest, reasonable start with about one city block and then just keep right on building for a long time. It would pull that street-car line out of the hole."

"I doubt that I could swing anything like that," Purdy remarked thoughtfully, although he had already recommended to his directors that he should be authorized to encourage and even assist financially any such enterprise at the first opportunity.

"I have another alternative," Weaver continued. "Form a new company, buy that line from your present company, then let the new company go bankrupt and lose the darn thing. It's no good on earth as it stands, is it?"

"I'm not so sure about that, friend Weaver. One never can tell what the future may bring forth. We'd rather keep it if we can."

"Well, either do something for it or kill it. I've told you how to do something for it and I've told you how to kill it."

"Yes, yes, so you have. But now that I think it over, you haven't told me how to get a seven-cent fare."

"I'm not going to. You can't have a seven-cent fare."

"Why not?"

"It's bad politics."

"But suppose other men think differently and their candidate defeats your little friend Danny."

"You speak of impossibilities, Mr. Purdy. I can bring in a razorback hog blind in one eye and beat any man who runs on a seven-cent-fare platform. You just can't get away with it—that's all. It's bad politics."

Purdy relighted his cigar and examined it long and thoughtfully.

"Of course," Weaver continued, "you are already tied up with Longstreet, the other candidate. I understand that perfectly. Danny and I want you to stay there. All you've got to do is hire me as your attorney and pay me an adequate retaining fee so that I can help Danny with his campaign expenses. Then you can cuss Danny all you please and he'll go on calling you Jesse James and everything will work out perfectly."

"That smells of bribery, Weaver."

"Smells are often deceptive, Purdy. Only realities interest me. Your company is in trouble and as a good citizen I don't want to see it go broke. The help you need is not dishonorable; I can give it to you for a reasonable fee. What I subsequently do with the money is strictly my own business and none of yours. You'll need a little time to think this over, so I'm going to leave the idea with you. Remember, there's no delay and no red tape in any of this. All you have to do is nod and come through and the whole plan is in effect. No papers, no contracts, no hearings before the council; just a little working agreement so that we can pull your company out of the hole and help to make a better city. We can't go on this way. There's no sense in it. . . . Good day, Mr. Purdy."

"Good day, friend Weaver. I'll think it over."

After the office door had closed, Purdy mumbled to himself: "That infernal scoundrel! He outtalks me every time!"

III

WILLIAM B. UPDEGRAFF, executive director of the Commerce Electric Light and Power Company, grinned at the little card lying on his office desk and said to himself "Old-Tree-Full-o'-Owls." Then he rang for his secretary and said,

(Continued on Page 118

His one idea is to make marketing easier for the housewife

. . . . . that's why the Independent Grocer features these finer food products

The man who operates his own grocery store . . . waiting on his customers in person and constantly studying their needs; he's the grocer who is going a long way to simplify the marketing problems of the housewife.

For instance, he keeps her posted on crop and market conditions; gives her seasonable food suggestions; grants her every reasonable request; supervises every order that goes out; and makes prompt home deliveries.

But his biggest help to her comes in the fact that he features MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS.

No longer need this housewife "shop around" . . . checking prices and making comparisons to make sure she is getting the best at the most moderate cost.

To insure the finest quality at the right prices . . . whether in canned fruits or vegetables, coffee or tea, pickles or relishes, or in any other of a long list of food products . . . she simply phones her grocer to send *Monarch* brand.

A delightfully easy solution to the marketing ordeal! And it works. "*Monarch* Quality for seventy-five years" guarantees that.

. . .

MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS INCLUDE:

MONARCH CANNED VEGETABLES, every vegetable that grows . . . and the cream of the crop . . . *MONARCH CANNED FRUITS,* the "prime pick" of the world's finest orchards . . . *MONARCH COFFEE, TEA AND COCOA,* if you paid a dollar a pound, you couldn't buy finer quality . . . *MONARCH PICKLES,* sweet gherkins, dills, sweet mixed pickles, chows and relishes . . . *MONARCH CATSUP AND CHILI SAUCE,* made from Monarch tomatoes grown from Monarch seed . . . *MONARCH TABLE DELICACIES,* sardines, tuna fish, shrimp, salmon, hors d'oeuvres, preserves, jams . . . *MONARCH SOUPS,* home cooked, from finest vegetables, dairy products, and condiments, by artist-chefs at the Monarch kitchens . . . *MONARCH PREPARED FOODS AND CEREALS* . . . Yankee baked beans, spaghetti, food of wheat and toasted wheat hearts . . .

and the famous Monarch Teenie Weenie Specialties.

MONARCH

QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

REID, MURDOCH & CO. (*Established* 1853)
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, WILKES-BARRE, TAMPA, JACKSONVILLE, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, PHOENIX, KANSAS CITY

© 1928, R., M. & Co.

A Dozen Dousings can't budge *pore-dirt*

. . . yet a single Pompeian Massage rolls every gray speck free!

IT'S hard to believe that your face is not clean when you wash it regularly. But 'way down where the wash-cloth never reaches, pore-dirt lies.

Where does it come from? The air we live in is teeming with millions of invisible particles of dust and grime.

These tiny specks work into your pores—get packed down tight—and give your face a sallow, grayish tone.

Science can tell men this. But the astonishing proof comes with their first Pompeian massage. Here's how it works out:

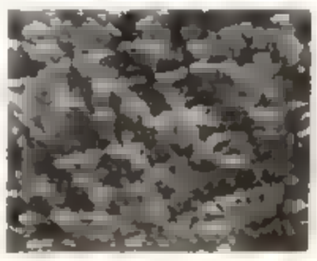
Send us the coupon for a FREE tube. Wash your face. Then rub Pompeian into the skin you think is clean. What happens?

Goes in pink—rolls out gray!

The upper picture, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare it with the lower picture, taken after using Pompeian Massage Cream. That's skin that is *really* clean! Those gray marks are the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of imbedded sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the healthy glow that a clean skin boasts.

A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day. A marvelous "sprucing-up" for a bright evening.



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Free test convinces thousands

A good-sized jar of Pompeian Massage Cream is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it *free*. Fill in the coupon below and drop it in the mails—right now, while you are reading this message.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 903-B, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 116)

"Show the gentleman in." Weaver entered with a deliberation that might have been mistaken for shyness and sat down. Updegraff, who was a huge man, with a voice appropriate to his size, looked him over as though he were some kind of an exhibit. Finally he said, "Weaver, by jingoes, I like you! I've been intending to tell you so for a long time. What the hell are you up to now?"

Weaver smiled. "I came to talk to you about the race for mayor," he answered simply.

"Yes?"

"Yes. What do you think of my friend Danny?"

"Why, Weaver, you shock me! Think of asking a home-loving old man like me with four half-grown children to use such language! But you've done it, so here goes: I think he's a numbskull of the first water, a cheap blatherskite who ought to be conducting a Punch-and-Judy show on some street corner. I further opine and depose that he might make a successful pretty boy in the motion pictures if some actress with enough ability to cover his dumbness played opposite him. I think he'd be a knock-out as a singer in a cabaret if he could sing. Or he would make an excellent collector of garbage if he would work, but I doubt that he would. As mayor, I think he's a jumping jack and a tragic joke. Does that adequately answer your question?"

"Yes, I think it makes your position clear."

"Thank you, Weaver. That's all I was trying to do. . . . Now is there any other way in which I can serve you?"

"Yes, there is. I'm going to tell you about it."

"Please do."

"Why are you so impatient about the new franchise for your company that you are willing to put up money for a political campaign in order to get the thing cleared up promptly? What are you afraid of? Frankly, I don't see anything wrong with what your company is asking for. The only suspicious fact I detect is your own attitude. Will you explain that?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Weaver; but first I must request a small change in your question. To be specific, we must leave out that part which refers to putting up money for a political campaign. It is not in the record that any such thing has been done, therefore you cannot properly cross-examine your witness about such a matter."

"All right. Of course, I'm under no misapprehensions about the facts, but at present we will confine ourselves to your impatience. Now you go ahead and explain the impatience while I retain in silence my own mental reservations about campaign funds."

"Exactly, Mr. Weaver. Very well, I represent a large investment in this growing, thriving, beautiful city of Commerce, but the franchise under which that investment was made is about to expire. We must have a new franchise. And at the very time this situation arises, the growth of the city demands vastly increased facilities for serving our patrons. To be specific, Mr. Weaver, we need about two million dollars' worth of such facilities. Plans and specifications have been ready and waiting for nine months. At the very best, such a construction program cannot be completed within less than two years; and, as I have already stated, the customers are growling. More and more of them will growl as time passes, and quite properly so. They are being mistreated. But by whom, Mr. Weaver? Why, none other than that jumping jack of a Danny, whom you are childish enough to call your friend! It's utterly absurd. He backs away from our straightforward, honest, businesslike proposals as though they were poison. We can't even get a hearing, much less a decision. Under the circumstances, we earnestly hope that someone else will be elected mayor, and we are appalled at your man's colossal nerve in announcing himself as a candidate for reelection."

"Again you make your position clear," Weaver remarked. "But there ought not to be the slightest difficulty about solving a little problem like that."

"No?"

"Why, no! I see the answer to that already."

"You do?"

"I certainly do."

"Would it be presumptuous of me to ask if I might share ——"

"Why, Updegraff, it's simple!" Weaver interrupted. "Light your pipe and take it easy while I save you a lot of grief. In the first place, you are all wrong about the requirements which the public may reasonably impose upon their elected officials. Being an expert in your line, you think that the mayor ought also to be an expert, since you have to transact business with him. Well, you're wrong. He's an expert in his line, not yours. And his line, Updegraff, is politics—ward politics—cheap politics—politics for cheap people, but he understands them. He can make seventeen kinds of a monkey out of you in his line just as you can make a jackass of him at a convention of electrical engineers.

"What you ought to have done was present this proposition in some form that would have made it easy for him to O. K. it. He's a practical politician and that's all. If he were as good an engineer as you are, he wouldn't have to be standing out in the broiling sun every time some news-reel photographer or rotogravure editor wants a picture. He'd have a good, steady job. But you are the kind of fellow who thinks a mayor ought to be an electrical engineer, hydraulic engineer, civil engineer, tax expert, financial expert, traffic expert and connoisseur of policemen.

"As a matter of fact, if the best brains and the best trained men in this country all went into the public service, as according to your fool notions they should, it would be nothing less than a national disaster. People of outstanding technical ability belong in private enterprise where they can produce something. For the public service, a fairly good intelligence and reasonable integrity are about all we have a right to ask, and Danny gives us that.

"Politics is an exacting mistress. On business matters we ought to help our politicians all we can. That's what I'm going to do in your case. You've gone and put up a candidate who won't get enough votes to wad a shotgun, so there's no use thinking about him. The man we've got to figure on is the next mayor—and that's Danny. In order to work with him we've got to see the problem from his point of view.

"Some of the boys in the organization think there is a chance for a good squeeze on your franchise. Other citizens have got a notion that the city ought to collect a bonus for the new franchise, as though that wouldn't eventually be taxed against them on their light-and-power bills. Nevertheless, all these notions have got to be dealt with. As a practical politician, Danny can't ignore them. Nobody loves an electric light and power company. It's much better politics to cuss you out, right or wrong. But Danny isn't mad at you and doesn't want to hurt you. All he's trying to do is save his own skin. Well, I'm going to tell Danny how to do that and how to give you a square deal at the same time."

Updegraff's eyes narrowed. "How much will it cost me?" he demanded curtly.

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Nothing doing, Weaver. No bribery for mine."

"I have never bribed anybody in my life, Updegraff, nor taken a bribe."

"What's your scheme?"

"Danny will make his opening speech four days from today. In that speech he will say mean things about your company and close with a challenge and a question aimed at you; that is to say, he will ask a question and challenge you to answer it. On the following day you will answer the question without the slightest difficulty in

(Continued on Page 121)

You can identify the Rexall Stores during February by their striking window displays, which will be similar to the one here illustrated.

During FEBRUARY The Rexall SILVER JUBILEE Birthday Sale

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
OF CONTINUOUS PROGRESS

BEGINNING February 1st, 1928, and continuing to the 25th inclusive, the Rexall Stores will celebrate their quarter-century of success by conducting a nation-wide Bargain Sale.

The quality of the merchandise is unsurpassed and the savings will be appreciated by the millions of people who patronize the Rexall Stores throughout the country. Watch for other Silver Jubilee sales during the year.

Save with Safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you

You will recognize it by this sign

FILMO MOVIES
the new vogue in entertainment

This is good news for every host and hostess. ***Now you can have high class motion picture entertainment at home*** **just as easily as you would play a record on your phonograph or a roll on your reproducing piano. Simply place a selected film in the Filmo Projector, touch a button, and** ***motion pictures*** **of theatre beauty and brilliance** ***appear on your wall or screen as if by magic.***

Real movies

Think of the pleasant variety this feature will lend to your bridge parties, your afternoon teas, family gatherings, evenings when neighbors call! Turn on the radio, too, if you wish, and make complete the illusion of a real movie hour at the theatre. Many thousands of the smart set are doing it.

Filmo Projector, used in showing the pictures, attaches to any electric light socket. Its operation is completely automatic. Simply press the button to show movies. To produce very amusing effects make your movies *run backward*, by touching the reversing knob. It is just as easy to *stop* the projector on any single picture in the film for prolonged showing on the screen. Through use of interchangeable projection lenses the pictures may be regulated to the size desired for any room in the home. Every operation is so easy a child can do it.

—of theatre quality

Pictures shown in the home by the Bell & Howell Filmo Projector are as flickerless, sharp and brilliant as those shown in best theatres. For nearly all featured theatre movies are also made by Bell & Howell cameras and equipment, in the leading professional studios of the world.

Bell & Howell have also provided the films to use for home entertainment. They are called *Filmo Library* films, a collection of hundreds of subjects including famous screen stars, vaudeville acts, growing flowers, living birds and animals, travel, adventure, golf lessons by famous professionals, tennis lessons—many others. New releases are constantly being added. All films may either be purchased outright or rented for a day or week at nominal rates from any Filmo dealer.

Movies you take

Real intimacy is added to your programs by movies you take *personally* with Filmo Camera (shown at bottom of page). It makes taking movies easier than taking snapshots the old way. Only two simple operations required. Look through the spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. *What you see, you get*—in sharp, brilliant movies, natural as life.

Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.), in the yellow box, obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost includes developing and postal return to you. Then you are ready for the delight of seeing movies that are *your very own*—the family, your travels, outings, all the interesting events in which you participate.

See your Filmo dealer for demonstration. The coupon corner of this page will bring you the *new* descriptive booklet, "Home Movies of the Better Kind." Simply tear off—and mail to us—today

"What you see, you get"

BELL & HOWELL

Filmo

There is also Eyemo Camera, using standard (35 mm.) film, for those desiring to commercialize their movies

BELL & HOWELL CO., 1811 LARCHMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Please mail me free booklet, "Home Movies of the Better Kind"
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY, 1811 LARCHMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS · *NEW YORK* · *HOLLYWOOD* · *LONDON (B & H Co., Ltd.)* · ESTABLISHED 1907

(Continued from Page 118)

the world, and Danny will be pledged by the terms of his challenge to summon the council and grant the franchise within twenty-four hours. What's more, he'll do it.

"To summarize, you can have your franchise within a week. You don't have to wait for the election. As a fee for arranging this, I want twenty thousand dollars. Not a cent of it is a bribe. The whole negotiation with regard to the new contract will be carried on through the newspapers. You will not even have to meet Danny. There will be no secrecy whatever, and nothing that any man dare criticize."

"How do you know I can answer the question he will ask?"

"Well, Updegraff, I know. Let it rest there."

"When do you want your money?"

"Not until the franchise is granted."

"Am I hearing you right?"

"I don't know; I'll repeat—not until the franchise is granted."

"Of course, of course, you old scoundrel! I always liked you, and I know you're all right, but I can't help being afraid of you every time you show up. . . . But hang it all, Weaver, I'm tied up with this fellow Longstreet, the opposition candidate. Promised to do everything in the world I can for him."

"That's all right. Go ahead. You surely don't think we want you in our camp, do you? We represent the toiling masses, Mr. Updegraff. We hate fellows like you. Perhaps Mr. Longstreet would like for you to sit on the platform when he opens his campaign. If so, please do. Both candidates would consider it a favor."

Updegraff laughed heartily. "All right, you old Machiavelli," he said. "And now excuse me before I miss an important engagement."

IV

MEMORIAL HALL was filled to overflowing; brass bands played in relays, one on the platform, one in the gallery, one outside in the street; flags waved, and there was much cheering for "our Danny." After six introductions, four in strikingly foreign accents, he delivered his speech. Only a few paragraphs of that speech are essential to this account of events in the municipal life of Commerce.

"And now," the mayor declaimed, "we come to the franchise of the electric light and power company. I say to them just what I have said to the street-railway company: Treat this city fairly and you will have no trouble. I am here to protect the interests of the plain people and, so help me God, that's what I'm going to do as long as I am mayor. The corporations may beat me with their money, but I'll do my duty to the last gasp.

"The electric light and power company has given us inadequate service with antiquated equipment for years. Everybody knows that. The facts are overwhelming. If they want to hold their franchise, they must give us service. I have looked into this question minutely, with the aid of expert counsel. They need not less than two million dollars' worth of machinery and additional equipment to discharge their duty to our people. If they will make that investment, they can have the franchise. If they will not make it, they cannot have the franchise. That's all we ask of them. Therefore I check the whole problem back to their executive director, William B. Updegraff, and ask him if he will do what common sense, sound business policy and fair dealing demand.

"I want the newspaper men to go to him tomorrow morning early and say: 'Mr. Updegraff, will you, as the executive head of your company, promise to spend not less than two million dollars improving your plant and equipment in this city? Will you begin doing this within one month after the franchise is granted?' Those are plain questions that can be answered yes or no. And that's all I want, yes or no.

"If Mr. Updegraff seizes this occasion to make a speech on behalf of his candidate, old Kilowatt Longstreet, we will know what to expect. But let him give the people of this city two unqualified affirmatives and the franchise will be granted within twenty-four hours. He won't have to elect his hired hand to get it; I'm not playing politics. So that's all there is to that. He must say yes to those two questions and the whole problem is ended. My critics say I don't understand these things, but I ask you, the plain people, to decide in your own hearts and minds whether what I have just said isn't the simplest and squarest statement of the case that you have yet heard."

V

WILLIAM B. UPDEGRAFF received the newspapermen at half-past nine o'clock.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a troublesome problem comes to a most satisfactory end. I answer without qualification that the mayor's demands will be met not only to the letter but generously."

"Anything more you'd like to say?" Jimmy Furlong queried.

"The mayor imposed limitations on my oratory, young man," Updegraff answered, smiling. "The interview is closed, not because I wish to be brusque but by order of the chief executive of the city. . . . Good day, gentlemen."

Jimmy Furlong grinned cynically. "Licked to a frazzle," was his mental observation. "Weaver framed this. The election is in the bag."

VI

WEAVER was in conference with James J. Purdy, vice president and general manager of the Commerce Street Railway Company.

"Of course, Purdy, you can have the controlling interest," he was saying. "Naturally, I wanted to see your plans first, and since they're all right I'd be a fool not to welcome the management of experienced men such as you can command. There's one more little detail we ought to agree on, however. A housing proposition like this needs plenty of advertising, and I know how we can get a million dollar's worth for nothing."

"How, Weaver?"

"We'll let Mayor Danny announce in one of his speeches that this development is being made at his solicitation and according to his suggestions. That's good politics for him and it won't do us any harm. Then we can have a formal opening day, with the mayor of the city out there making a speech."

"Do you think he'd do it?"

"Of course, Purdy. He'd stand on his head on top of a fire ladder if he had a crowd to applaud and some photographers present. Now that he's elected, I don't mind saying he's about the most complete nit-wit I ever encountered—but useful, Purdy, and harmless."

"Let's have him by all means."

"Yes, I think it would be a good stunt. This development project ought to be a clean-up for us, and there's no harm in getting him interested, because we'll be asking for streets and sewers and the Lord knows what all as we go along."

"You don't mind working with a fellow like Danny at all, do you, Weaver?"

"No. I elect 'em whenever I can."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

promptly in the morning, and that we would sit down to a breakfast perfectly prepared and perfectly served.

The first intimation of trouble came the night we had a large dinner party—the first since Bridget's installation. Mehitabel—who was particularly anxious that everything should go off smoothly—had had the man over from the radio store on the corner to tune Bridget up, tighten her loose parts and see that she was properly oiled.

"I'm terribly sorry! I can't understand it," said Mehitabel apologetically as Bridget poured a plate of hot soup down Mrs. Ferguson's back.

"It's really nothing at all," said Mrs. Ferguson reassuringly. "I rather like it ——"

"But you don't know Bridget," said Mehitabel. "She's never been like this ——"

Bridget staggered unsteadily into the room, carrying an armful of raw vegetables which she dropped unceremoniously on the table.

"She's out of order!" I exclaimed.

"I'll call up the radio man," said Mehitabel.

"Let me look at her," said Brown, who is an electrical engineer.

We looked on nervously as Brown unfastened the back door of our treasure and peered expertly into her machinery.

"She'll be all right in the morning," he said, looking up with a laugh. "It's nothing but static."

We put Bridget to bed in the clothes closet in the hall, and Mehitabel went into the kitchen and scrambled some eggs for our guests.

The following morning we heard Bridget, up bright and early, singing cheerily in her clear, rich tenor in the kitchen. We had bought some John McCormack records for the small phonograph that was concealed in her interior. It seemed more realistic to have a maid singing about the kitchen.

Then came the catastrophe. One night, about an hour or so after we had gone to bed, we were wakened by the sound of smashing crockery in the dining room.

"Burglars," Mehitabel whispered to me.

The clear bell-like notes of Mother Machree floated through the apartment.

"Bridget," I said.

We sprang from the bed and ran into the dining room. There stood Bridget calmly hurling our best china against the wall. The wreck of shattered dishes lay all about her on the floor.

"Bridget," cried Mehitabel, "what are you doing? Stop it at once!"

"Oh, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair," sang Bridget tauntingly, and, with a contemptuous gesture, hurled a teapot at my head.

"She's sick," said Mehitabel to me in a frightened voice. "Quick, get the screw driver and the oil can!"

I started to leave the room.

"And get the instruction book!" cried Mehitabel after me.

I fumbled in the darkness of the adjoining room for the tools.

"Oh, I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me," Bridget's song followed me mockingly.

"Quick, quick!" cried Mehitabel. "She's running down!"

I dashed back into the dining room in time to see Bridget shudder convulsively and fall limply upon the floor. "God rest you and keep you," she gasped, "Mother Machree." There was a sharp explosion and a smell of burning rubber. A small wisp of smoke curled up from Bridget lying lifeless on the floor.

The following morning the coroner, the radio man from the corner, and the expert from the factory where we had purchased her performed an autopsy upon all that was left of Bridget.

Solemnly they came into the living room, where Mehitabel sat weeping inconsolably.

"She died of a short circuit," said the coroner simply.

We bowed our heads.

"Peace to her kilowatts," I said reverentially.

—*Newman Levy.*

"Now, My Dog is Never Sick"

"My neighbors' dogs are often ailing. My dog is never sick. I believe Sergeant's Condition Pills have helped him resist disease."

This is the time of year when you should be careful of your dog's health. If you know what to do for him, you can guard him from serious illness. Give Sergeant's Condition Pills.

Symptoms

Listlessness; laziness; sluggishness; loss of appetite; dull dry coat; irritability; nervousness

Do You Know?

Do you know how to keep a dog well? Do you know what to do when he is sick? Do you know the symptoms of the diseases that kill thousands of valuable animals yearly? These are things every dog owner ought to know. It costs nothing for you to find out. There are effective remedies for all dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

DON'TS *for* Dog Owners

Don't fail to worm puppies when they are four weeks old. Use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on the feeding, breeding and rearing of dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending without charge complete [illegible] and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicine[illegible] for over fifty years and on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them write [illegible] Address Polk Miller Products Corp. 106 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Your Free Copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"Remedies for every dog ailment"

IN January, a White Fireman (a representative of the Loss-Prevention Engineering Service maintained by insurance companies) inspected a manufacturing plant valued at $2,000,000. He was seeking means to reduce to the minimum the daily fire-hazards in this great industrial works.

One of his recommendations called for the bricking-up of a window-opening in a minor building of the plant—a building filled with combustible stock.

The owners accepted this recommendation, along with others. The bricking-up of the window-opening at once eliminated a fire-hazard and correspondingly lowered the insurance premium.

This, however, proved but incidental to the total benefit ensuing from a little masonry work.

In October, less than ten months after the recommendations were made, a stubborn fire occurred in the very building in which the window-opening had been bricked-up, and consumed its combustible contents.

Yet, because that building had no outlet for the flames on the side adjoining another building, the fire was successfully confined to the one building in which it originated.

And so this plant was able to continue operation without interruption.

No orders were lost, no workmen were thrown out of employment, local merchants were not affected—all of which would have resulted if this, the town's leading industry, had suffered plant destruction through fire.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure this Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

DESTROYERS

(Continued from Page 17)

It was in the great naval Battle of Jutland that destroyers proved their value from every tactical point of view. The battle opened with a running fight between six British and five German battle cruisers. In less than forty minutes two British battle cruisers were sunk by gunfire and a third severely damaged. To aid the distressed British battle cruisers, twelve destroyers advanced in an attack on the German battle cruisers. Then, to counter this attack, a German light cruiser and fifteen destroyers dashed through the German column and a battle took place at close range. The torpedo attacks were frustrated and two destroyers on each side were sunk. A noteworthy feature was the demonstrated ability of destroyers to remain in action after suffering great damage from gunfire. During the many activities in which seventy-two German and eighty British destroyers were engaged, the British lost seven and the Germans only five destroyers. On both sides the destroyers were maneuvered with skill, dash and the utmost courage.

The adventures that may befall destroyers in battle—particularly in a night action—may be visualized by a brief description of what happened to the Fourth Flotilla of the British Fleet one night in that battle. This flotilla was composed of the Tipperary, a flotilla leader, and eighteen destroyers. Of the seven destroyers sunk in the battle, five belonged to this flotilla.

On the afternoon of May 31st four destroyers of the flotilla, including the Shark and the Acasta, were detailed to screen the Third Cruiser Squadron. The weather was misty and it was quite difficult to see the enemy's ships. However, at about six o'clock in the evening, part of the enemy's fleet was sighted, and Commander Loftus Jones of the Shark proceeded at once to attack. At the same time several German light cruisers and destroyers started a torpedo attack on the British Third Battle Cruiser Squadron and as a result the English destroyers were soon battling with German light cruisers and destroyers. How bitter that fighting was may be illustrated by the experience of the Shark. In the attack this destroyer was damaged by gunfire. The British boats, seeing the enemy offensive broken up, turned to rejoin the battle cruisers while the crippled Shark remained behind. As newcomers among the German vessels appeared they opened a heavy fire on the Shark, causing many casualties and wounding Commander Jones.

Down With Colors Flying

The destroyer Acasta came to assist, but Commander Jones ordered it away. One gun and one torpedo were left on the Shark. While the torpedo was being loaded it was exploded by a shell and many of the crew were killed. The surviving officers and men heroically continued to fight with the one gun in action. Again the captain was wounded, his left leg being blown off by a shell. Despite this, he continued to direct the fire until the condition of the Shark and the approach of enemy destroyers made it impossible for the ship to escape falling into enemy hands. Commander Jones then gave the order to sink the ship, only to countermand it when he learned the single gun still could be used. A moment later two torpedoes struck the Shark and the gallant ship went down with colors flying.

Six survivors were picked up next day by a Danish steamer. Commander Jones was awarded posthumously the Victoria Cross, the most prized of all British decorations. Well had he earned it!

Later in the engagement the Acasta was struck in the engine room by two large shells and the ship was disabled just in the path of the British main fleet. It succeeded in making repairs which allowed it to steam at three or four knots and finally reach port.

After the day battle the remaining ships of the Fourth Flotilla were stationed about five miles astern of the British battleships and were steaming south in column at seventeen knots speed. At about 11:30 o'clock in the evening three vessels were sighted. It was impossible to determine whether they were friends or enemies. They passed the destroyers slowly, and when the leading ship was abeam of the Tipperary, that vessel issued a challenge. Immediately the three ships switched on searchlights and opened a deadly fire on the leading destroyer. Every salvo found its target. The first salvo killed the captain and everyone on the Tipperary's bridge. Three more salvos struck the ship and she lay helpless and was doomed. For two hours the Tipperary burned fiercely; then she sank. Eleven officers and 176 men were lost. When the ship went down about thirty men and one officer were on a light raft. Eight other men were picked up by a German vessel and made prisoners of war.

A Night of Action

Next astern of the Tipperary was the destroyer Spitfire. This vessel opened fire and fired a torpedo before turning away from the enemy. At this moment the Spitfire was struck by a salvo of eight-inch shells. The vessel was soon clear of the action, but seeing the Tipperary on fire, decided to return to render assistance, and as the Tipperary was neared, a German cruiser was seen suddenly bearing down on the Spitfire, apparently with the intention to ram. The two ships met end-on, the destroyer steaming at twenty-seven knots and the cruiser probably about twenty knots. They came together port bow to port bow with a terrific crash. The German cruiser opened fire, but could not depress the guns to get a hit. The blast of the guns, however, was so terrific that it cleared the destroyer's decks. The foremast and the forward funnel were blown down by the blast and fires were started in the forward part of the ship. Two shells had struck the ship just before the collision, wrecking the bridge and killing everyone on it except the coxswain and two men. The ships soon cleared each other and the cruiser disappeared in the darkness. A shell had passed close to the captain's head, cutting open the scalp, and the blast of it had hurled him from the bridge to the upper deck, a distance of twenty-four feet.

Soon afterward there appeared, a few hundred yards away, a large cruiser on fire, fore and aft, steering straight for the Spitfire. A collision seemed inevitable, but fortunately it was avoided by a few feet. Shortly after, the cruiser disappeared and a terrific explosion was heard in the direction in which it had gone. It was the unfortunate Black Prince. As a result of this action the flotilla was dispersed in confusion. The Broke, the second leader, collected six of the ships and started to regain station when, at about 12:15 o'clock, the flotilla sighted an enemy battleship close by. Both the Broke and the stranger challenged. Immediately the Broke was in a blaze of searchlights and the enemy opened a rapid fire. One officer and forty-six men of the Broke were killed and three officers and thirty-three men wounded. The engine-room telegraphs had been shot away, but the machinery was intact.

Soon the enemy searchlights were out and the Broke left in darkness. Suddenly another ship loomed up dead ahead, and then, with a terrific crash, the Broke struck the destroyer Sparrowhawk just forward of the bridge and made such a cut in the ship that the bow broke off and floated away. The shock of the collision threw a lieutenant and some men of the Sparrowhawk over on board the Broke. As the Broke steamed astern to get clear of the Sparrowhawk, another destroyer, the Contest, suddenly appeared out of the darkness and crashed into and cut off about fifteen feet of

(Continued on Page 125)

Pipe Smokers:
Tobacco that's made for pipes should be Cut for pipes!

Cut the NEW way...

Next to the tobacco itself the way it's cut is the most important thing about a pipe tobacco . . . If it's granulated or cut fine it naturally burns fast and hot . . . So to prevent this, Granger is cut a new way, ROUGH CUT . . . cut in large shaggy flakes . . .

—and that's one reason why pipe smokers like Granger so well!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IN THE NEW FOIL PACKAGE IS 10 CENTS

How do you KNOW how EASY Steering Can Be?

What *is* easy steering, anyway? Merely turning the wheel is steering—yes—but, it's only a small part of it! *How* easily does your wheel turn—and *how far* do you have to turn it?

More questions: Does your car straighten out almost automatically after a turn—or do you have to *unwind the wheel again?* Does your wheel hold firm and steady going over bumps or rough roads—or does it *jiggle and twist* in your hands?

Can you drive through heavy gravel with confidence and safety—or do you have to *fight the wheel* to keep your course? Can you park easily—or must you *twist and tug* to get into space?

Drive a car (listed below) equipped with Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear—and you'll get an entirely new conception of steering. Ross steering is *different*—it will surprise you. Know what steering *can* be. Try Ross!

These Cars are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross as standard equipment in their cars (as do also 104 manufacturers of trucks, 50 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

Auburn	Hupmobile	Paige
Chrysler 80	Kissel	Peerless
Cunningham	Kleiber	Reo Flying Cloud
Davis	Locomobile	Roamer
Diana	Marmon 68 and 78	Stearns-Knight 6
Duesenberg	McFarlan	Studebaker
Elcar	Moon	Stutz
Gardner	Nash Standard 6	Velie
Herts		Wolverine

You Can Put Ross in These Cars

Check and Mail This Coupon

☐ FORD ☐ OAKLAND
☐ OVERLAND ☐ DODGE ☐ BUICK ☐ ESSEX
☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ HUDSON

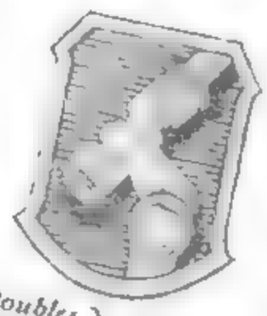
*Body Style*_____ *Year*_____

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.

Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body-style of the car I drive.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____



Doubles Your Ability To Handle Your Car Makes Steering Easier Reduces Road Shock

ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

(Continued from Page 123)

the Sparrowhawk's stern. An attempt was made later to tow the Sparrowhawk to port, but owing to increasing wind and sea, it became necessary to sink the Sparrowhawk the following morning.

The Broke and accompanying destroyers had run into four German battleships, one after another. The battleships picked up the destroyers with their searchlights and opened fire. The fourth ship in the column, the Fortune, was blown almost to pieces. There was not a single survivor from this ship. The third ship in the column was the Ardent, of whose crew there were only two survivors, one the captain. The narrative of the captain is a thrilling story of adventure. After his vessel sank he was picked up the following day floating, unconscious, in a life buoy.

The record made by United States destroyers in the World War is one of which the Navy is justly proud. In the war zone they steamed from 5000 to 7000 miles a month. At the end of the war there were about seventy-five destroyers in European waters. Only one or two had to be sent to the United States for extensive repairs, and among these destroyers were some of the smallest and oldest on the Navy list.

As everyone knows, the destroyers constituted one of our greatest contributions to victory, and were an important factor in frustrating the German submarine menace, which had assumed serious proportions. In May of 1917, only a few weeks after America had entered the war, six American destroyers under Commander J. K. Taussig dropped anchor off Queenstown. Their arrival did much to encourage the Allies, who referred to it as "the return of the Mayflower." In the Proceedings of the Naval Institute for December, 1922, is an interesting description of the meeting between Commander Taussig and Admiral Bayly of the Royal Navy.

They exchanged the usual formalities and then Admiral Bayly asked: "Commander Taussig, at what time will your vessels be ready for sea?"

"I shall be ready when fueled," was the reply.

"Do you need any repairs?" asked the admiral.

"No, sir," said Taussig.

"Do you need any stores?"

"No, sir. Each vessel now has on stores sufficient to last seventy days."

The admiral was greatly pleased by this evidence of preparedness and effectiveness on the part of the light ships that had just crossed the wide Atlantic.

"You will take four days' rest," he said. "Good morning."

A Tribute to Destroyers

By May seventeenth a second division of six destroyers had arrived, and before the middle of July thirty-four of these American ships were operating out of Queenstown. They followed a rigorous routine consisting of six days of patrol, then two days in port, with five days off for boiler cleaning and overhauling once a month.

Only men who have served on destroyers can know the hardships of the work. The ships answered calls for help from victims of the submarine, picked up survivors, met the transports in dangerous areas close to their ports and escorted them in, and hunted constantly for submarines, which they attacked by ramming, by gunfire, or with depth bombs.

Their most effective service was the escorting of convoys of troopships and merchant ships. In all kinds of weather, rough seas and smooth, in rain and fog, destroyer escorts met the convoys, formed an anti-submarine screen, and zigzagging ahead of the convoys, effectually protected our transports and cargo ships. That not a single troopship escorted by our destroyers was sunk is the greatest tribute that can be paid to the naval officers commanding destroyers in the war zone.

There are, among the records of these wartime destroyers, stirring examples of both courage and extraordinary seamanship. The story of the destroyer Shaw is one of them. This vessel was escorting transports through a submarine-infested area when, early one morning, the steering wheel jammed. When this occurred she was heading directly for the Aquitania, laden with troops. Had she rammed the liner it would have sunk. Commander Glassford of the Shaw realized this. Quickly he ordered, "Full speed astern." With terrific strain the engines were reversed, swinging the Shaw off her course. She avoided ramming the Aquitania, but in so doing, ran directly under the huge steamer's stern and had her bow cut away. Two officers and ten men were killed. The bow of the destroyer drifted away. What was left caught fire as the oil tanks were ignited. But officers and crew quenched the flames, refused assistance and backed the damaged vessel, saved from sinking by her water-tight compartments, safely into port.

In a Sea of Flame

The engagement between the destroyer Fanning, commanded by Lieutenant A. S. Carpender, and the U-58 in November of 1917 is another thrilling tale. With the Nicholson, the Fanning was guarding a convoy of eight British merchant ships near Queenstown when a submarine was sighted. Immediately the Fanning charged in an attempt to ram it, but the submarine submerged in time. The Fanning dropped a depth charge and turned just as the submarine emerged again. A second depth charge and some shots from the stern gun brought the submarine crew on deck to surrender.

While the Nicholson stood by, prepared to fire in case of treachery, the Fanning picked up the four officers and thirty-five men of the crew just before the submarine sank. Two of the American enlisted men actually leaped into the cold water to save a German sailor who was drowning. The depth bomb had put the U-58 out of commission and it had been necessary for the crew to blow the tanks and come to the surface to be saved from perishing under the sea.

The Nicholson figured in another interesting and typical adventure. One morning in October, 1917, she answered a call for help from the American merchantman J. L. Luckenback, which had been attacked by gunfire from a submarine. The Luckenback was defending herself with guns on deck.

"Do not surrender," radioed the Nicholson as it steamed to the rescue.

"Never," was the courageous reply carried back through the air. The Nicholson arrived in time to save the merchantman and convoyed her safely into port.

Apart from their extraordinary service in convoy work, the American destroyers and their crews participated in many heroic exploits. One of the most daring of these occurred on April 17, 1918, in Quiberon Bay. That night shortly after eleven o'clock the Florence H., a vessel of a convoy there, burst into flames. The ship was loaded with tons of smokeless powder, which burned fiercely. An explosion followed, throwing cases of powder into the sea, and soon the surrounding water was covered with burning boxes of powder. To save themselves, members of the crew of the Florence H. were forced to jump overboard. Sister vessels sent boats to rescue the survivors, but could not pass the burning powder to reach them. All would have been lost but for the destroyer Stewart, commanded by Lieutenant Commander H. S. Haislip, which steamed into the sea of flame and rescued many at great risk that the ship would be set afire and destroyed. Despite the danger of fire and destruction which it faced, the Stewart escaped with but little damage.

The name of Destroyer 255—the Osmond Ingram—commemorates another example of heroism on the part of a member of a destroyer crew during the war. It honors Osmond Kelley Ingram, first-class gunner's mate, who was killed when his ship, the

Re-style the old home . . . with Edgwood shingles

WHAT shall I do with my old-style home . . . . I like my neighbors . . . . my lot is valuable . . . . if I sell, it means a sacrifice . . . . no one wants an old home.

All these recurring thought clouds have a silver lining . . . *re-style with Edgwood red cedar shingles.* Thousands are doing it, because it's simple, practical, economical and profitable.

Edgwood red cedar shingles with their tapered ends and thick butts can be laid right over the old clapboards to conform to any architectural design . . . . they can be matched and fitted around windows and doors, under dormers and eaves.

They can be stained in beautiful soft tones, or bought ready-stained. No other building material fits in so readily for remodeling, and nothing can give such an appearance of newness to your home.

Laying right over the old clapboards gives double insulation, too . . . . the owner of the above home writes us:

"Since we remodeled our home with Edgwood shingles, our fuel bills have been cut 25%. Another thing—our home has a northern exposure and since remodeling we are quite comfortable with normal heating, when winter northeast winds are blowing."

The 5 Essentials of Good Building

Appearance: Edgwood shingled roofs and sidewalls are beautiful . . . . no other material is more adaptable to architectural design and color harmony

Durability: Edgwood shingles are filled by nature with preservative oils—they are immune to decay.

Safety: Edgwood shingles, because they are sawn *edge-grain*, will not warp, cup or curl—therefore resisting exterior ignition.

Insulation: Edgwood shingles have, by test, greater insulation qualities than any other exterior building material.

Economy: Edgwood roofs cost from 14% to 135% less than other standard roofs, measured by years of service, from 126% to 825% less. Edgwood sidewalls cost from 9% to 32% less.

Write for FREE booklet, "Edgwood Homes," containing many examples of delightful re-styled homes together with expert advice on remodeling and re-roofing. Fill in coupon.

Your architect, contractor, or lumber dealer can offer you advice about remodeling. Ask them about Edgwood red cedar shingles. *Write for free booklets "Re-Styling the Old Home" and "Edgwood Homes."*

THE CONSOLIDATED SHINGLE MILLS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LTD.
907-A METROPOLITAN BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B. C.
Please send me booklet *"Edgwood Homes".*

Name _____

Address _____

I am _____

(State whether home-owner, architect, builder or contractor)

EDGWOOD SHINGLES
for roofs and sidewalls

CUT FROM THE MIGHTY CEDARS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

TRADE YALE MARK

Must you have something stolen?

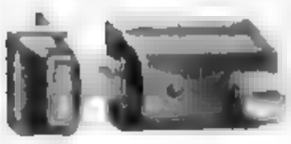
(To make you say Yale Locks everywhere)

You may have a fine home, apartment, office, store or factory.

But it is never really yours unless it can be safely locked against intruders.

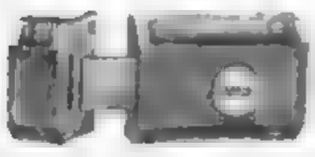
Make the place you live in or work in as pleasant as you like. Everybody tries to do that nowadays. But put a lock on it! Not just any lock. A Yale Cylinder Lock.

For example, the Yale No. 44 Automatic Deadlatch, a combined springlatch and deadlock. Automatic in action—throws the bolt almost twice the usual distance—an exclusive Yale feature. Handsome brass color finish. Sells for $4.50 each.



Yale No. 44 Deadlatch

Or this, Yale No. 10 Steel Bar Deadlock. It's as secure as a bar of steel across the door. Cannot be jimmied or sawed through and its Yale Pin-Tumbler Cylinder will keep out any sneak-thief. Attractive brass color finish. Priced at $5.00 each.



Yale No. 10 Steel Bar Deadlock

Or this, Yale No. 192 Steel Rotary Bolt Deadlock—interlocking door and jamb together. Here is super-protection, concentrated strength, unusual security. Its massive ¾ inch bolt of solid hardened steel is a sturdy defense against the pressure of the jimmy. Solid brass case—a quality lock. Sells at $5.50 each.

Yale No. 192 Steel Rotary Bolt Deadlock

Yale will send you

—a folder describing these and six other Yale deadlatches and deadlocks varying in resistance quality as your needs for protection vary. Or you can get one of these folders and see the locks themselves at a convenient hardware store.

YALE

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

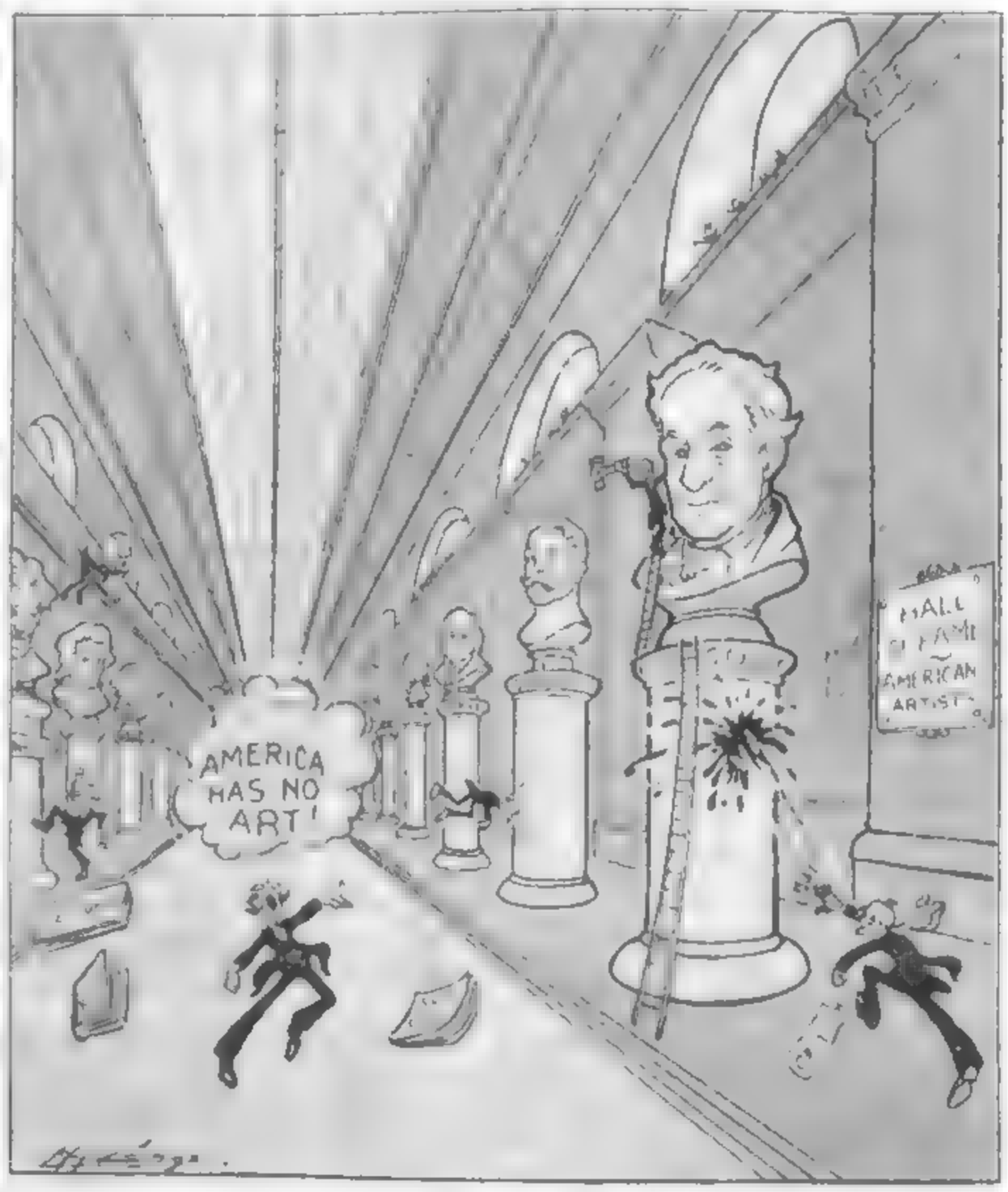
destroyer Cassin, was torpedoed in European waters on October 15, 1917. Ingram saw the torpedo coming from a German submarine toward the stern of the Cassin. He realized that if the torpedo struck the ship near the place where the high explosives were stored the vessel would be blown up. Instead of seeking safety, he rushed aft to throw the charges overboard before the torpedo reached the ship. While doing this the torpedo struck the ship and Ingram was blown overboard himself. His body was never recovered. He sacrificed his own life to save his ship and shipmates. Truly a heroic action. Although the Cassin was struck by the torpedo, she kept afloat and drove off the submarine when it came to the surface to attack her with guns. Then, despite stormy weather, and with the assistance of other vessels, she reached port.

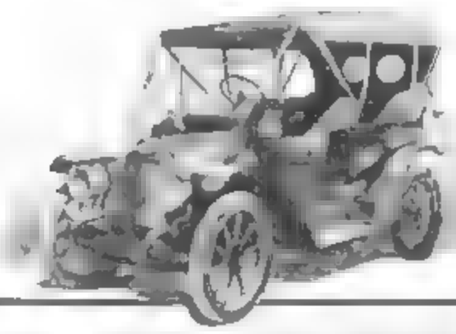
After the German High Seas Fleet surrendered in November, 1918, American destroyers continued to give much valuable service. In the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Baltic, they worked with cruisers in the distribution of food supplies and clothing to starving Russians. It was there that the crew of the destroyer Childs adopted and arranged for the maintenance of forty Russian children. In September of 1922, when fire destroyed the Greek and Armenian sections of Smyrna, an American destroyer picked up no less than 670 persons from the waterside and from the water itself. Our destroyers then took the lead in helping 260,000 refugees and arranging for their evacuation to Greece under naval protection. In December of that same year the destroyer Bainbridge made a notable rescue in the Sea of Marmora. When the French transport Vinh-Long caught fire, the Bainbridge went alongside, and, despite a panic and a series of explosions, rescued 482 persons and carried them to Constantinople. In September of 1923, when seven United States destroyers were wrecked on the coast of California during a fog at night, the crews gave a remarkable demonstration of the quality of naval discipline, as a result of which only twenty-two men were lost.

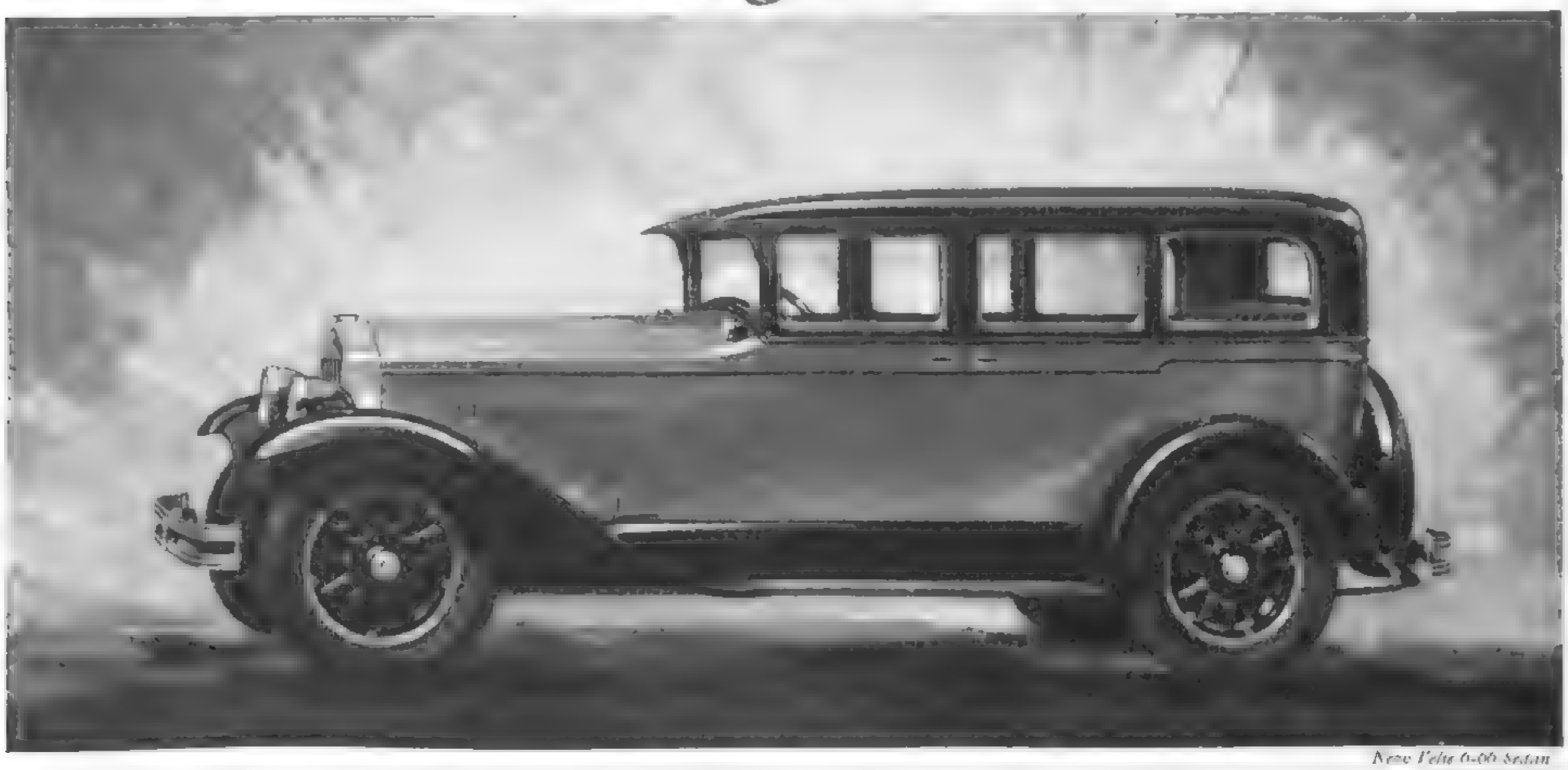
In diplomacy as well as in war, the destroyer has figured prominently. At the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments the French refused to have any ratio applied to submarines. At once the British refused to have a ratio applied to destroyers, because the destroyer is the most efficient weapon to use against the U-boats. During the Tripartite Geneva Conference of last July, the naval experts of the powers party to the conference had a tentative discussion and agreement fixing the size of destroyers. This was to have been 1500 standard tons for destroyers and 1850 standard tons for destroyer leaders.

At the time of the Geneva Conference much misinformation disseminated. I have read, for example, one account which stated that 176 destroyers were built in a month's time ten years ago when America entered the World War. It added that the destroyers now out of commission are without funnels, torpedo tubes, guns and parts of engines, and going to rust. This is, of course, inaccurate. It is true destroyers deteriorate when not in active service. The only way to have them ready for war is to keep them in active commission. Nevertheless, the United States destroyers out of commission are preserved as much as limited funds permit. Much of the material becomes obsolescent. There is no doubt, however, that, if the necessary funds are made available, the destroyers can be put in a condition for many years' more service. The life of a destroyer has been variously estimated as being from twelve to twenty-four years. At the Geneva Conference it was suggested and approved that replacement could take place after sixteen years. This is probably as good an estimate as any for the life of a destroyer. The life of any vessel depends upon the care that is bestowed upon it. Apart from many other advantages, here is an excellent reason for keeping all our destroyers in active service. Their years of service are thereby prolonged. But this would require a large increase in the enlisted personnel.

In the wars of the past the destroyer has played an important and spectacular part. In the next war, due to limitation of the numbers of capital ships, the destroyer may have even a greater influence in a final decision.



1908  1928



New Velie 6-66 Sedan

The 20th Anniversary Velie models include a most distinguished series of sixes and straight eights

GRACEFUL body lines, charming color effects and luxurious interior appointments give to the new Velie models every desired attribute of style and comfort. ¶ In twenty years of splendid performance, Velie Motor Cars have won a world-wide reputation for quality and long life. ¶ All units subject to wear are oversize. The Velie 4-bearing crankshaft is the largest used in any 6-cylinder car of its class. Entirely eliminates vibration at any speed. ¶ Velie super-service axles are 100 per cent overstrength. Special forced-feed system carries lubrication direct to every moving part; insuring a low minimum of wear and repair. ¶ Economical; averaging more than 20 miles per gallon of gasoline. 4-wheel internal hydraulic brakes of latest design. Stops in 94 feet at 66-mile speed. Accelerates 5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds. ¶ Low center of gravity; with great power for hill or straightaway. Handles easily at all speeds and is perfectly controlled. ¶ Motorists who appreciate intrinsic motor car value are invited to inspect and drive the new Velie models, on display by Velie Franchise dealers.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, *Moline, Illinois*

Long Life VELIE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY ITS FOUNDER....1908-1928

VELIE SIXES AND EIGHTS RANGE IN PRICE FROM $1195 TO $2095, F. O. B. MOLINE, ILLINOIS—FULLY EQUIPPED

THE WALLOPS

[*No. 8 of a series. No. 9 will appear Feb. 11, 1928*]

"If it wasn't so, they wouldn't dare do it!"

SINCE there was a leak in the living room both Clara and George found the dining room a little crowded. Two sets of furniture didn't fit well in one room.

"Well," said Clara, "the company wrote back they were sorry, but the breaking wasn't their fault and a new part would cost me $3.50! The thing was *guaranteed* too, George!"

"Well, there's all kinds of guarantees, Clara. Some companies talk a lot about 'guaranteed goods,' but you may find that all they guarantee is that a wooden thing is 'positively guaranteed to be of wood,' or some such thing."

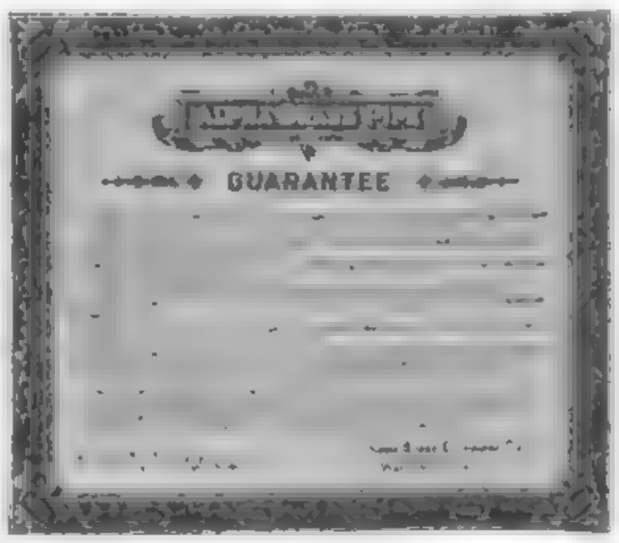
George Wallop knocked his cigar ash onto the carpet and thoughtfully shuffled it in as he spoke. "Yes," he added, "there are all kinds of guarantees and it pays to read 'em first instead of afterward." He picked up a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* and began turning through the advertising pages.

"Talking about guarantees," he exclaimed, "here's one that sounds real."

"What's that you are reading?" asked Clara Wallop, looking over her glasses. "Read it to me if it's so good."

"It's an Alpha Brass Pipe advertisement," said George. "It says: 'Alpha Brass Pipe is made from a special mixture of Chase Brass that makes better joints than ordinary brass pipe. Each piece is specially tempered for soundness, and tested to about twenty times normal city water pressure.'

'The Alpha trademark is stamped every 12 inches on every pipe, so that small pieces are covered by our guarantee.'"



"That sounds good, George, but where is the guarantee part? Suppose the pipe leaks, or does something else wrong, then what?"

"Well, that's right here too, Clara. It says that if Alpha Brass Pipe, when properly installed, does crack, they will pay all reasonable charges for taking out any unsatisfactory pipe, they will give you new pipe free of charge and install it free for you too."

"Well, that's something like it," approved Mrs. Wallop. "I guess their pipe must be all right for them to guarantee it like that. If it wasn't so, they wouldn't dare do it."

"Oh, I guess brass pipe's the thing to use all right. If we'd had it in this house, Clara, we wouldn't have had that leak in our living room."

* * *

When using the water downstairs shuts off the water upstairs; when the water gets dirty or flaked with sediment, it's a warning that your old plumbing pipes are choked with rust and need to be replaced with Alpha Brass Pipe. Why not ask your plumber to estimate how much it would be?

ALPHA BRASS PIPE *made from a special kind of* **CHASE BRASS**

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

Copyright '28 C. B. & C. Co., Inc.

WHAT IS THIS WAR TALK?

(Continued from Page 7)

from alliances which promise defensive military aid. And there is in these pacts no very clear guaranty that when a row throws up its dust and smoke the whole blame can be fixed on the side against which one's own army is pledged to fight, and no real assurance that one's ally has been wholly innocent in getting into the brawl.

Two or three years ago industry and finance in France and Italy particularly were brightening the eyes of populations, and the emphasis was upon economic accords and upon internal political content. The movements in several countries to stabilize currencies have brought a setback to industry and dimmed the faint glimmers of prosperity which furnished the citizenry with something of a political narcotic.

Every economist foresaw this period of pain in stabilization, and every wise politician knows that when industrial and financial disturbances are directly traceable to the policy of an administration, most administrations will drag a herring across the trail.

It is no new trick to divert a populace from consideration of its own political woes by fanning up some nationalistic feeling. At the beginning of this present period of sagging in industry through financial readjustment it was the fashion of European politicians to blame the United States for wanting to collect sooner or later twenty-five or fifty cents on the dollar of money owing us.

"You feel a pinch," cried the Prime Minister who felt his prestige slipping. "Naturally, blame the United States."

This was nonsense, of course. Particularly it was nonsense when the country was one which had not yet paid a widow's mite of debt, principal or interest, to America. But for its day it was a good herring drag, and it was safe. The United States remained calm, and even produced some simple-minded souls among us who were ready to help the propaganda by advocating that we should no longer collect any of that which we have never collected. It was nonsense which time disclosed even to the people of debtor nations, who awoke to the fact that in the whole scheme of their nation's finance, the annual income or expenditure, the annual export or import trade, the utmost we proposed to take was not even an impressive fraction.

The Rôle the Press Plays

The necessity for the herring to drag across the path, however, has not abated, and there may be a considerable and dangerous tendency for European statesmen who wish to turn the eyes of their populations from internal troubles to external frictions to blame some neighbor for all the woes of the house. This is a page out of Machiavelli; there is nothing new in it. When done with gentle touch, it need not lead to war; but much of the hushed war talk in Europe is attributable to this kind of scratching on old wounds and sensitive places.

In that gentle scratching process, unfortunately, the press of Europe is playing no small and no admirable part. Something of the discretion of prewar diplomacy fell away before the fashion of demanding open conferences and disclosure of negotiations before they were half-baked. In either case the statesman found that it was necessary in the fashion of open diplomacy to defend or assist his position, and naturally, in countries where there is a larger governmental control of the press, the press can be used to cheer the home team and boo at the other side.

When France made a treaty with Jugo-Slavia the French press painted it as a measure of peace, of farsighted, generous statesmanship, and the Italian press as if the whole affair were a thrust at Italy. The moment the Italians made an alliance with Albania the Italian press praised the act as if it were the part of a general plan to love everyone, whereas the French press treated it as a reprisal launched against the French Jugo-Slav treaty.

The amusing side of these little storms of the press drops away when one considers how easily this process, carried on and whipped up into recriminations, can grow a crop of the war mind. It cannot be denied that the past two or three years has seen too much of this process of building doubts and fears and sometimes hatreds, nor that it has played a part in raising the question heard everywhere from new puzzled voices, asking: "What is this war talk?"

A great deal of the nervousness today, and much of the anxious discussion as to European danger spots and of new dangerous tendencies toward arriving at a new balance of power by alliances of force, come hand in hand with grave doubts as to the success of what one diplomat calls the nouveau art of internationalism.

The ruler of one of the European powers said to me:

"We have become disillusioned as to the conference method. Moderation disappears when secrecy is banned. Any delegate who might compromise and concede, and conciliate under discreet conditions and in the process of arriving at a fair sum total of result, is attacked and embarrassed by clamor from his own population. Sometimes the clamor is because he wishes to yield too much, sometimes it comes from socialist or internationalist groups which want him to make impossible and dangerous concessions."

A Lack of Dress Rehearsals

Furthermore, conferences are being used now as rostrums for propaganda. The Russians go to Geneva to attend a disarmament conference and add mightily to the comedy of life by advancing ideas for complete world disarmament—ideas which they know cannot be accepted and which are put forth so that it is made to appear that only the capitalistic countries are to blame for arms or for war. And this at a moment when nearly three-quarters of a million Russian soldiers are parading!

The conference method has had its uses when everything has been arranged beforehand and the conference or League's Council or its Assembly is publicly used as a show window. But without complete agreements in advance—which is another name for old-fashioned diplomacy—the conference method has had an impressive list of failures. Look at the Paris Conference, with its two chief offsprings. One was an impossible indemnity, the other a hash of little states economically and racially impossible, which now serve as pawns of larger powers and as encouragements to put Europe again into two camps of military alliances.

Look at the babel of the Conference at Genoa which never did find out where it was going. Look at the interminable sessions at Lausanne to make peace with Turkey. Think of the fate of the French-made Geneva Protocol, launched so that it put Great Britain in a position of having to refuse the undefined and undefinable obligations it attempted to create. Recall the naval disarmament conference last year which fell in because it lacked the props of a good dress rehearsal.

All these examples go to prove that the conference method, though useful and perhaps necessary for the newly complicated business of keeping peace in Europe, must be used not as a substitute for old-fashioned dress-rehearsal behind-the-scenes diplomacy but as an accessory after the fact. The largest, if not the best, achievement of postwar diplomacy was the Conference at Locarno; it was not the baby of the League, but the child of the old-fashioned method of quiet meetings and soundings behind closed doors resulting in something for which the

Decay

at The Danger Line

—the enemy of glowing health . . . of beauty . . . and of charm

THAT fragile line where the healthy pink of gums meets the pearly white of teeth—that is The Danger Line.

It is called The Danger Line because it is the place where decay strikes its most treacherous blow. In the tiny V-shaped crevice formed around each tooth, food particles collect and ferment. Acids are formed that cause decay and often, too, Pyorrhea or dangerous gum irritations.

Not only this. But from decayed teeth poisons are generated which can cause serious illness. Women who suffer from the slow poisoning of decaying teeth or infected gums may not necessarily be ill. But they may find the charm of glowing health waning.

Take care of your teeth. Your health often depends on them. And it is so simple to protect them. Dentists agree overwhelmingly that acids at The Danger Line are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and gum irritations. It follows, therefore, that to safeguard teeth and gums you must combat the attack of these acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream can give you that protection. For it is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—more than enough to neutralize the dangerous acids in your mouth. Every time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia reach into all those tiny pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There they remain, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, fighting the peril of Pyorrhea, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system.

Make your teeth and gums safe at The Danger Line. See your dentist twice a year. Use Squibb's Dental Cream night and morning. At all druggists'—only 40 cents for a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.* © 1928

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation

The strength and energy we use up every day must be renewed if we are to remain at our fittest. And this renewal depends on alimentation.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation by virtue of its twofold action. Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food. Get a bottle today. At druggists', only 25c and 50c

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Sold into Slavery - for Salt

Out of the black heart of the African jungles, down oozing rivers, savage warriors drive their captives—down to the slave markets on the coast. Their price is salt—that gift of the "Sea Gods" which means happiness, health, even life itself to the inland tribes.

And to all mankind, salt *is* vital, precious! That is why Mulkey's will never sacrifice quality, or slight purity and strength—to save a penny at the expense of public health.

Buy Mulkey's Salt with Confidence

MULKEY SALT COMPANY
Ithaca, N. Y. DETROIT, MICHIGAN · Lafayette, La.

Makers of Bakers' Salt, 3B Butter Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt, and Mulkey's Iodine Salt.

MULKEY'S SALT

Sold by Careful Grocers

To prevent Goitre use Mulkey's Iodine Salt—the Original and Perfected Brand.

League later on was willing to play the rôle of impresario at the baby show.

Some of the present European diplomacy does not contribute favorably to allay the present slight fever and murmur of war talk. No one denies that France was the battlefield of the war, suffered the most and holds, naturally, the strongest phobias. The French do see ghosts and no one blames them.

They do seek security and no one can criticize them for it. But the building of security through international diplomacy is not aided a great deal by too much ringing of alarms, nor by an approach to the questionable and dangerous methods of alliances which imply, if they do not covertly define, military pledges under the mask of security compacts.

It was the misfortune of the new map of Europe which made it appear necessary to France to build her corridor between Russia and Germany and become the leader of a group of states—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia. Some of these smaller states in the Balkans or in the new Balkanized areas of Europe have hardly advanced enough to discard some of the viewpoint and practice of war which characterized the Middle Ages.

"Pooh!" said a Balkan general to a British liaison officer during the war. "We have no use for trenches. We are soldiers!"

The later experience with heavy German artillery which put that section of the Balkan soldiery in a place where the enemy could play cards on their coat tails was a lesson which has not yet corrected a common feeling that war is rather as it used to be—a merry joust at hand-to-hand fighting and an adventure which does not cost a mountain people or a pig-raising peasantry much permanent loss.

European Fire Risks

There are racial spots all over this French corridor which are unstruck matches that could light fires. The day might come when one of these allies of France may no longer be restrained, or, indeed, a day when the very fact of the corridors between Germany and Russia may excite these two nations to crumble that artificial political-military barrier. Poland and Lithuania are always scraping on each other; the Jugo-Slavs and Italy are continually seeing red as to the shores of the Adriatic. Rumania still holds Transylvania, and Jugo-Slavia the necessary industrial lands which Hungary considers integral property of the iron crown. Austria endures an economic condition created to crush her and calculated eventually to throw her back into the arms of Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia has a wicked problem of minorities

The danger of France attaching herself by independent diplomatic relations to any of these danger spots is obvious; the danger lies in attaching any single large European power capable of being a vast inflammable mass to these little fuses capable of going off at slight irritations.

France has worked herself into the position today where the voices of Europe are saying that she is like the old lady who bowed when she heard the name of the devil spoken and when asked why replied, "You never can tell."

No one doubts that France has bowed often enough to the name of the League or to the idea that with pains or patience the really great powers of Europe—Great Britain and France, Italy and the reblooming Germany—can work out stability. But France, it is said, bows also to the idea of playing her own game.

At Cross Purposes

France has overplayed her hand. She has overplayed it in exaggerating the dangers that afflict her. The other day General Foch was predicting another great war and exaggerating the fighting power of the Russian Army. And the other day Briand set in motion, whether by inadvertence or not, the series of steps by which it appeared to the public of France, Italy, Albania, Jugo-Slavia, and, indeed, the whole of Europe, that two powers—Italy and France—were about to engage in a series of military alliances.

It is all very well to engage in security alliances when these cover all the members in a zone of possible war; it is quite a different thing to take steps, even stupidly, which create the appearance of setting one alliance glowering at another. That is why Mr. Briand's peace speech, made with undoubted sincerity of plan to open conversations with Italy, was considered outside France as not being free of some hypocrisy. The harm had been done, and the desire to repair it by inviting everyone to a little Locarno could not be masked under a plea that betting on a gamecock against some other fellow's gamecock is exactly a security and peace pact no matter how glowingly advertised on the program.

Some critics of French policy begin to set forth quite definitely the dual nature of that policy. It is seen clearly enough that it uses whatever hope of new diplomacy is offered by the League and makes a great deal of clamor about it. It is also seen that

(Continued on Page 133)

Russian Soldiers at the Tenth Anniversary of the Revolution

CABINETS BY

Seeger

SAINT PAUL

HERE IS A MIGHTY TESTING GROUND FOR MEN

American business is sifting out the finest of human capacities and applying them to great undertakings.

It is testing brain and brawn as they have never been tested before.

Clear vision and high integrity command a market value, here and now, that is unmatched in history.

Europe may not esteem our political acumen, but it has only stout admiration for our business.

And that is a real achievement of men who have learned how to use their finest abilities, in wholehearted cooperation with their fellow workers.

"Nation's Business," published by the largest business organization in the world, with 260,000 interested readers, is helping to focus the forces that are making of American business a mighty testing ground for men.

NATION'S BUSINESS

At all newsstands—twenty-five cents a copy

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 130)

in the past ten years France is the nation which has been building up the old alliance system under whatever formal or informal arrangements may later appear.

Her critics consider it a dangerous process. They consider that it may, sooner or later, press Europe into a struggle to arrive at balance of power which will be carried on to all intents and purposes with little real regard for the League, with little real regard for natural economic unions and peaceful contingent neighborliness of states. They consider that in open or subtle ways it emphasizes militarism and discourages disarmament. They believe that disarmament can be worked out better under a more modern method of balance-of-power stabilization than that of two great alliances like the Entente and the Triple Alliance.

Why make any bones of the truth? Serious statesmen in Europe today fear that, given more of that tendency and more time, Russia, Germany and Italy may be thrown together; and Great Britain, accepting more and more isolation so that she may later, being unhampered, throw her weight against any menace to a complete domination of the Continent such as that threatened once by Napoleon and again by the Kaiser.

The so-called white Russians realize, of course, that Russia has been and is a serious thorn in the British flesh. They know that the British more and more are learning that Russia, however limited in her financial and economic ability to make old-fashioned war, has proved herself a real trouble maker. The time has gone by when it is possible for sensible persons to sniff at the damage that the communist propaganda has been able to accomplish. No one believes that the nations affected by it have gained anything. On the contrary, the sole result everywhere has been disorder and violence, without even a coherent expression of a new order of things.

The wise observers with whom I am in correspondence are unanimous in their opinion that the Russian hand, doing its grim practical jokes and writing its extravaganzas across the faces of ignorant and misled peoples, is believed in Russia to have achieved much mischief in India, Egypt, China, Mexico, and even within the restless parts of the populations in Germany, France and England.

European Cuckoos

The influence of Russia, the British know well now, cannot be treated with disdain. In America, those who talk of war speak of the horrors of war and the wastes of war; but in this new period of vague, vacillating, obscure apprehension of war in Europe, the invariable expression as to the ultimate damage of any new war is this: Bolshevism.

It is rather astounding to find this so. But unless one recognizes a very general recognition of this fear, it would be impossible to answer the question: "What is this war talk?" Europe knows that while reconstruction in theories and practice of the accepted economic and political order goes forward there is no danger from Bolshevism. But it knows, and says also, that a new war would loose the devil all over the lot. Europe has had an experience with the laying of the cuckoo's eggs in its own nests, just as it has seen that illiterate and disorderly and miserable populations can be inflamed with a state of complete confusion by sinister and shrewd agents of Russia, starting epidemics of insanity under the labels of self-determination, of self-rule, of awakening nationalism, of democracy and of liberation from supposed oppression.

So it is that the white Russians believe Great Britain, recognizing that real warfare may be whipped up today by the pen as well as by the sword, by orators as well as by munitions, by nonsense as well as by cannon, may be tempted to join France in backing Poland against the so-called Russian-corrupted Lithuania, while hoping for an internal outbreak of the rich peasant class against Moscow.

Here again is another sample of the kind of war talk which is permeating the Continent: Within a week peace and war receive parliamentary discussions in Great Britain, France, Italy and, by actual count, seven other countries. The press of Europe, which two years ago spoke of the moves toward peace, now weighs—often with ill-advised provocative phrases—the forces which may build inflammable masses or may light inconsequential matches to get those masses on fire. The shops of Paris, London and Rome, for the first time in a long period, hear discussions of the deplorable incantations that are leading toward new frictions. Europe is jumpy.

The wise observers who make patient surveys understand that this new psychology fails to look below the surface. The fundamental conditions in Europe do not prophesy war. There are no sufficient economic reasons, or even immediate political reasons, to create any substantial war. To great powers, now arranging their repairs and readjustments, the temptation toward peace should be irresistible.

While the Sun Shines

No one can readily borrow money for war. War profits, in the evolution of modern war methods, have disappeared. Mars is wholly insolvent, collects nothing from his debtors and pays less than ten cents on the dollar to his creditors. Hereafter the lender for purposes of war may as well begin by calling his contribution the gift of an anonymous subscriber. Some debtor may say "Thank you," and probably later on will add "Thank you for nothing."

The internal social conditions in England, where there are today nearly a million and a quarter unemployed; and in France, where there is at least a noticeable communist representation in the Chamber; and in Italy, where there is in process of construction a wholly new system of statehood, are such that war might tip over all their apple carts.

Unless one of these three powers tries trick plays in such a way as to promise a complete upset of stabilization and a new domination of the Continent, the smaller nations can be controlled. The frown of England, Italy and France is enough to call any fight off. Often the frown is made through secret diplomacy and the peace achievement may always be exhibited over the League's mantelpiece like elk horns presented by a friend.

Under Briand, a sobriety of consideration will probably be given by France to her tendency to make alliances, unless the feeling prevails that the time to make hay is while the sun shines. The sun is shining during the days of Germany's military weakness. How long it will shine in this sense is problematical. The economic strength of Germany and a more stabilized social sense are increasing by leaps and bounds. They say the port of Hamburg sees more shipping than it ever did before the war. They say that Essen manufactures more steel. And though it is true that workmen strike when too poor, it is also true that they strike when they feel able.

Germany, in a sense, has been a workman for others. How long? France sees Germany with increasing economic strength, with increasing population, with an extraordinary virility, with a position geographically in the center of a ring which, from a military point of view, allows her to fight one man on three battle fronts. France may be tempted to gather in all the promises of military aid she can gather while Germany has little to exchange in the way of military promises. France may do this even under the label of security pacts.

France, with a pardonable desire for safety, has been making a fetish of the word "security." Security is made to cover about anything. To define "aggressor" in any of these pacts is impossible, and the real profit in security pacts, even

The 80 *per centers*

they miss success by such a little

You see them every day—people who seem to be always on the losing side. You cannot call them failures. But they always fall a little short of real success. Why is it?

Often it is just that they can't work and play hard enough and long enough to win! They lack the energy and endurance for that final effort which means success!

They are not really ill, these 80 per centers. They are just under par. What they need is greater vitality.

To build this needed vitality, to increase resistance to infections, and to prevent colds physicians are recommending the use of an old-time health-builder. *Good cod-liver oil!*

Science now has discovered why cod-liver oil is so valuable for these purposes. It is because of its exceptional richness in the building-up, health-protecting substances known as Vitamins A and D.

Because they know that the effectiveness of any cod-liver oil depends entirely on its vitamin content, thousands of physicians use Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil exclusively.

They know they can rely on Squibb's because it is tested and guaranteed to be exceptionally rich in the essential Vitamins A and D. Squibb's is *all* oil, too, undiluted; therefore each spoonful gives maximum vitamin protection.

Ask your physician about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil as a builder of health and vitality; as a preventive of colds. He knows what the name Squibb stands for! Insist on getting Squibb's from your druggist.

Speed!
PRODUCTION efficiency has advanced another stride through the introduction of the Clipper Number 8 Speed Belt Lacer.
The Clipper Speed Lacer is a marvel of power, speed and ease of operation. It laces both ends of any belt up to 8 inches in width in but a minute and a half. It exerts the almost unbelievable pressure of 45,900 pounds. It embeds a smooth, uniform row of Clipper Hooks flush with the surface of the belt. It is operated with little effort by a single shopman.
The Clipper No. 8 Speed Lacer is furnished with or without stand. Weight 100 pounds. For complete demonstration and prices communicate with your nearest Clipper dealer or with the
Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN
QUALITY
BELT LACING
Every lacing requirement is anticipated by Clipper products — hooks, pins, lacers and cutters.
Clipper
No 8 Speed Lacer

when security is intended to mean a virtuous and wholly defensive security, lies in the comfortable friendliness of signers who might otherwise remain apart or slide apart with enmities. Security, though it sounds reasonable and peaceful, is also put forth as a condition precedent, and therefore sometimes an insoluble stopper thrust into any mouth which is about to speak of disarmament.

After all, the obvious propaganda of the Russian short order for complete Utopian disarmament and the plain gain to Germany of having her neighbors as disarmed as she is, has something of truth tucked away in it. That something is the obvious fact that security flourishes better in places which do not bristle with bayonets and cannons, and so also does that illusive good fairy the peace mind, which is the best security of all.

The peace mind, one regrets to report, seldom blossoms on a merely sentimental stalk. When one goes about the world merely crying out "Peace, peace!" it does not serve security very well. Either an astounded audience of common sense says, "What on earth are you talking about?—everybody wants peace"; or else the effect is to produce the idea that if war were not hanging over us there would not have to be all this clamor about peace.

Mussolini, who perhaps more than any other force in Europe has a contempt for words, is a lover of peace. Some definite positions taken by him in order to change the old conditions under which Italy was footballed, wheedled and hocus-pocused by other powers have created the idea that he is covered with spines. But Mussolini must know that Italy can ill afford war, and he is the last man to believe that war is needed to strengthen his position, because his position as a governing statesman today is stronger than any other known in our times. He has plied a busy hand, making treaties and helping to build up a sense of responsibility in the Balkanized areas of Europe.

Sniffing the Wind

The way to stop naughtiness is by discipline when reason alone fails, and taming naughtiness is sometimes the best method of arriving at stabilized tranquillity. Mussolini, however, will not be heard crying "Peace, peace!" simply because the effect of it is to create the very atmosphere in Europe which now leads persons and parliaments to whisper, "Does anyone smell war?"

Europe has its nose lifted to smell war. There is no war, but there is danger of war if one gets sniffing for it long enough. When statesmen and parliaments and persons in private life go sniffing around for war, that in itself may be the reason for war. Enough sniffing is a cause for war.

It is a cause for war built up on too much campaigning for security and peace while security and peace are at hand and peoples—let alone—can believe they are at hand. One of the unfortunate effects to be listed with good administration and coöperative efforts of the League of Nations is that in its political and policeman rôle it is always advertising war by too great a clamor and too feeble a performance as to peace.

There is a ridiculous side to this present wave of war talk in Europe. It had involved all the professional and amateur, all the passionate and private, all the conscripted and volunteer little statesmen in a game of imagination, of rumor, of ghost-seeing.

The press joins in and finally everyone is in the parade of the war talkers. One population snarls at another. And few ask themselves, when told that France and Italy or France and Germany or somebody and somebody are drifting toward war, a simple question.

In Europe this season I have used a simple formula. It is the word "why?"

That why is usually a poser. When someone tells me that Russia is backing Lithuania to provoke Poland to conflict, I ask "Why?" And then my friend, the guessing statesman, says, "Why—er—er er ——" And it ends about there. And why, indeed? Russia at the moment has instability enough. She requires no more territory. The time to unite with German territory, if ever such a tie is to be made, is not at hand; and if it were, England and France could stop any such abnormality without difficulty. The fact is that there is a great deal of claptrap about these dark corners where the flare of war is supposed to spring forth at any moment.

An Asset to Mars

To go back to the beginning of this article, where the distinction is made between the inflammable material and the little matches, one may say that the postwar conditions in Europe left more little matches than ever, but that it will take a long time before there is any real substantial inflammable material

When the stir is made by someone who speaks of France and Italy in conflict, it can be knocked into talcum powder by asking, "Why are they going into conflict?" There is nothing there worth fighting about.

The insolvent Mars has, indeed, only one real asset in Europe. That asset is war talk. It keeps up armaments, and while it goes on we or any other people who pour money in that direction are accessories before the fact to a crime against humanity. It whips up the press, and while it goes on it makes news out of fictions so unreal that one who passes them on trafficks in poison. It stirs silly populations to distrust their neighbors uselessly. It brings to a new generation, which has developed faster than we knew, and with a nationalistic sense we did not foresee, the wrong kind of education by leading them away from finding comfort and, indeed, security in working hard, playing joyously and in minding one's business.

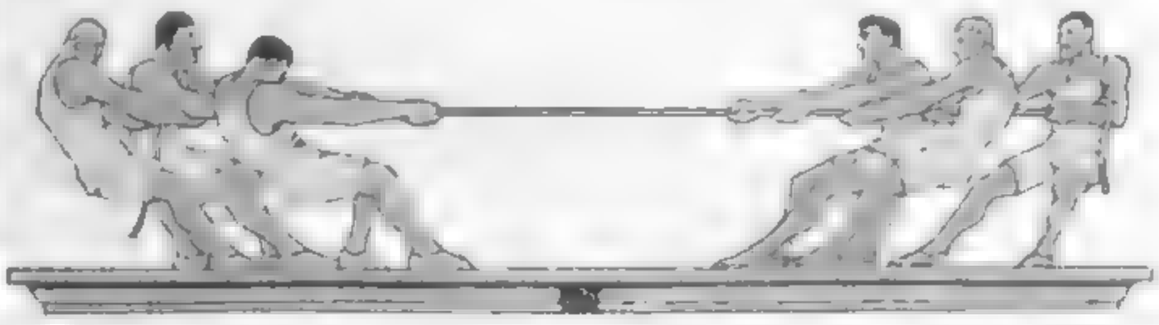
And a part of that asset of Mars—war talk—is due to peace talk. Indeed, a great deal of it is due to peace talk, to sincere or insincere clamor for security, to conferences which fail, to documents which are supposed to replace realities, to parliamentary discussions, to Utopian dreamers, to the loud-singing evangelists of peace.

They will not like it, but there must be recognized today a distinct responsibility on the part of those persons who have made us fear the ghosts of war by indulging in too many unrealizable dreams of peace.

If the League of Nations would consent to work out community of interests and put aside all its business with differences of interests, it would become a useful administrator and a builder of peace.

If nations would work out their relations by quietly talking through a few representatives, and if there were less ballyhooed conferences, there would be less scareheads in the press and more peace in the hearts of men.

The brief analysis of the war talk in Europe is this: There is nothing in it but itself and that is enough to make it a tragedy.



Now!—selected table *grapefruit* stamped SEALD-SWEET

Extra juicy, extra sweet—*Florida's finest!*

CHOICEST table grapefruit—the juiciest and sweetest of all the Florida crop—are carefully selected and now stamped Seald-Sweet.

No more guessing about grapefruit! Just look for the name Seald-Sweet, stamped clearly on the wrapper and on the skin.

Whether it's the luscious "half" for breakfast, the whole juicy sections in salads and desserts, or the refreshing tang of the pure juice—you'll find it real economy to buy Seald-Sweet grapefruit.

Uniform goodness. Thin skin, easily peeled. Extra heavy, brimming with juice. You may buy Seald-Sweet in various sizes, with "bright," "golden" or "russet" skin—but the rich juice content, the wonderful flavor of grapefruit stamped "Seald-Sweet," are all the same.

Seald-Sweet packing houses receive Florida's finest grapefruit, but of all these two-thirds meet the rigid standard that wins the expert's stamp of approval—that stamp is Seald-Sweet.

Eat all you want—it's healthful always, and you need it more in these days of restricted winter menus. It counteracts acid, builds up alkaline reserve that wards off dangerous colds and "flu."

Your grocer has Seald-Sweet grapefruit. They're Florida's finest, selected for your table. Be sure to ask for Seald-Sweet.

Send for valuable book—and save the "Dollar Wrapper"

Write for Mrs. Frederick's book of choice fruit dishes. You'll find a variety of tempting suggestions, easy to prepare and not expensive.

Florida Citrus Exchange, Tampa. Distributors of Florida's Finest Oranges, Grapefruit and Tangerines.

Special . . .

Save any Seald-Sweet wrapper. It is worth $1.00 on a $3.00 Seald-Sweet juice extractor, when sent with your dealer's name. A wonderful new machine—handles the tiniest lime, orange, or largest grapefruit. No work—no waste. Just a turn of the handle and out comes all the juice. A great convenience—now yours for $2.00 and 1 Seald-Sweet wrapper. Don't forget to include your dealer's name. Send for it with the coupon.

To: THE FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE
302 Citrus Exchange Bldg., Tampa, Fla.

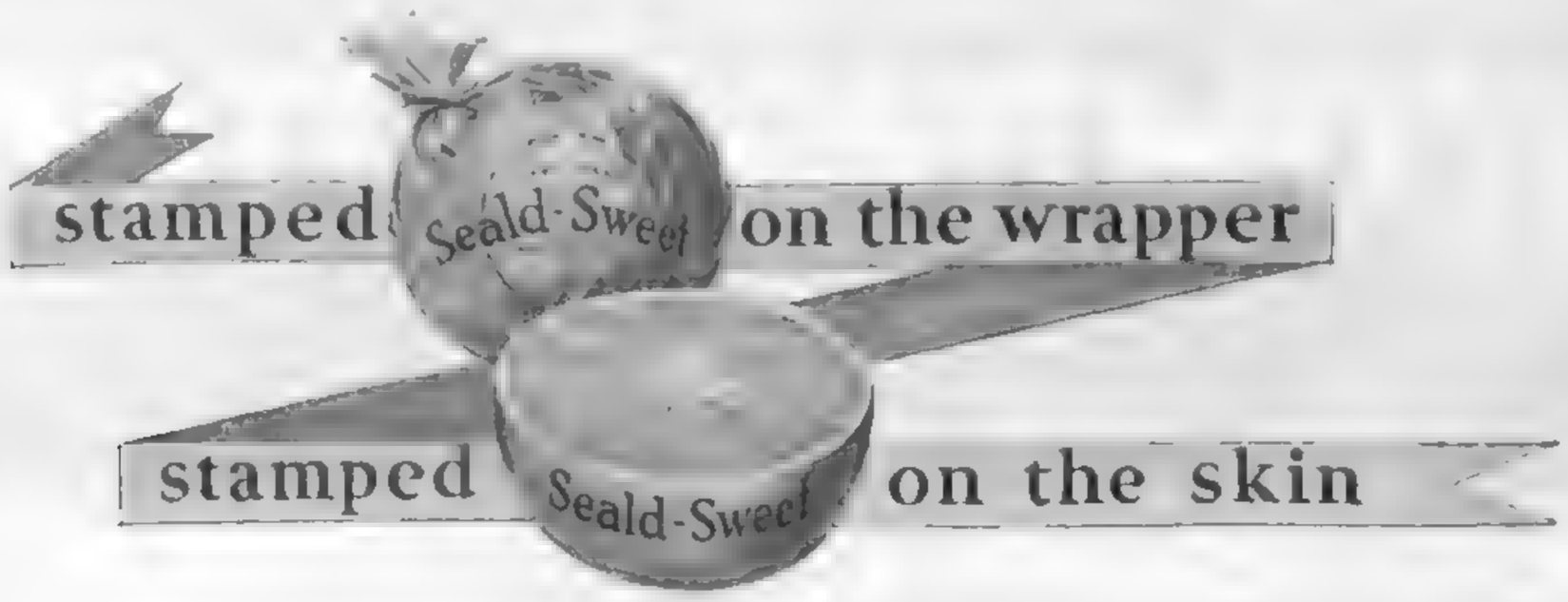
☐ My check here is for one Seald-Sweet juice extractor. I enclose $2.00, 1 Seald-Sweet wrapper and my dealer's name (regular price $3.00).

My dealer's name is_____

Address_____

My name and address_____

☐ My check here is for the free book of Seald-Sweet recipes.



Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

POWERED BY LYCOMING

LYCOMING MOTORS

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

The Largest Builders of Straight Eight Motors

WET AND OTHER MEXICANS

(Continued from Page 11

arose from Washington diplomats at the thought of a move that might prove irritating to the so-called sister republic to the south. The cry was so affecting that the question of applying a quota law to Mexico was promptly abandoned.

Until 1924, then, Mexicans were permitted to come freely into the United States. In 1924 they were subjected to a law by which they were obliged to pay an eight-dollar head tax and a ten-dollar visa fee. It was believed that this charge, in view of the excessive poverty of the Mexican peon and the amazingly large size of his family, would cut the number of Mexican immigrants down to an imperceptible stream. They were also obliged to pass a medical examination and a literacy test, and it was thought that the literacy test would further cut Mexican immigration down to about minus thirty a year.

Such thoughts, like similar thoughts on the restrictive effects of indirect restrictions, proved to be worth considerably less than the conventional penny.

For various reasons, the available figures on Mexican immigration are not so valuable as they might be. They conclusively show, however, a constantly increasing flow of chocolate-colored Mexican peons across the border and up into the United States.

In 1907, according to the very loosely kept immigration figures, only 91 Mexicans came across the border into the United States. In 1908, which marked the outbreak of the most recent series of Mexican revolutions, more than 5000 came across. In 1909 the number jumped to more than 15,000. In 1910 there were about 17,000 who crossed. In 1911 there were some 18,000. In 1912 there were 22,000.

Until after the war the number seesawed back and forth, just as did European immigration, ranging between 11,000 and 17,000 yearly. But in 1919 nearly 29,000 Mexicans boiled over the line; and in 1920 there were more than 51,000 who came across. There were 29,000 in 1921, 18,000 in 1922, nearly 63,000 in 1923, and 87,000 in 1924.

In a Moist State

At this point the immigration officials applied the ten-dollar visa fee and the eight-dollar head tax as well as the literacy test to Mexican immigrants with a sigh of relief, hoping that the dark-brown flood that was rolling up across the border would be suddenly and effectively stopped.

Oddly enough, however, the poverty-stricken Mexican peon developed a surprising ability to scrape up a visa fee and a head tax for himself and his wife, and even, on occasions, for three or seven or eleven children. He also developed a hitherto unsuspected skill at reading. Although in 1925 the number of Mexican immigrants dropped to 32,000, it rose in 1926 to well over 42,000. And in 1927 it handily topped 66,000.

These, it should be understood, are the Mexicans who present themselves before the immigration officials on the Mexican border and receive permission to enter the United States.

In addition to the Mexicans who are admitted legally, one must consider the Mexicans who enter illegally; and in spite of various opinions to the contrary, the business of illegally entered, or wet, Mexicans requires a great deal of widespread and far-flung considering.

A Mexican who enters the United States illegally has come to be known as a wet Mexican, because, along a portion of the Mexican border, he wades across the Rio Grande and consequently enters the United States in a moist state.

If one travels with the Border Patrol along the Rio Grande, one frequently hears conversations like this between newly met Border Patrol officers:

"Hey, John, anything stirring?"

"Nothin' much. Just come in off the river."

"Pick up any?"

"Yeah; picked up five."

"Fresh ones?"

"Yeah; still wet."

There is no possible way in which a count can be made of the number of wet Mexicans in the United States. The border is nearly 2000 miles in length, and the bulk of that border is unwatched and almost unwatchable.

It isn't so difficult to watch as one follows the Rio Grande inland from the Gulf of Mexico, through Brownsville and the rich citrus groves and truck farms of the Lower Rio Grande Valley to Laredo. The distances, however, are tremendous. One starts early in the morning and arrives at top speed from Brownsville through the flourishing towns of the Lower Rio Grande Valley, makes Laredo for lunch, pounds on through occasional onion and truck farms and vast expanses of mesquite flats, on which the cloud shadows lie like dull-green pools on a pale-green desert, and by mid-afternoon reaches Eagle Pass, and by early evening Del Rio. One has come along the portion of the border that is easiest to guard and covered less than half of the border between Texas and Mexico.

Along the Border

Beyond Del Rio, the Rio Grande dips down to the south in a great curve; and the railroads and the main highway, instead of following the bend in the river, cut straight across like a bowstring. The land lying between the curved river and the bowstring of the highway and railroads is known to the dwellers along the border as the Big Bend Country. It is an enormous country, considerably larger than the state of New Hampshire, and it is a rough and tumbled country, with canyons so commodious that the city of New York could be dropped into them without causing any noticeable amount of débris—a country into which any number of Mexicans could vanish with all the thoroughness with which a flock of pewits vanishes into the Maine woods. Armies of Mexicans, if they so desired, could cross the Rio Grande without interference at any point in the Big Bend Country and make themselves at home—provided they could live on scenery.

One can get across the top of the Big Bend Country, from Del Rio to El Paso, in another day of hard driving. A third day of hard driving takes one from El Paso through the cotton fields of West Texas and New Mexico and drops one at Douglas, in Arizona. For two days there has been no clearly defined border of any sort.

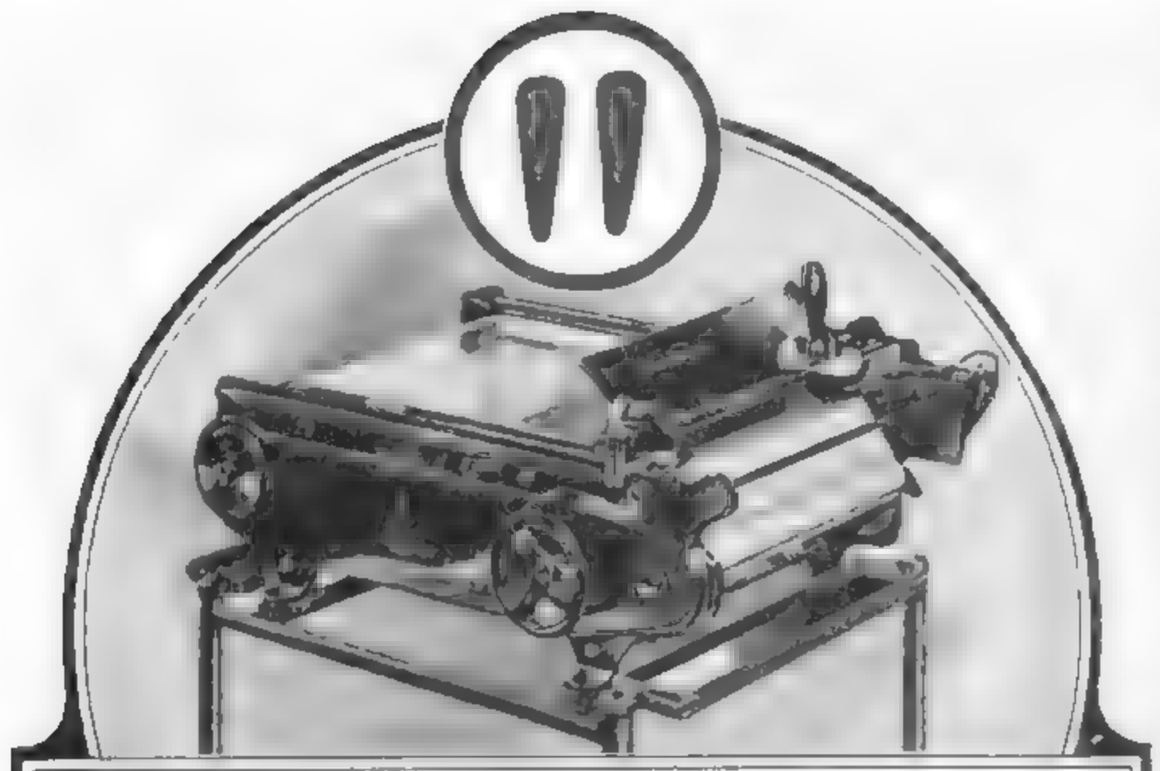
From Douglas one cruises for another day through the great copper mines of Bisbee, across the Continental Divide, through the remnants of Tombstone's vanished deviltries, past the beautiful scenery of the Huachuca Mountains and comes at last into the tumbling circle of mountains that rings the city of Nogales, one-half of which lies in Arizona and the other half in Mexico, the two halves separated only by an imaginary line that runs through the center of a street. Between these tumbling mountains the canyons and the valleys run from Mexico into the United States, and any number of men could march up any one of the valleys without being heard by men in the adjoining valleys.

Westward from Nogales one arrives in time at Yuma, objective of moving-picture companies that wish to film the activities of the French Foreign Legion among the sandy wastes of the Sahara, and then passes on into the fertile reaches of the great Imperial Valley of California and across the mountains to the shores of the Pacific.

The length of the border is 1883 miles, and the number of Border Patrol officers employed in the pursuit and capture of wet Mexicans along its entire length is slightly under 400—a pitifully inadequate

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
Faithful
FLORSHEIM SHOES are as faithful as a good friend. You will enjoy them and appreciate their true worth, and come back again regularly for additional pairs.
The CORTLAND — Style M-272
Most Styles $10
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers
Chicago

Send For 100 Home Plans—
Buy Direct From Mill!
Wholesale Prices on Homes, Garages and Lumber
Modern, distinctive homes that you can buy direct from mill
Lumber, millwork and other material cut to plan; complete
architects' plans free with order. Machine-sawing saves you 30%
labor and 18% lumber waste. Plan-Cut gives you
tightest, warmest, storm-proof construction.
price covers all materials according to specifica
ience features; kitchen cabinets, linen-closets
safe arrival guaranteed
You can also buy lumber
for any plan, remodeling or repair job. Write for estima
Garages $83 Up
Summer Cottages,
Poultry Houses
Monthly Payments
This 140-Page
Tells all about
PLAN-CUT and
its savings. Also
ask for Garages,
Barns and Poultry
Houses.
Gordon-VanTine
PLAN-CUT Homes
Gordon-Van Tine Co.,
1062 Case Street
Davenport, Iowa
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back
Please send me Catalogs
I am interested in
Send me details of Monthly Payment
Plan
Name



Ditto No. 2 model copies as many as about up to 11 by 14 inches.

Ditto makes copies
direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing.

How your business can save money through the many uses for Ditto is interestingly told in our booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies". Write for a copy—no obligation.

Ditto copies five colors in one operation; your original may be written and drawn with pen, pencil, and typewriter.

Ditto Incorporated

Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies

123 West Austin Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Enter this contest for

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
388 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Give me the details about your Prize Contest.

Name *Age*
(Please print name and address)

Street

City *State*

$8,000.00! *in cash*

BETWEEN February 1 and March 31, you have an excellent opportunity to win one of 2,500 big Cash Prizes.

The highest cash award is $500.00. The next is $300.00, the 3rd $200.00—and so on until the entire $8,000.00 is divided!

You May Win Hundreds!

The only people eligible to compete in this contest are a limited number of spare-time workers, none of whom has sent us as many as 25 subscriptions during any one month in the year 1927—*and individuals like you who enroll now.* Furthermore, no professional magazine workers may compete!

You Cannot Lose!

This gives you as good a chance as our present representatives to win one of the biggest prizes. And you can't lose, because even those who don't win prizes will still earn many extra dollars *in commissions alone.*

If you want money to buy a radio, a car, a home—here's your chance to win it! You still have time.. But mail the coupon today for full details.

Your chance for one of 2500 prizes

number. The guarding of the Mexican border by 400 Border Patrol officers might not unreasonably be compared to the policing of New York City by 100 men.

The work of the Border Patrol calls for some explanation in order that it may be clearly understood. Some people visualize the Border Patrol as being strung out along the border, each man located four and a half miles from the next officer. If this were the case, every Mexican who filtered between the units of that long thin line would find no secondary line of defense to pass, and would consequently be free to go wherever he pleased.

In reality the Border Patrol makes little or no effort actually to patrol the line that divides Mexico from the United States. Near every port of entry along the Rio Grande there are certain illegal crossing places that are frequented by Mexicans who wish to enter the United States illegally.

These crossing places are close to large Mexican settlements on the American side of the Rio Grande—the Mexican sections of Brownsville, say, or of Laredo, or of Del Rio, or of El Paso. If the Mexican can reach these Mexican sections, which are veritable rabbit warrens, his friends will hide him and help him to escape capture. Consequently the crossings are perpetually popular with illegal entrants, and they are among the few sections of the actual border that are watched by the Border Patrol.

The Mexican who crosses the border at a spot far removed from a center of population cannot, obviously, live forever in the brush. His object in entering the United States is the same as that of practically all immigrants who have entered the United States in recent years—he wants more money than he could get in the country from which he came. Consequently he makes for a highway that will take him to a city, and the countryside in the Southwest is by no means a network of highways. There are only a few main-traveled highways, and it is on these highways and in the cities to which they lead that the Border Patrol does a large part of its work.

San Antonio, Texas, is several hours north of the border. Sometimes Border Patrol officers will be found holding the road—which is Border-Patrol slang for examining all traffic for wet Mexicans—halfway between San Antonio and the border. Sometimes they will hold the road just south of the city, and again they will hold it north of the city to intercept wet Mexicans who may have been hiding for some time in San Antonio's very large Mexican quarter before venturing farther north.

At other times they may take their blankets and their frying pans and cruise off for two days or three days or a week at a time on the trail of rumors and reports and hunches that come to them through various channels. Some of them cruise in small automobiles; some of them—the trackers in particular—travel on horseback; and a very few of them do their patrolling afoot.

With Certain Privileges

There are certain features to the activities of the Border Patrol which make it highly probable that in the course of time the organization—unless wrecked by the petty jealousies of other branches of the government service—will be surrounded with an aura of fiction, drama and romance somewhat similar to that which surrounds the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It is equipped with an exceptionally snappy uniform of olive-green whipcord with trousers stripes, facings and cuffs of dark blue; and the uniform is further set off by a Sam Browne belt, natty putties and a campaign hat.

The young men who wear the uniforms are highly intelligent and active—altogether too active in many cases for those who don't believe in wasting too much energy on apprehending criminals, unless the criminals have been making themselves genuinely obnoxious in the immediate neighborhood.

The Border Patrol was originally conceived in 1917, but it was not until 1924 that Congress appropriated $1,000,000 for the formation of a Border Patrol. The organization began to operate in July, 1924, with 450 men, evenly divided between the Mexican and the Canadian borders. The appropriation has since been increased to $1,500,000 and there are now slightly less than 800 men on both borders.

The Border Patrol is under the Civil Service, and in addition to passing the written examination, the would-be patrol officer must pass an oral test designed to "determine his personal characteristics and address, adaptability, keenness and quickness of understanding, observation, judgment and discretion." Having done all this, and proved that he is "honest, courageous and firm," the applicant becomes a Border Patrol inspector and receives the magnificent pay of $145 a month, or $1740 a year, out of which he must buy his own uniforms and his own field glass, and pay his own living expenses whenever he is sent out on the road to run down a bunch of wet immigrants.

He also has a few privileges. When, for example, the deficiency appropriation bill failed to pass at the end of the last Congress because a few statesmen were unable to stop talking, the Border Patrol was left without operating expenses for three months. Rather than see alien smugglers and wet Mexicans slip by them, a number of Border Patrol officers exercised their privilege of paying for gasoline, oil and repairs out of their magnificent salaries in order that the roads might be held, and even, in some cases, of using their own automobiles at their own expense.

Exploits Along the Border

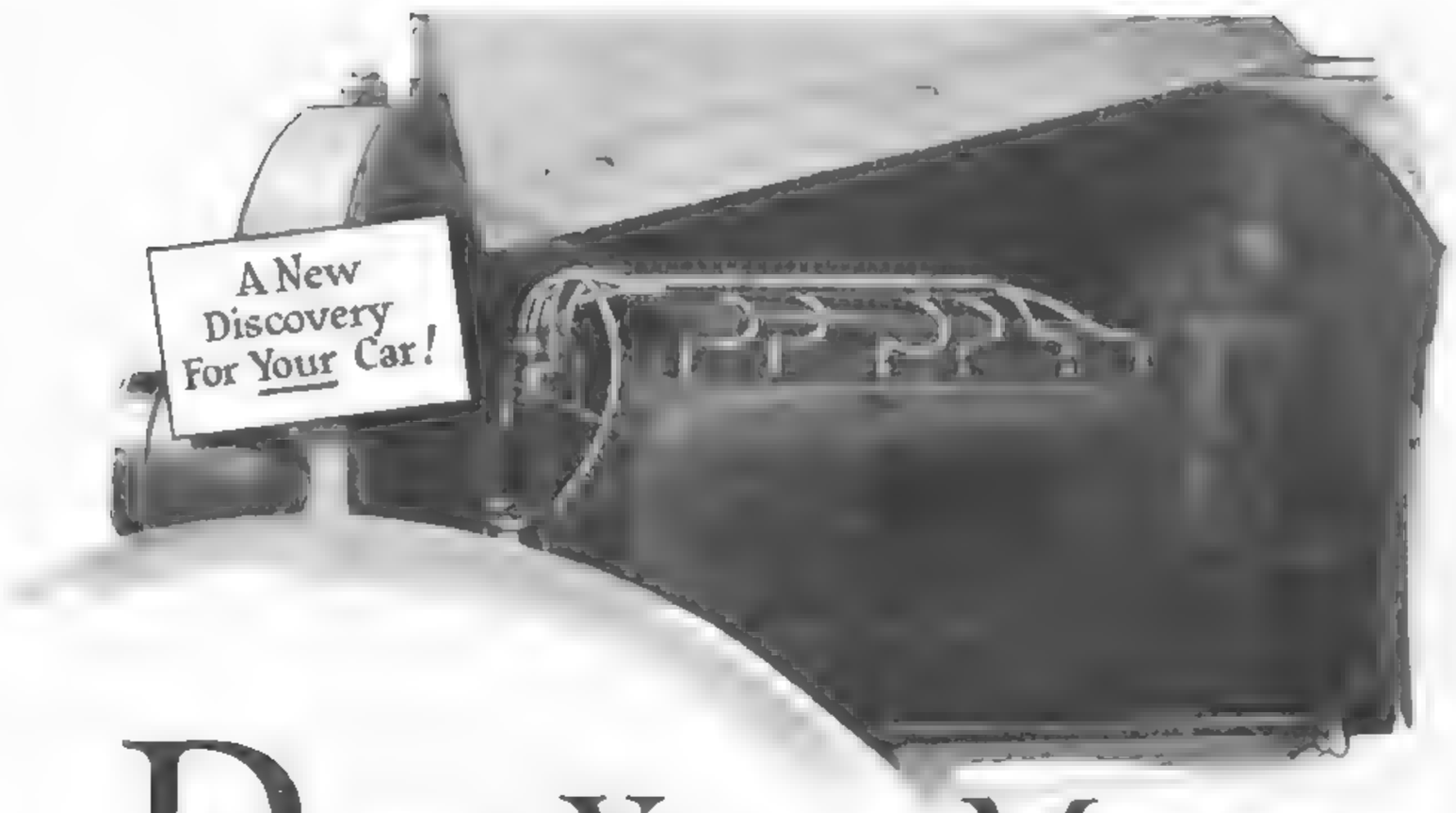
For some reason for which one finds difficulty in accounting, border patrolling is listed as a nonhazardous pursuit, so that the retirement age in the Border Patrol is seventy years. The United States Civil Service Bulletin, which announces the examinations for the Border Patrol, seems to be a trifle mixed in this matter; for in speaking of the duties of a Border Patrol officer it says:

> The conditions under which this work is carried on are closely comparable in nature and requirements to the duties of a soldier under actual field conditions. Applicants for this position should be capable and willing to perform the arduous and frequently dangerous work incident to what is known as "line riding" in the rough and mountainous country along the Mexican Border. . . . Assignments of duty may at times involve contact with smugglers and other criminal characters. The work may for this reason be attended by some risk and personal danger.

It is doubtless highly reassuring to Border Patrol inspectors to know that when they get to be sixty-eight or sixty-nine years old they will still be young enough to engage in such nonhazardous occupations as lying in adobe mud or a large expanse of prickly pear for half a night on the lookout for wet Mexicans, tackling Mexican half-breeds who have given themselves the unmanageable ferocity of tigers by smoking two or three marijuana cigarettes, chasing Mexican drug smugglers, dodging bullets from the south side of the Rio Grande, or going into occasional gun fights with the spotters and the road wipers who protect the smugglers of aliens, dope and liquor.

Anybody can see how nonhazardous border patrolling is from the exploits of Border Patrol Inspector Lon Parker, who was one of the specialists known on the border as a trailer. He could follow a cold trail over rock ledges or any other sort of country. On one occasion he was trailing three men, when they jumped him suddenly and opened fire on him. Not wishing to have any unnecessary trouble with them, he put them out of commission by shooting each one of the three through the right arm. He then brought them in.

(Continued on Page 141)



Does Your Motor Get ALL the Electric Punch *or Only Part?*

Old Spark Plug Cables Leak Electricity

TO develop full power all motors demand high voltage—the coil steps up the low battery voltage from 6 volts to as high as 12,000 to 18,000 volts. The wires carrying this high voltage to the spark plugs are high tension cables. And they wear out. One of the first things to begin to lose efficiency on an automobile because of the tremendous voltage carried under fierce conditions of heat, oil, and ozone—freed by an electrical phenomenon known as corona.

Insulation Deteriorates

The effect of heat, oil, and ozone on high tension insulation is to form microscopic cracks and make it porous—then it leaks electricity. Thousands of actual road tests, confirmed by extensive laboratory tests, have definitely proved this all to be true, and have shown the marked improvement in motor power and fuel economy when Packard Ignition Cables are installed.

No One Thought of Replacing High Tension Cable

When your motor began to lose its power the usual reconditioning was done, but the spark plug wires—the high tension cables—were seldom replaced until they wore out and failed completely. And yet the cost of replacement is low—only a few dollars. If your motor sputters when it idles, lacks power at high speed, or misses on the hills, look to your spark plug cables—replace with Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable and *feel* the improvement!

The New Discovery Packard Lac-Kard Cable

Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable is especially built to carry high voltage, and to withstand the severe conditions under which it must operate. The rubber insulation is protected by a special braid covered with multiple resistive coats of an exclusive Packard lacquer that defies the action of corona and released ozone. *All* the current is delivered to the spark plugs ready for full development of motor power.

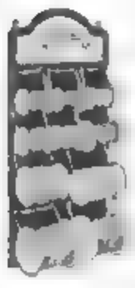
Packard Ignition Cable Sets Easily Put On

You need no tools, except an ordinary pocketknife, to quickly install a new set of Packard Ignition Cables which you can buy in a carton, complete with terminals for both spark plugs and distributor connections. Full instructions packed with every carton make it simple to readily understand and do the job quickly.

Now ask your dealer or garage man for a set to fit your car and prepare yourself for a surprise when you drive your machine with a new set of Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable.

COMPLETE SETS $2.00 TO $4.75

This is the package *(printed in purple and gold)* containing the complete Packard Ignition Cable Set—cables cut to length, all necessary fittings for attachment, and complete instructions for anybody to install in a few minutes. Eight sets fit all cars—ask your garage man to install, or ask your dealer for a Packard Ignition Cable Set to fit your motor.



This is the familiar Packard Cable Merchandiser on which retailers and garages carry a complete line of Packard bulk cable for every use on your car. It will pay you to have your lighting, starting as well as ignition wiring checked.

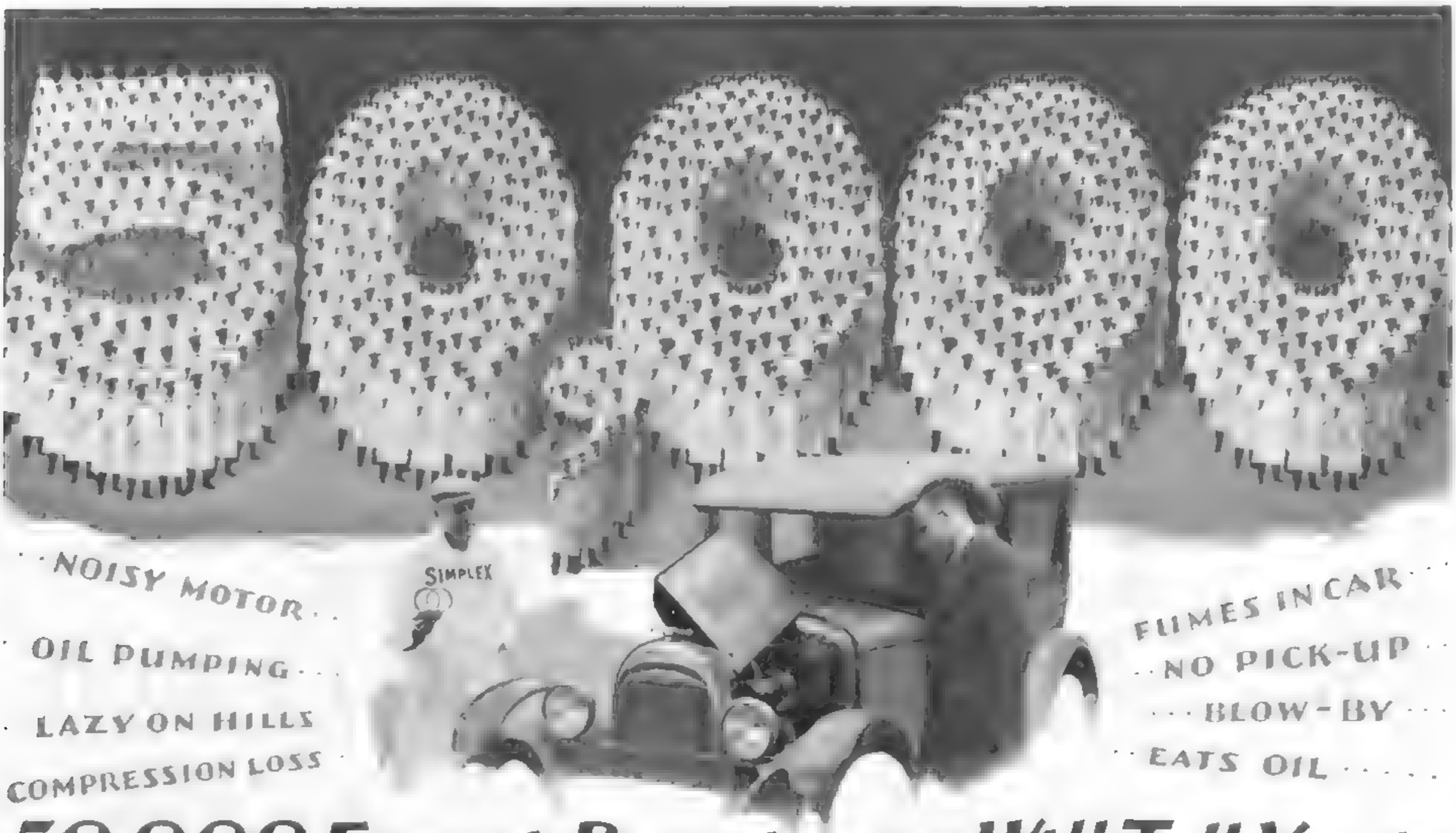
Packard
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE MARK
AUTOMOTIVE CABLE PRODUCTS

The Packard Electric Company, *Warren, Ohio.*

Packard — ONLY ON GOODS OF HONEST VALUE

FOUNDED IN 1890

© 1928 The P. E. Co.



50,000 Expert Repairmen Will Tell You to

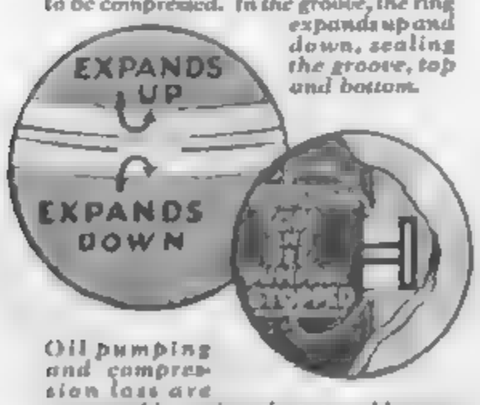
RECONDITION IT by

THE SIMPLEX METHOD

of Motor Reconditioning and SAVE MONEY SAVE TIME GET A QUALITY JOB

USING too much oil?—Losing power and speed?—Noisy Motor?—Noxious fumes in your car?—If your car suffers from any of these common motor ills, take it to your car dealer or repairman—ask him about the Simplex Method.

You'll be delightfully surprised to find that The Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning will save you from 20 to 75 per cent of the cost of the resizing method. The expensive labor of honing, grinding or boring cylinders has been eliminated—and you won't have to buy new pistons.



Note the overlapping slot construction that allows the overwidth Simplex Ring to be compressed. In the groove, the ring expands up and down, sealing the groove, top and bottom.

Oil pumping and compression loss are prevented by sealing the top and bottom of the groove. Only the patented Simplex Ring has this feature. Oil is trapped behind the ring, preventing piston slap and lubricating the cylinder walls.

The installation of only two Simplex Piston Rings in each cylinder cures all these troubles. Simplex Rings adapt themselves to out-of-round, worn and tapered cylinders.

Here's why: the Simplex Piston Ring is the only one-piece ring that expands up-and-down in the ring groove, forming a packing-like seal against oil pumping and compression loss. It is the only ring that traps the oil behind itself to form hydraulic cushions that prevent piston slap.

Since the invention of the Simplex Ring four years ago, over half-a-million cars, trucks, buses and taxicabs have been Simplex equipped.

Your car—Simplex Reconditioned—will give you many more miles per quart of oil—more miles per overhaul—more power, more speed and more genuine transportation at less cost.

The next time your car is in the shop, have Simplex Rings installed—there will be no delay—you can drive out the same day with new life and pep in your motor. In the meantime, send for our free booklet—it tells all about the Simplex Method.

Look for the familiar blue-and-white Simplex sign. There you'll find a trained Simplex garageman who will give you an expert reconditioning job. If you desire more information, write for our free booklet.

Mail this Coupon Today

THE SIMPLEX PISTON RING COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.
1968 East 66th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your free booklet explaining The Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning—
"What it is—What it does—How it works."

*Name*_____ *Address*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 138)

On the twenty-fifth of July, 1926, Parker went after a man on the western slopes of the Huachuca Mountains in Southern Arizona. He caught his man, covered him and halted him. The man, however, was accompanied by a spotter—a spotter being a man who rides out to one side as a protection to his companion. The spotter shot Parker in the back, whereupon Parker shot the covered man through the head and shot his horse through the neck. He then rode two and a half miles to the Wills Ranch, where he died at once from the effects of a bullet hole in the back just above the kidneys. The spotter who shot Parker got away, but it is a moderately safe prediction that he will be found one of these days snugly nestled behind a rock or in a dry river bed in Southern Arizona in an extremely defunct condition.

This information concerning the Border Patrol is set down so that conditions in regard to immigration on the Mexican border may be better understood. The flow of Mexicans into the United States is increasing from year to year. Under the best of conditions it is difficult to control. When conditions are complicated by an insufficient number of patrol inspectors, by large amounts of paper work that keep patrol inspectors hunched over typewriters when they ought to be out holding the road, by parsimony in high places, by judicial decisions that tend to rob the Border Patrol of authority and by similar matters, the successful damming of the dark-brown flood becomes almost impossible.

Other People's Business

It has occurred that Border Patrol inspectors have seen an automobile go down a byway toward the Mexican border with one man in it. Watching for its reappearance, they have seen it come out of the byway with two men in it. They have accordingly stopped it, thinking that the second passenger might be a smuggled alien. Instead of that, they have found the automobile loaded with liquor.

The question immediately arises as to what they should do. Should they wave the men graciously forward and be charged with connivance in liquor running? Some might, but not the Border Patrol. They arrest the men. When the case comes to trial the judge rules that they have no right to hunt for liquor and must restrict themselves to hunting for aliens, and that in annoying the liquor runners they are exceeding their authority.

Such a ruling has been made in Texas, and if made many times, it is apt to have a somewhat similar effect on the morale and activity of the Border Patrol that a large black kettle would have on a golden eagle if clapped over him.

In spite of the high standards and the courageous activities of the Border Patrol, the constantly increasing numbers of Mexican peons who are pouring into the United States are daily augmented by large numbers of wet Mexicans. Nobody has any way of counting them; and in this, as in many other matters relating to Mexican immigration, everybody is entitled to his own guess. The only accurate count on anything is the count on the number of wet Mexicans picked up and ejected by the Border Patrol.

One finds in the San Antonio district during the 1926–1927 fiscal year, for example, that the Border Patrol picked up 5285 wet Mexicans and ejected them from the country; and at the same time, over in the El Paso district, they were picking up and ejecting another 6652 wet Mexicans. Incidentally, those who are ejected don't always stay ejected. One taste of the United States seems to make them yearn for more; and when they make their second attempt they go about the matter more circumspectly.

After traveling along the Mexican border and investigating the rapidly increasing Mexican population of various Western and Southwestern cities, it is my carefully considered opinion that the number of Mexican peons illegally entering the United States each year is at least equal to the number entering legally. It probably is much greater. It is also my carefully considered opinion that there are at least 3,000,000 Mexicans now resident in the United States, either born in Mexico or with one or both parents born in Mexico.

These estimates will be passionately protested by many agricultural and industrial interests of the West and the Southwest, who contend that practically all Mexican immigrants turn around each year and go back to Mexico. A great many of these people are so blind to what is happening around them that they will stand in the middle of a community of 100,000 Mexicans, built on American soil where a few years ago there was nothing but truck gardens, and insist at the top of their lungs that all Mexican immigrants return each year to Mexico.

To the Four Winds

My estimates are based on the following things: According to the 1920 census, there were supposed to be 715,332 Mexicans in the United States, 486,418 of whom were Mexican-born immigrants and 228,914 of whom were native-born, with one or both parents born in Mexico. These figures, because of the difficulty of counting the Mexicans living in the so-called corrals or community huts of the Southwestern cities, were almost inevitably too small.

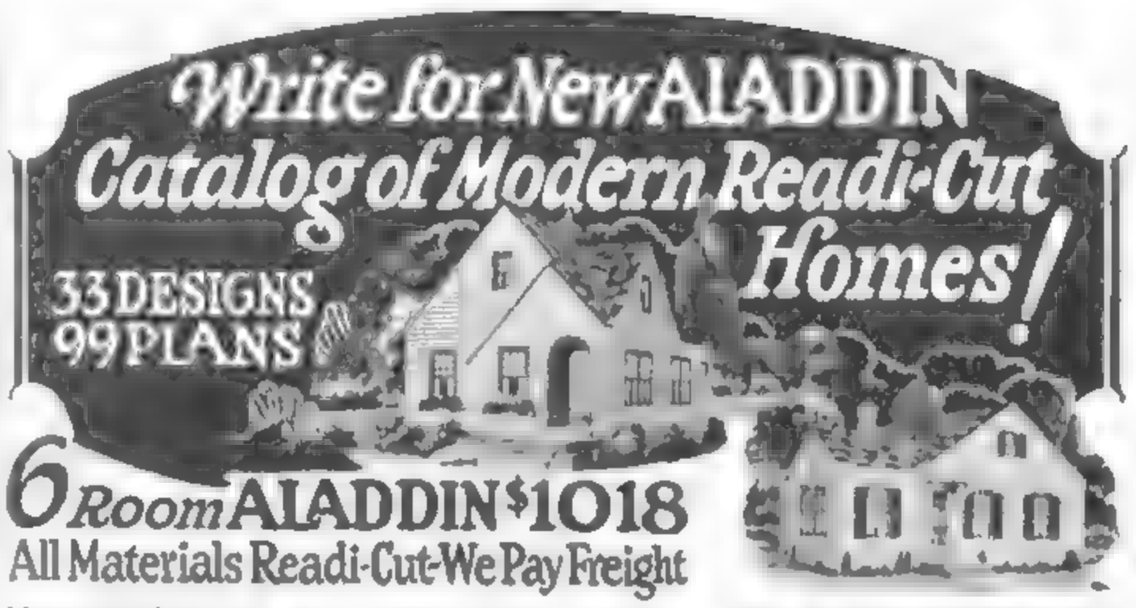
According to the census of 1920, the Mexican population of Los Angeles was 31,173. The present estimate of the Mexican population of Los Angeles County, made by persons best qualified to judge, is 250,000, or eight times the 1920 figures.

The Mexican population of nearly all the border cities has, according to the best obtainable estimates, more than doubled since 1920. In most cases it is believed to have tripled and even quadrupled. According to the 1900 census, the Mexican-born population of San Antonio, Texas, was 3288. In 1910 it was 9924. In 1920 it was 28,477. In the closing months of 1927 it was estimated that the Mexican population—Mexican-born and American-born—of San Antonio was 75,000. In my opinion the present Mexican-born population of San Antonio, if properly counted, would prove to be more than three times as large as it was in 1920.

All the large cities that attract Mexicans showed a tremendous increase from 1900 to 1920. It was not uncommon for the 1920 Mexican population to be eight times what it was in 1910. Some of the jumps in the Mexican population from 1900 to 1910 and from 1910 to 1920 were as follows: Houston, Texas, 118, 491, 3953; Fort Worth, 59, 426, 3831; New York, 282, 426, 2572; Dallas, 41, 134, 2295; Kansas City, Missouri, 24, 233, 1920; Denver, 19, 226, 1418; Chicago, 102, 188, 1224; and so on.

Since 1920 Mexicans have been pouring up from the border in a steady stream. They have poured into the copper-mining districts by the tens of thousands; into the cities of Northern California; into Nevada and Colorado and Utah; into the beet fields of Michigan; into the automobile factories of Detroit; into the mills and factories of Chicago; into Indianapolis and St. Louis and Omaha and Des Moines and other Northern cities. They have come in by the hundreds of thousands and they have reproduced by the hundreds of thousands, and a large proportion of them are wet.

Here is a first-hand report on the manner in which the Mexican population is increasing. On the bridge between Laredo, Texas, and Laredo, Mexico, I encountered a pleasant Mexican family, consisting of a father, a mother and four children. The family had been in the United States for eight years, during which time three of the children had been born, so that they are American citizens. The parents had found living expenses so high in the United States, they said, that they ate up all they earned, so they were going back to Saltillo, in the



6 Room ALADDIN $1018
All Materials Readi-Cut-We Pay Freight

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the Aladdin Mills and make big savings on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. **Prices include**—lumber cut to fit, highest grade knotless [illegible] with complete instructions [illegible] anyone familiar with tools to erect [illegible]

SAVE 18% LUMBER WASTE **30%** LABOR COST

The Aladdin system prepares all the lumber in our mills, cut to fit and ready to be nailed in place. Quantity production of standard designs **with no lumber waste,** enables us to quote such very low prices and still guarantee the Highest Quality. [illegible] We pay freight. [illegible] Send 4c in stamps for postage and mail TODAY for your Free Copy

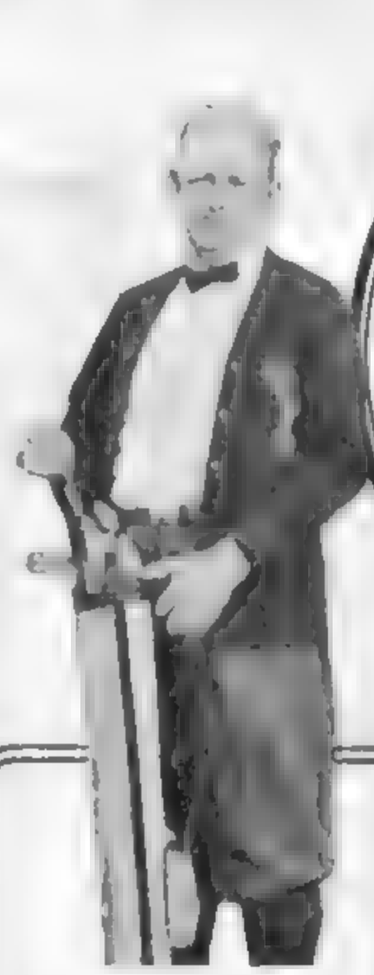
THE ALADDIN CO., Bay City, Michigan
Also Mills and Offices Wilmington No Car
Portland Ore Toronto Ont

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
THE ALADDIN COMPANY (Address nearest mill)
Bay City, Mich., Wilmington, No. Car.,
Portland, Ore., Toronto, Ont., Can.
Please send me, without obligation, FREE copy of the beautiful new Aladdin Catalog of Readi-Cut Homes, Summer Cottages and Garages No. 351.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

$997 7 Rooms—2 Baths
All Materials Readi-Cut

$1075 6 Rooms—2 Baths
All Materials Readi-Cut

$839 Story & Half Aladdin
All Materials Readi-Cut



Would you like to have a money-making job like his?

CLARENCE H. EVANS of [illegible] decided to take up Curtis subscription work in August, 1927. He'd been on the job less than four months when his total earnings in commissions and prizes exceeded $1,000.00!

IF you're interested in launching a business of your own—one that's interesting, readily learned, and really *profitable*—you'll certainly be glad to know that there's a fine opportunity now open for you. It's the same kind of opportunity that is paying Clarence Evans and thousands of other men and women so well. It's an opportunity to become the authorized representative for the Curtis publications, forwarding renewal and new subscriptions.

Work in Your Spare Time

This work doesn't demand a single moment's absence from your regular daytime job, because you can carry it on whenever you have a leisure hour. Such earnings are like a second salary—often bigger than the first. We train you to earn this extra money—train you free of charge. You may profit from the very first day.

Mail the coupon today for details

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
358 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
I'd like a job like the one Mr. Evans has.
Name _____ *Age* _____
(Please print name and address)
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

SONATRON

33 Types

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO TUBE LINE

offers the right tube for every socket

33 DISTINCT TYPES

The SONATRON radio tube line covers every need in modern sets, including the latest tubes for AC electrical operation of receivers. We list below several general classifications; and any SONATRON dealer will give you full information.

AC TUBES

X226, Y227 and 225A to replace 225AC

POWER TUBES

X171, X112, X 71A, X 12A, X210, 20A

RECTIFIERS

X280, X281, 213, and the gas-filled S1185

DRY CELL TUBES

199, X199, 199A

—and many others

SONATRON offers a better and more complete tube service . . . backed by the 33 distinct types in the World's Largest Radio Tube Line . . . SONATRON'S position in the tube field has been achieved through a policy of progress which consistently brings new tubes to the public *first*, often months before other manufacturers! Standard quality, coupled with the world's broadest guarantee!

SONATRON TUBE COMPANY

16 Hudson St., *New York City* 108 W. Lake Street, *Chicago*
88 Eighth Ave., *Newark, N. J.* 320 Lafayette Bldg., *Detroit*

Dealers! Jobbers! Manufacturers! Write for the famous SONATRON Proposition! Ask us about SONATRON'S greater profit possibilities!

FREE! Set owners! WRITE for your copy of this FREE BOOK: "How to take care of your Radio Tubes"

Could You Use Now? EXTRA CASH

The Curtis Publishing Company
386 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Without promising anything, please send me full details of your cash offer.

Name..... *Age*...
(Please print name and address)

Street

City

State

-SEND · THIS · COUPON-

RIGHT now, with spring fast approaching, with so many new things you'd like to buy—couldn't you use an extra $25.00 or $50.00? You can readily earn this much and more acting as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. No experience or capital necessary. Your cash earnings can begin as soon as our spare time offer reaches you. And here are some of the advantages you will enjoy:

① Profit from the start.
② Work wherever and whenever you please.
③ Renewals pay as generously as new.
④ Bonus paid to real workers.
⑤ No business experience needed.
⑥ Make money as you make friends.

state of Coahuila, to live. Maybe they wouldn't like it, but they were going to try it. They were traveling in a small, plentifully dented automobile, as are a great many of the Mexicans that one meets; and the chances are a thousand to one that as soon as the family runs out of gasoline money it will hasten back to the dear old United States.

At any rate, this particular family had gone to Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, in 1923, to work in the beet fields. In 1923 there had been only a few Mexicans in Mt. Pleasant. Now, they stated, there were many Mexicans there—hundreds and hundreds and hundreds. The same thing, they said, was true of Pontiac and Gary and many other places in Michigan; no Mexicans a few years ago, but many now. And were all these Mexicans in Mt. Pleasant and Gary and Pontiac planning to return to Mexico? They were not! They had automobiles to travel in and movies to see, and they were planning to stay right where they were. The men might make occasional excursions to Chicago or to Detroit to work in the factories, yes; but the women would stay at home and the men would come back.

By some of those who are working against any restriction on Mexican immigration, it was estimated late in 1927 that the total Mexican population of the United States is 1,400,000; but taking into consideration the ever-swelling number of legally admitted Mexican immigrants, the ever growing Mexican colonies in a hundred different cities, the amazingly large Mexican birth rate and the constant influx of wet Mexicans, it seems conservative to say that the Mexican population of the United States today is quadruple what the census of 1920 showed it to be, or approximately 3,000,000.

Not to be Quoted

These figures, it must be remembered, include only Mexicans born in Mexico and children with one or both parents born in Mexico. They do not take into account the great number of persons of Mexican descent whose families for a number of generations have lived in the southwestern sections of the United States sections that belonged to Mexico long before they were acquired by the United States.

These people of Mexican descent, in certain sections of the Southwest, present a number of interesting features that have a certain bearing on the Mexican immigration situation. These features, unfortunately, are—like many other aspects of the Mexican immigration situation approached with fear and trembling by most of the people who are in a position to take a judicial view of them. This apparent timidity is sometimes due to the political strength of those who use the easily controlled Mexican vote, sometimes to the financial strength of the industrial and agricultural interests that want no interference with their supply of cheap Mexican labor, and sometimes to other things. Many persons, from Washington to the most remote corners of the Southwest, are willing to reveal their innermost opinions and feelings on the subject of Mexican immigration, but few of them are willing to have their names publicly connected with their opinions.

"This," they say, "is the real situation, but if you say that I said so you'll get me into trouble. I'll lose my job. Go ahead and say it, but don't quote me."

In the state of New Mexico the aversion to plain speaking seems to rest on the fact that the balance of power, politically, is held and has for many years been held by what is known in New Mexico as the Spanish-American vote. In other states this vote would be known as the Mexican vote, but in New Mexico the citizens whose forbears came up from below the present Mexican boundary insist on being called Spanish-Americans.

Residents of New Mexico are divided into two groups. One group is known as Anglos, these being the residents of so-called native American stock; and the other is the so-called Spanish-American group. The Spanish-American group is again subdivided into a small and a large division, the small division being made up of the descendants of the *conquistadores* of pure Spanish blood, who came from Spain by way of Mexico into what is now New Mexico as large landowners; and the large division being made up of the descendants of the Aztecs, who came with the *conquistadores* to do the heavy labor on the ranches.

Consequently one finds today, in New Mexico, a Spanish-American aristocracy that looks down with some distaste on a Spanish-American working class. The working class, in turn, looks down with great disfavor on the type of Mexican peon that is now pouring into the United States in such large numbers.

Technical Citizens

Scattered through New Mexico there are today a great many small towns and villages that cannot be told from small towns and villages in the heart of Mexico. The inhabitants have been American citizens for many, many years; but those who know them best state that they have little initiative, that their intelligence is low and that they have very little more idea of American principles and theories of government than they did seventy-five years ago. They are given to currying favor with those in power, say those who know them; and whenever a man achieves enough prominence, they are apt to follow him like sheep, regardless of what may be the right or the wrong of the question, with the idea of self-protection uppermost in their minds.

In spite of the years that have passed since New Mexican children were supplied with schools in which English is taught, the courts of New Mexico have to be supplied with interpreters so that testimony may be transmitted to juries in both Spanish and English; while speeches made in English in the lower house of the New Mexican legislature must be translated into Spanish, sentence by sentence, by an interpreter, so that they may be understood by all the legislators. And naturally, the speeches made in Spanish must be translated in the same way.

Recently there has come into existence in New Mexico an organization which has spread through all parts of the state. This organization is composed of young Spanish-Americans, and its purpose is to influence whichever political party is in power in New Mexico to give 50 per cent of the

(Continued on Page 146)

IS YOUR HOME TABLE SHY?

Charm and beauty come into the room with this dainty console table. (Number 4633)

Beautify a wall space with this decorative table. (Number 4633)

Invited the sofa lamp—this handy end table. (Number 4632)

BANISH THE BLANK SPACES

...with beautiful KIEL tables

put these tables in their proper places

The smart living-room demands a Kiel davenport table. (Number 4631)

"*WHAT a lovely room—except for that empty corner*". . . How often you've thought that about living-rooms you've known. In your own home, too, you've puzzled over "blank" spaces—wide wall spaces—cold corners—which mar the charm of any room. Such rooms are "*table-shy*".

Seven out of ten otherwise beautiful homes are "*table-shy*". A neglected corner or wall space, an unattended davenport or chair, are discordant notes that ruin the harmony of the ensemble. Tables can make such a difference, when properly selected and pleasingly arranged. For well-placed tables prevent such "blank" spaces.

Prove it! Cut out these tables and paste them in the blank spaces above.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK

What an immediate transformation! Accomplish the same pleasing change in your own home with the aid of Kiel tables. Kiel tables are designed to banish "blank" spaces in your rooms. Smart davenport, end, occasional, and console tables—beautiful tilt-tops and charming desks—in a variety of styles, all moderately priced. The trade mark under the top identifies Kiel Quality.

The Kiel furniture dealer near you is qualified to aid you in choosing the right tables to banish the "blank" spaces. Our brochure "*Enduring Masterpieces*" will help you solve decorating problems. Send the coupon for your free copy.

THE KIEL FURNITURE COMPANY
Milwaukee . . . Wisconsin

The Kiel Furniture Company
Dept. B-2
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Please—a free copy of "Enduring Masterpieces"...

Name .....

Address... ... ...

tables by KIEL *make the difference*

As *if* your *business* *were* our *business*

That is the way we look at our job of designing and manufacturing Rediforms, by which you can protect the original records of your key operations, instruct all who are necessary parties to those operations, follow them up, check the various steps, account for them afterwards and bill your customers.

Because we do not go at this merely as sellers but as fellow business men, we can give you valuable hints on the short cuts that speed up operation. In a word, we design Rediforms to serve a particular business in a particular way—not as a stock product to be disposed of on a competitive price basis. We know of many instances where a slight change in a set of forms made a big change in a business—or where a few minutes saved in typing a billing set rolled up a big total of hours at the year's end.

Attach the coupon below to your business letterhead and mail it today. It may bring you a new idea for cutting corners in these days of bigger volume and decreasing net profit.

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED.
ELMIRA, N. Y.
Factories: Elmira, N. Y., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Sales and Service Offices in Principal Cities

Among recent examples of Rediform service to business is the invention of an entirely new type of continuous form—Rediform Continuous Interleaved. It eliminates the operation of inserting carbon paper and has many other advantages over cut-forms for machine use. Send coupon for details.

Rediform
CARBON COPY RECORDS For Key Operations of Business

Send your book, "The Key Operations of Business," and a miniature set of your new Rediform Interleaved.

Name .....
Street Address .....
City and State .....
Kind of Business .....

Check Key Operation presenting chief problem.

☐ Purchasing ☐ Receiving ☐ Stock ☐ Production
☐ Sales ☐ Shipping ☐ Billing

SEP 2-28

Index of Advertisers

February 4, 1928

	PAGE
Aladdin Co., The	141
All Year Club of Southern California	114
American Chain Company, Inc.	112
American Pencil Company	96
American Products Co.	99
American Radiator Company	42
American Sales Book Company	144
Ansonia Clock Company, The	56
Artcraft Studios	100
Bassick Manufacturing Company	57
Bell & Howell Company	120
Benoy, Geo.	90
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., The	145
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	92
Bon-Dee Golf Ball Co.	60
Boott Mills	66
Campbell Soup Company	27
Cannon Mills, Inc.	147
Celotex Company, The	64
Central Alloy Steel Corporation	148
Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corporation	58
Chase Brass & Copper Co., Inc.	128
Check-Neal Coffee Company	67
Chicago Technical College	99
Chrysler Sales Corporation	106, 107
Cities Service Company	52
Clark & Co., Inc., W. G.	53
Clipper Belt Lacer Company	134
Coleman, Watson E.	96
Colgate & Co.	69
Collins & Aikman Corporation	43
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	32
Conklin Pen Mfg. Co., The	50
Consolidated Shingle Mills of British Columbia Ltd., The	125
Continental Motors Corporation	78, 79
Cooper Corporation, The	113
Davis Tailoring Company, The P. H.	116
Delco-Remy Corporation	62, 63
Denison & Co., T. S.	96
Ditto Incorporated	138
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	115
Eclipse Machine Company	110
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	61
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	72
Elliott Addressing Machine Co.	100
Evans & Co., Victor J.	90
Federal School of Commercial Designing	96
Fleischmann Company, The	30
Florida Citrus Exchange, The	135
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	137
French Battery Company	104
General Electric Company	55
General Motors	94, 95
General Tire and Rubber Co., The	48
Goodrich Rubber Company, The B. F.	86, 87
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	41
Gordon-Van Tine Co.	137
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.	66
Hoover Company, The	80
Impelerator Corporation	66
Insurance Company of North America	122
International Typewriter Exchange	100
Invincible Vacuum Cleaner Mfg. Co.	99
Kiel Furniture Co., The	143
LaSalle Extension University	100
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	123
Lycoming Manufacturing Co.	136
Marland Refining Company	109
Marmon Motor Car Company	82, 83
Miller Rubber Company, The	77
Mulkey Salt Co., The	130
National Carbon Company, Inc.	47
National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries	85
National Steel Fabric Company	102, 103
Nation's Business	132
Oakland Motor Car Co.	37
Packard Electric Company, The	139
Packard Motor Car Co.	34
Palmolive Peet Company, The	54
Pennsylvania Railroad	111
Perfect Circle Company, The	97
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	49
Pioneer Tailoring Co.	90
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	46
Polk Miller Products Corp.	121
Pompeian Company, The	118
Pratt & Lambert Inc.	101
Quaker Oats Co.	II Cover
Reid, Murdoch & Co.	117
Reo Motor Car Company	51
Rexall Stores	119
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	45
Ross Gear and Tool Co.	124
Seeger Refrigerator Company	131
Self-Lighter Company, The	90
Simplex Piston Ring Company of America, Inc., The	140
Smith Shoe Company, J. P.	91
Sonatron Tube Company	142
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	129, 133
Stearns & Company, Frederick	98
Swift & Company	29
Texas Company, The	70, 71
Transo Env. Co.	100
Trico Products Corporation	146
Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club	100
Twinplex Sales Co.	59
United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation	89
Universal Pictures	44
Upson Company, The	88
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	108
Vacuum Oil Company	31
Valentine & Company	III Cover
Velie Motors Corporation	127
Victor Talking Machine Company	IV Cover
Weis Manufacturing Co., The	65
Weldon, Williams & Lick	99
Wesley & Co., Edward	96
Willys-Overland, Inc.	74, 75
Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The	126

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

COMBINATION DRILL PRESS & PORTABLE ELECTRIC DRILL

$66

CONSISTING of the New Ball Bearing Black & Decker Half-Inch Special Portable Electric Drill (Price $48.) and Special Bench Drill Stand ($18.)

This is one of the handiest combinations of tools for the shop or factory. With the drill on the stand it is possible to do any type of work that could be done on an ordinary drill press of similar capacity, with the added advantage that the electric drill may be detached in a few seconds time and used as a portable tool for general drilling.

Write for new 1928 Catalog

BLACK & DECKER

96 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario — TOWSON, MD., U. S. A. — Slough, Bucks, England

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY THE LEADING SUPPLY HOUSES

Continued from Page 142

public offices of the state to Spanish-Americans. They propose, in short, to perpetuate their identity as a separate class. One of the great arguments of the Spanish-American—or native Mexican—residents of the Southwest is that the sections in which they live were originally non-American; that these sections were brought up from nothing by Spanish-American labor, and that their fruits rightly belong to the Spanish-American residents and their descendants, rather than to the gringos—the Anglos—who are interlopers.

The Spanish-American residents of New Mexico are generally conceded to be superior to the peon immigrant of the present day. Anybody with a long winter evening to waste on meditation might do worse than meditate on the difference between people who haven't bettered their lot materially in 200 years, and those who settled Pennsylvania and New York and New England, took advantage of the smallest toe holds and the most inconspicuous privileges, and universally bettered themselves and their conditions.

This then brings us around to disconnected Statement Number 3, with which this treatise began.

What, if anything, is going to be done about it is another matter—a matter so intricate and so controversial that it must be considered in a separate treatise. The cotton raisers and the onion planters and the fruit growers and the copper-mine owners and the ore-smelting people and the railroads and the beet growers and various other people in the Southwestern states declare—most of them—that they have got to have more Mexicans and more Mexicans and more Mexicans, *ad infinitum*, and that nothing can take their place. Their contentions, which bring us back to disconnected Statements Number 1 and Number 2, will be duly considered in the proper place.

Meanwhile there are probably 3,000,000 Mexicans in the United States, and today—every day—there are hundreds more legally coming across the bridges of the Rio Grande, and there are other hundreds of wet ones drifting silently across the unwatched fording places of the river, and plodding through the mesquite flats, farther to the west, and slinking into the rabbit warrens of Cordova Island in El Paso, and turning up in the copper mines of Arizona and in the Mexican section of Chicago and in a thousand other places. And that provides other things for consideration.

"I am not afraid of social conflicts," says Max Sylvanus Handman, of the University of Texas, speaking of the Mexican immigrant in Texas; "but social conflicts waged on the basis of race or nationality are the most cruel, the most intense and the most useless. For the sake of a speeding up in the exploitation of our natural resources and the creation of a handful of newly rich and a greater consumption of high-priced automobiles, are we creating for ourselves a social problem full of dismal prospects, of race hatreds, of bruised feelings, of social ostracisms and, perhaps, of lynchings and the race wars of a twentieth-century American city?"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Roberts on the Mexican immigration situation. The next will appear in an early issue.

$8.50 equips your car with this twin-blade cleaner which wipes your whole windshield

Comfortable driving demands clear vision *at the right!*

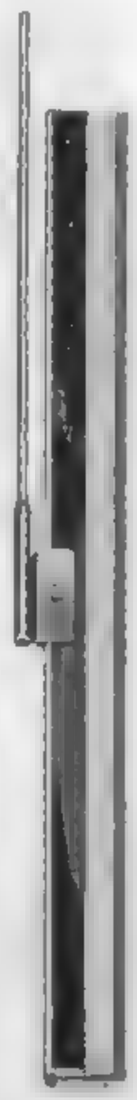
THE two powerful blades of the Visionall give you 254 square inches of clear glass. From your position at the wheel you can see the car that is cutting across your bows at that dangerous right-hand intersection where the majority of serious accidents occur.

$8.50 in U. S. A. 10 to 15 minutes to install! Quiet—powerful—automatic—air-driven—*not connected to your battery.* If your dealer hasn't a Visionall send us his name with $8.50 today.

TRICO
VISIONALL
Air-driven Windshield Cleaner
PATENTED U.S.A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Trico air-driven windshield cleaners are made in a wide variety of models—from the Junior-one-blade type at $3.50 to the De Luxe Visionall at $12.50. The model shown above is the Standard Visionall at $8.50.

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.



5-ply blade

5 plies of rubber instead of one. Cleans marvelously. Fits all cleaners of the suction type. 35c (U.S.A.) postpaid if dealer can't supply you.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

February 4, 1928

Cover Design by Eugene Iverd

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

A Pretty Little Property—*C. E. Montague* . . . 8
Poor But Proud—*Austin Parker* . . . 12
Brave Doings—*Chester T. Crowell* . . . 14
Against the Rules—*Clarence Budington Kelland* . . . 18
The Human Chase—The Little Yellow Birds—*E. Phillips Oppenheim* . . . 20

ARTICLES

What is This War Talk?—*Richard Washburn Child* . . . 6
Wet and Other Mexicans—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . . 10
Destroyers—*T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral U. S. N.* . . . 16
"Roamin' in the Gloamin'"—*Sir Harry Lauder* . . . 22
An Efficiency Expert's Confessions—*William R. Basset and Samuel Crowther* . . . 25
I Had a Hunch—*Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell* . . . 38

SERIALS

An American Banker (In five parts)—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague* . . . 3
The Glory of Kings (Fourth part)—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . 28
The River Pirate (Second part)—*Charles Francis Coe* . . . 35

MISCELLANY

Editorials . . . 24
Short Turns and Encores . . . 26
Getting On in the World . . . 40
Out-of-Doors . . . 49
Cartoon and Comedy . . . 50

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

For a Glorious Finish to the Morning Bath — *luxurious* Cannon Towels

WHAT kind of bath towels have you—*and how many?* What hangs on the towel rack? A skimpy, timid towel, soiled and limp, or a big, clean husky one that feels bully on the back? We'll make a bet with you that unless you have some really good turkish towels, man's size, nobody in your house knows how grand the morning bath can be. Take a tip: Stock up with Cannon towels. Please note those words "stock up." They're not as selfish as they seem, for towels wear longer if you have enough of them to enjoy a clean one every day. After all, the one-clean-towel-a-week era died with the Saturday night bath, long ago.

Hotels base their buying of towels and of everything else on exact information. That's why a vast majority of them buy Cannon towels; guests like the luxury of them, and they stand up under the hardest kind of service a towel gets. The Hotel McAlpin, New York City, tested Cannon towels along with other brands by washing and drying them one hundred times. Cannons were selected by this test because they showed no signs of wear after what was equivalent to almost two years of once-a-week laundering in the home. Athletic and country clubs also buy Cannon towels because they last so long.

Cannon turkish towels come in all sizes and weights. There is a grade that will fit your budget and fill a shelf in the linen closet with whatever size and texture you want in a turkish towel. Cannon huck towels also come in many sizes, styles, weights and weaves. There are also Cannon bath mats, and bath sheets. At dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices range from 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

All colors in all Cannon towels guaranteed absolutely fast.

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

To keep towels individual, Cannon has designed these and other distinctive borders: Flamingo, Seagull, Sunfish, Marmoset, Lighthouse. Available in five color choices.

New kind of Water Wagon

When you hitch your wagon to a star, make it a Water Wagon—the bathtub. Doctors say bathing can be so done as to cure many diseases, and preserve and improve health too. Here's the kind of morning bath that sets you up with a vim: *First,* warm water and soap, for cleanliness sake and to warn your nerves something's coming. *Then* a dash of cold, just a dash, mind you, for a few seconds. Hop out of it and rub dry briskly with a Cannon towel. You'll be surprised how much better the day will go after that, how much added poise and fitness you'll feel.

Cannon Marmoset turkish towel. About $1.75.

Cannon Flamingo turkish towel; available in same colors. About $1.50.

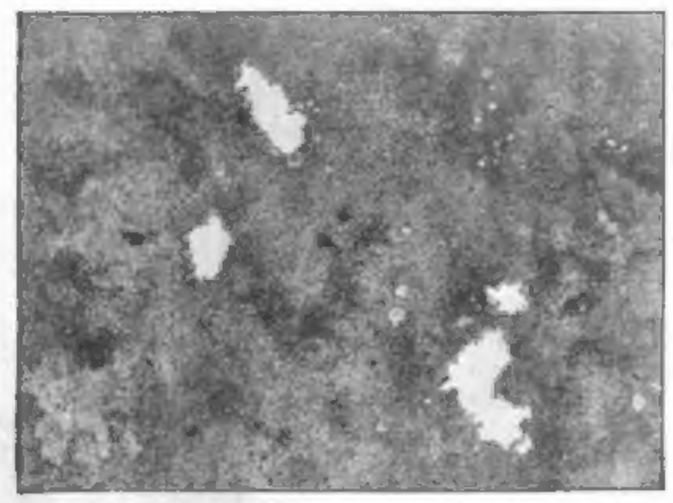
Cannon Whale turkish towel. About $1.75.

Cannon Lighthouse turkish towel; borders in color-fast pink, blue, gold, green, or lavender. About $2.00.

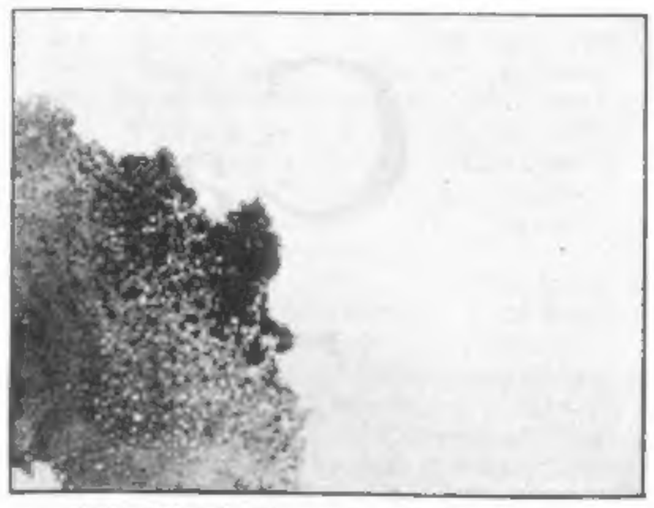
CANNON TOWELS

Toncan Iron Protects Buildings from Rust, Fire and Lightning

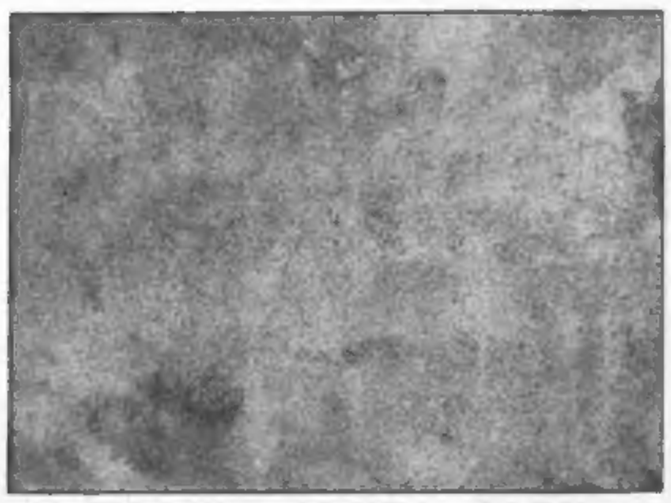
On Industrial Plants and Homes this Durable Iron Ends Maintenance Expense



Photograph of a 26-gauge ungalvanized sample of pure commercial iron exposed to the weather under exactly the same conditions as Toncan Iron. Rust and corrosion have eaten large holes in this sample.



All that is left of a 26-gauge ungalvanized sample of common steel sheet exposed to the weather for one year. This sample also shows its inability to resist the attacks of rust and corrosion in actual service.



Photograph of a 26-gauge ungalvanized sample of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron which had been exposed to the weather for one year. Compare this with the samples at the right.

MONTH after month, year after year, Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron stands impervious to rain or snow, fire or lightning. On industrial plants and homes, constantly exposed to changing weather conditions, this super-iron defies the attacks of rust and corrosion. And in comparative laboratory or weather tests it again and again demonstrates its outstanding superiority. Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is the only metal made by the scientific combination of copper and mo-lyb-den-um with pure iron. It was formulated in our own metallurgical laboratories—the largest and best equipped in America.

The amazing durability of Toncan Iron has led leading architects and sheet metal contractors to recommend it for complete exteriors of industrial plants and garages, and for all the sheet metal work on homes, office buildings, hotels, public buildings, etc. Structures covered with Toncan Iron resist the attacks of fire and lightning as well as rust. When your architect or sheet metal contractor tells you he is specifying Toncan Iron, you know he is giving you the best.

Manufacturers of household appliances are wide users of Toncan Iron. You will find it in countless stoves, refrigerators, washing machines, kitchen cabinets—wherever metal meets moisture. The dangers of rust and corrosion are banished when Toncan Iron is used. Look for the Toncan Label on household equipment you buy. It is your assurance that the manufacturer has done his utmost to give you the greatest satisfaction.

For further information regarding this remarkable metal, write for the latest Toncan book, "The Path to Permanence."

Grain elevator of Spencer Kellogg & Sons, Buffalo, New York, covered with Toncan Iron. The Toncan was not even painted, so great is its resistance to rust and corrosion.

All the sheet metal on this attractive home is Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron. Leading architects and sheet metal contractors specify this rust and corrosion-resisting metal.

Over 150 steam and electric roads use Toncan Culverts. No matter where you go by motor or rail you are sure to ride over Toncan Culverts.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN

COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um

IRON

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

ACATHON STEELS

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

Wake up ~~ your home with Color!

Vigorous reds, sunshiny yellows, subtle lilacs, cool greens—all the lovely Valspar Lacquer colors want to come into your home! When their beauty is brushed on tables, chairs, book-shelves or toys—a new smartness will pervade the house.

In almost no time at all—about fifteen minutes by the clock—a coat of Valspar Lacquer is dry! Easy to apply, too! And it gives lasting beauty and protection to any surface you put it on. Waterproof, of course, for it's Valspar Brushing Lacquer.

Special Offer:—A 50c can of the wonderful Valspar Polish for 25c! For automobiles, furniture and glass. Use coupon below.

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER

Valspar Lacquer Colors

A—Java Brown
B—Cardinal Red
C—Italian Blue
D—Jonquil Yellow
E—Nile Green
F—India Ivory
G—Persian Lilac
H—Peacock Blue
I—Chinese Red
J—Oriental Green
K—Coral Sand
L—Palm Green
M—French Gray
N—Argentine Orange
O—Holland Blue
Also Black, White, Clear

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 25 cents to $1.00

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 45c sample can of colors specified at right. (Only three samples of Valspar Brushing Lacquer supplied per person at this special price.) Print address plainly.

Beautiful Interior Decorating Booklet sent free.
Special:—One 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

Dealer's Name.....
Address.....
Your Name.....
Address.....

Send me these Valspar Lacquer Colors
1.....
2.....
3.....
Send 50c can Valspar Polish for 25c.....☐
Send Free Book.....☐
S. E. P. 2-4-28

THE PLAINTIVE NOTE OF A TRUMPET . . . SWELLING . . . RECEDING

The New Orthophonic
Victrola

THEN the 'cellos. You move toward the edge of your chair. Again that wistful trumpet, and again the 'cellos, followed by the violins and the brasses, as the melody weaves its pattern of beauty. You relax and enjoy a world-loved overture. You are at the symphony-concert—*in your own home!* ' ' ' You almost *see* the sensitive hands of the conductor, the rhythmic rise and fall of violin-bows, the tilt of gleaming trumpets and trombones—so lifelike is reproduction through the Orthophonic Victrola. You may listen to a dozen such orchestras the same evening, with encores end on end. ' ' ' If you do not own one of these great instruments, you are unquestionably missing one of life's keenest pleasures. See your Victor dealer now and arrange for a demonstration *in your home*.

Number Eight-twelve. An Orthophonic Victrola in a beautiful, modern cabinet. $235, list price. There's a type for every taste and purse, from $75 to $1550, list price.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.